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NO FICTION

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June, 1973

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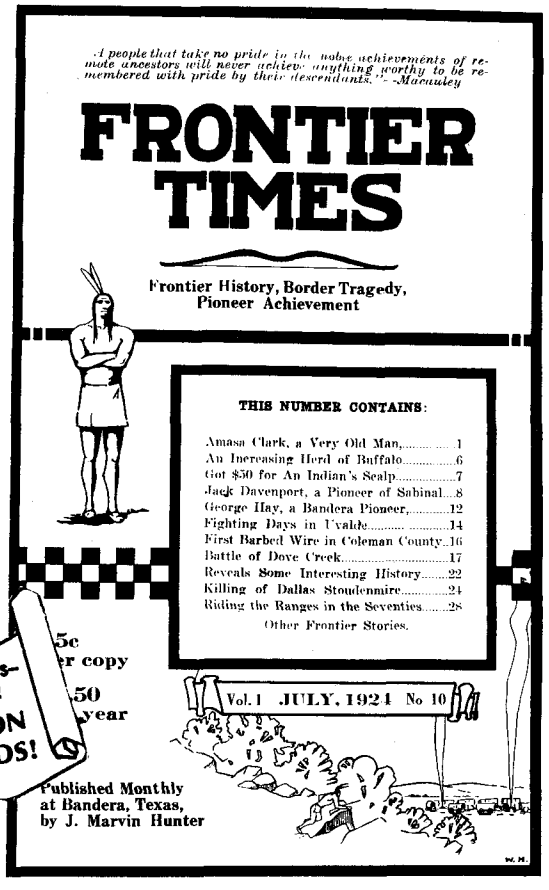

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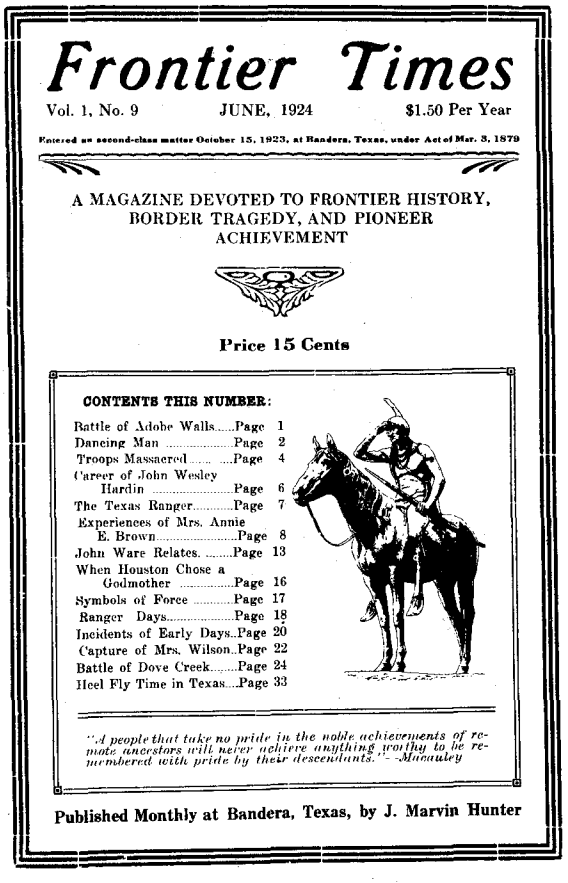

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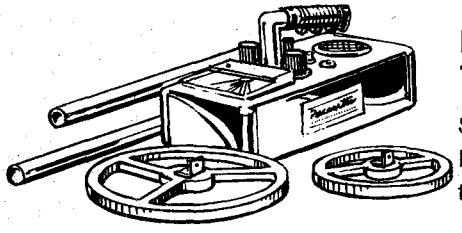

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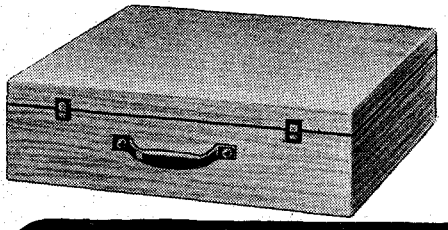

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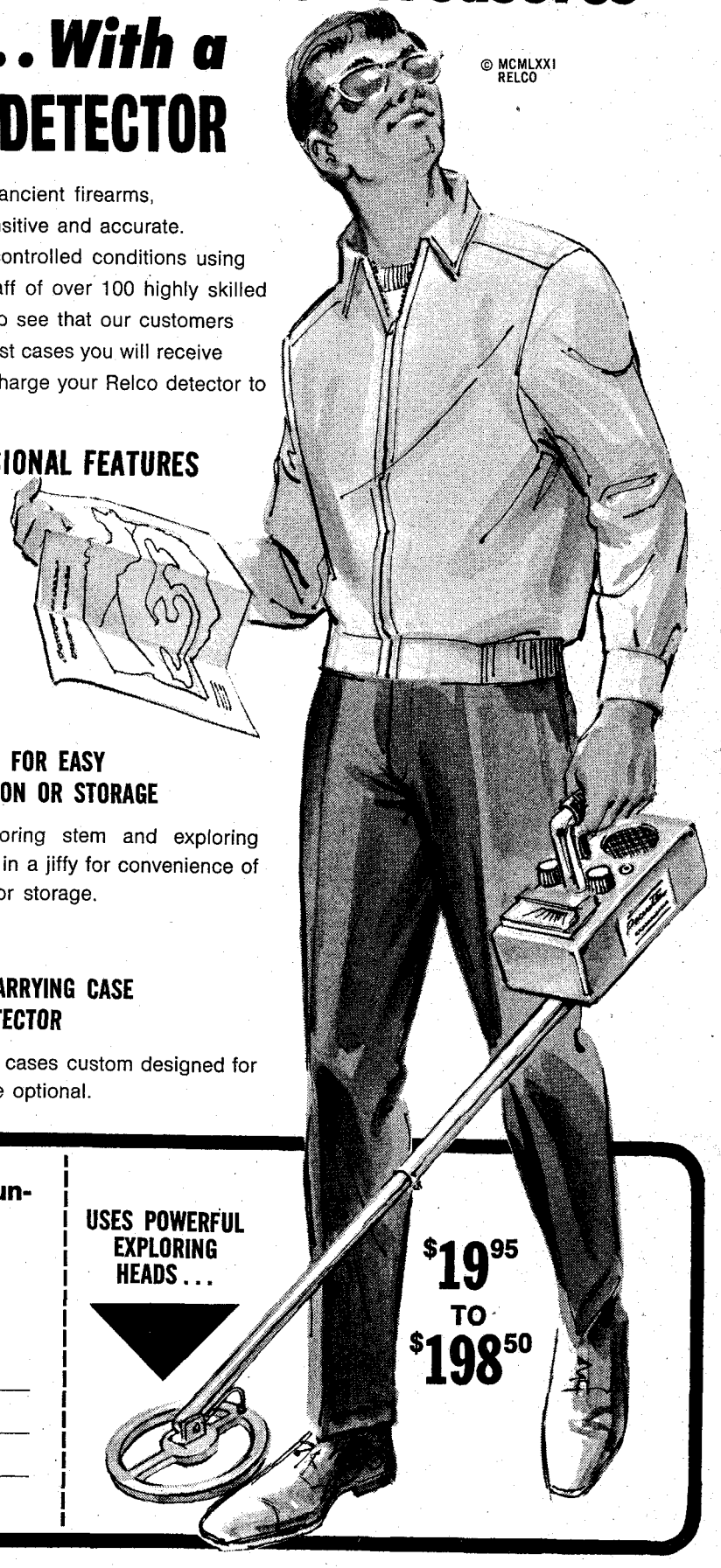

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Volume 20, No. 5
Whole No. 117

True West

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"Bringing Home the Cook"

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Grown Men and Wimmin Ain't Supposed to Cry—But Old Hosstail's Found Out There's Jest No Way

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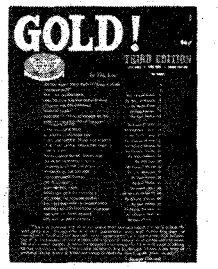

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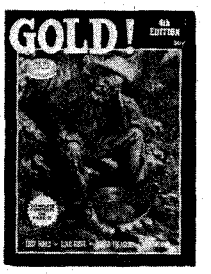

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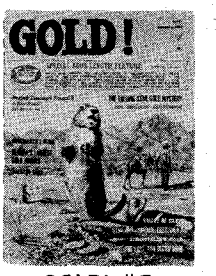

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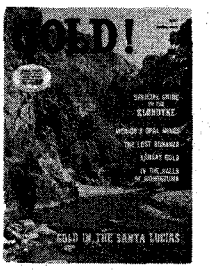

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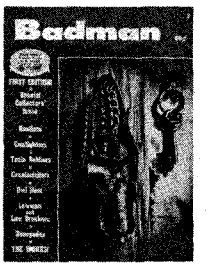

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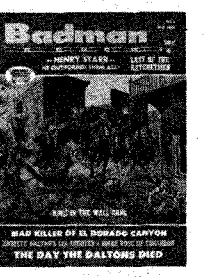

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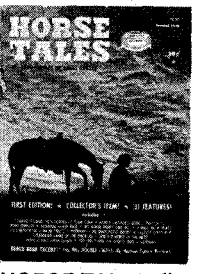

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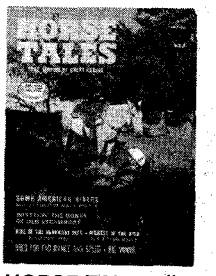

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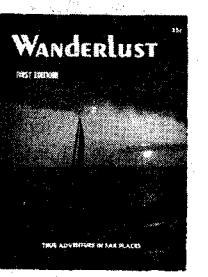

WANDERLUST #1

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"NO WONDER THEY ARE DYING!" in the April TRUE WEST was so long I was afraid most of you would quit before you finished it—or maybe not read it at all. Well, it was read all right! I have waited until the very last moment and the letters are still pouring in, but I must get out a few lines to correct some misunderstandings. Later, when time and space is not so limited, I want to run some excerpts from your letters at least. I wish I could print all of them. I don't even know if we'll be able to answer all of them the way they are coming in. Many of you write that you don't expect a reply since you know we will get a very heavy mail on this.

All of these letters and the wonderful feelings, advice, and strong statements of sticking with us no matter what (without a single exception up to now) can't help but give us a very warm feeling inside and a determination to put on our fightin' britches and hang in there 'til they beat our bellies blue!

Another publisher wrote me, in part, "I was so impressed with your editorial that I just had to sit down and tell you that you really hit it on the nose with your report on what's wrong with the publishing business!"

One of our readers stated, "I must confess that your item in the last TRUE WEST gave me a genuine scare. At first glance I thought you were making a burial place for FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. It would be a calamity if *any* of your magazines should ever fall by the way. I look at it as the white man's last stand."

Some of you thought we were going to suspend FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, and some interpreted the statement of "withdrawing these magazines from the Retail Display Allowance Plan" as withdrawing them from the newsstands. A few subscribers even thought that we might stop subscriptions.

I'll try not to be so long in my explanation this time. Here is what the whole thing is all about:

SOME MONTHS AGO, the chain stores (grocery, drug and drive-ins) offered a full magazine display on their stands if the publisher agreed to pay 10% of the cover price extra for the privilege of having his magazine shown out in *full page space*, no cover-ups—obviously a much better chance of selling more magazines. Most of the smaller magazine publishers went along with this. We all realized that it would be worth it but that only a few magazines would get a full page display since there just isn't enough space on any newsstand to display *all* magazines full cover. Most magazines are 8" to 9" wide or over.

Then, gradually, it got to the point where these chains were charging the 10% cover price (5¢ per copy on a 50¢ magazine) for merely *handling* a magazine at all. Some of the big magazines got by without paying this but the smaller magazines were harder hit. In fact, after all other payments were made, this 5¢ per copy on a 50¢ magazine meant the difference between loss or a small

profit—publishing margins are just that thin.

Therefore, we withdrew OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES from this particular plan and will also withdraw TRUE WEST. Now, that means that we are only going to withdraw them from the "plan." These chain stores will be perfectly welcome to handle our magazines as they handled them before, receiving their percentage of profit from each magazine sold like all other newsstands but not getting an extra 5¢—which is, in effect, taxing a 50¢ magazine 5¢ per copy to handle the product.

This does not apply to our sales at all other newsstands—*only* the chain stores. So far, most of these chains continue to handle our magazines anyhow. I believe that many of them realized the plan was unfair and would leave only the very biggest magazines on their newsstands, and that their customers would probably complain.

We have been deluged with letters—and how I wish I could print them all! They range from being concerned over our future right on down to people who are indignant over the extra charge and are telling managers that they will carry their business elsewhere unless they do handle them! I wish you could read these letters—I can hardly believe the wonderful things people are doing and it makes me feel blamed humble and mighty determined.

Remember, again, that as of now all I have said pertains only to *chain store sales*. My thought in giving you the details on the publishing situation as it is today was one of information as well as asking your help in checking newsstands that have carried our magazines in the past but are not carrying them now. It made me feel good to receive a phone call from the widow of a very famous historian saying that the editorial was a very enlightening piece of writing, and that she was going to battle! She is asking every newsstand everywhere she goes why TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST are not on the racks—if she doesn't find them there.

Then there's a well-known photographer who has been trying for months to buy our magazines in a suburban store of a large city. The news dealer there says he asks the wholesaler (city distributor) for these magazines but they never show up. So the photographer is going down and "beard" the city distributor. With help like this, we'll be around for some time to come!

After reading stacks upon stacks of letters and receiving every kind of advice, good will and pledges of strong support, we are going to cut down on our overhead (but not quality!) and do everything in our power to hold the present newsstand prices as they are until inflation forces us up. Even then, we are going to try to raise newsstand prices only slightly and hold subscription rates as they are. So MANY letters suggest something to this effect: "Tell those newsstand buyers to do what I am doing—subscribe. I get every issue and don't have to worry about checking all over town to see whether certain newsstands are handling them or not."

Again, we pulled out of a *plan* that was hurting us, not from newsstands as a whole. It is up to the chain stores whether they keep handling our magazines or not. We just wanted to be sure and explain to you why you might not find our magazines on certain newsstands that had carried them before and to tell you that if you would ask *why*, and keep on asking why, they would probably reappear.

I've got to cut this off or I'll run into another long one. Thanks again for your wonderful encouragement! I can feel the *very* sincere support there and it makes a man feel like he can still bulldog a steer with one hand and wave at the crowd with the other!

See you in our August TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION!—Hosstail.

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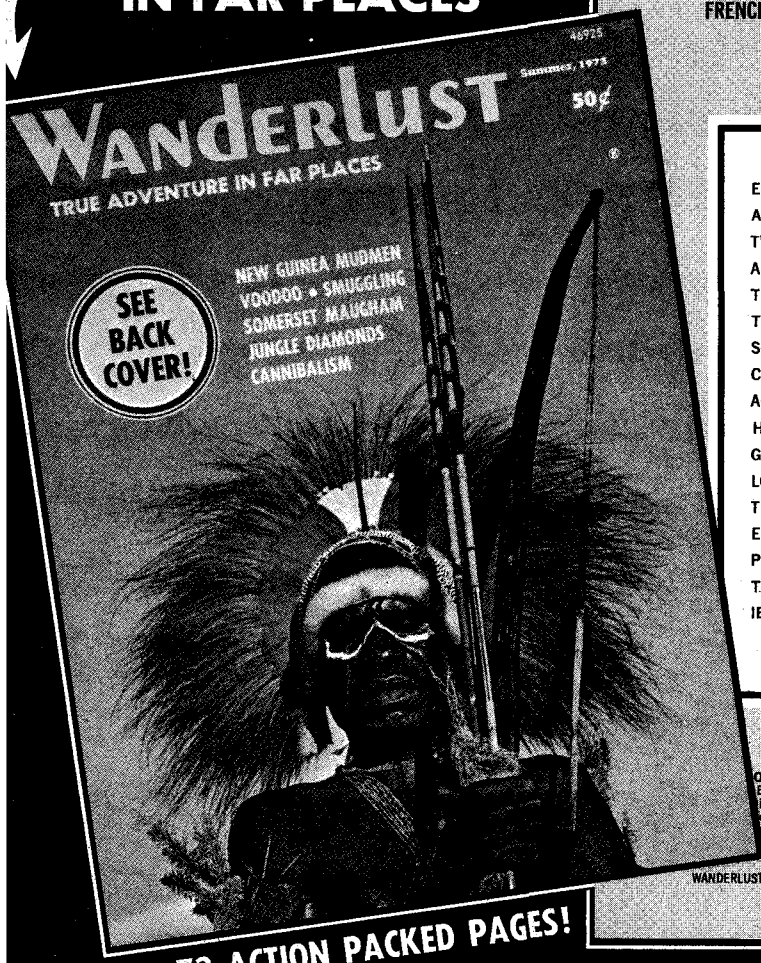
WANDERLUST #2

TRUE ADVENTURE IN FAR PLACES



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VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

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COVER: A warrior displays his bird of paradise headdress at a Goroka Sing Sing, New Guinea. Bruce Coleman, Inc./J. Burt, photographer

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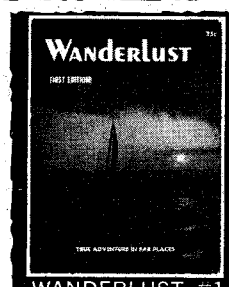

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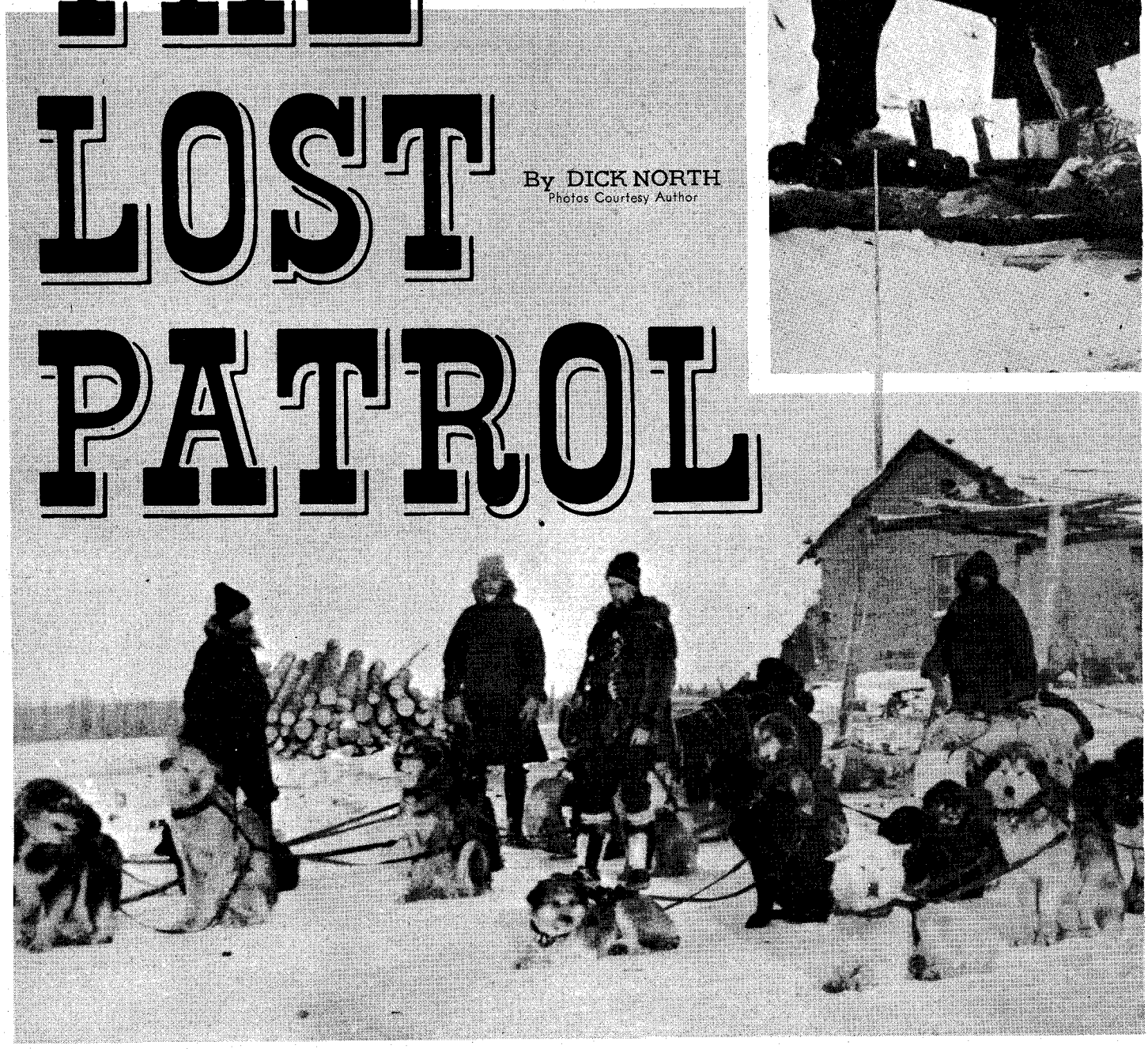
The overconfidence of an inept guide—
The reluctance of an experienced Mountie to turn back in time—
Insufferable cold and lack of food—
These were notes in the dirge of

THE LOST PATROL

All Photos Courtesy the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

By DICK NORTH
Photos Courtesy Author



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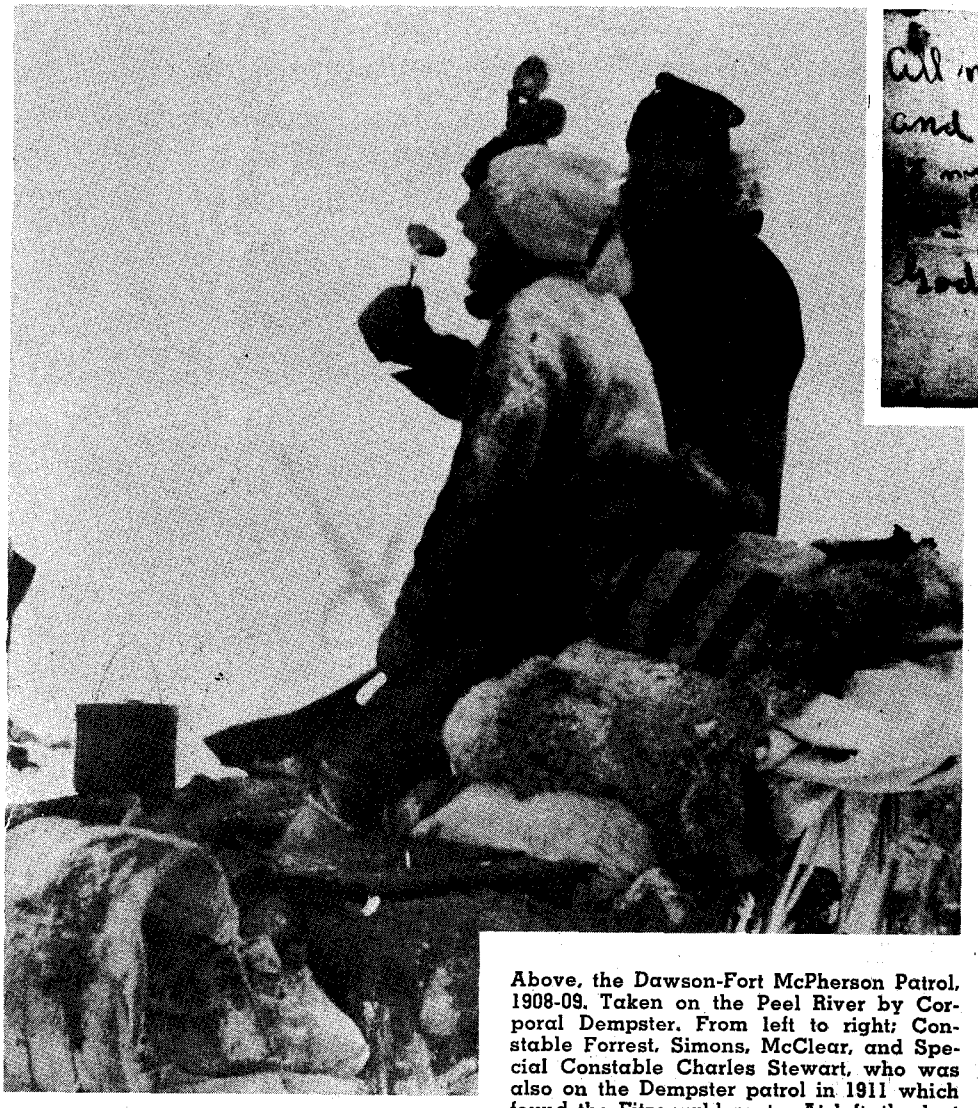

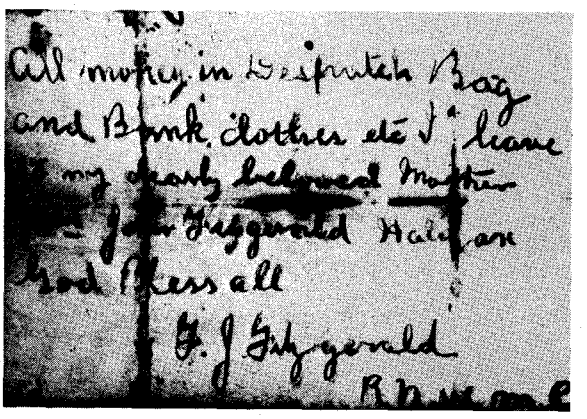

Above, the will of Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald, scratched out with a burnt stick shortly before the leader of the doomed patrol died, around the 14th of February, 1911.

Above, the Dawson-Fort McPherson Patrol, 1908-09. Taken on the Peel River by Corporal Dempster. From left to right: Constable Forrest, Simons, McClear, and Special Constable Charles Stewart, who was also on the Dempster patrol in 1911 which found the Fitzgerald party. At left, the last photo of the lost patrol, taken December 21, 1910. Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald standing third from left. Others in the photo probably include (they are not specifically identified) ex-Constable Sam Carter, Cst. R. Taylor, Cst. C. F. Kinney, and Cpl. J. Somers of the Fort McPherson detachment. One criticism of the patrol was that they traveled too light, hoping to set a new record in mushing between Ft. McPherson and Dawson City.

THERE is glory in victory, but there is also glory in defeat. Such is the story of the Lost Patrol. Corporal W. J. D. Dempster received the following ominous message February 27, 1911 while he was stationed at Forty Mile, Yukon Territory. It was from A. E. Snyder, Superintendent commanding "B" Division, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police:

"You will leave tomorrow morning for a patrol over the Fort McPherson trail, to locate the whereabouts of Inspector Fitzgerald's party. Indians from McPherson reported him on New Year's Day at Mountain Creek. Fair traveling from Mountain Creek about 20 days to Dawson. I understand that at Hart River Divide no matter what route he took, he would have to cross this divide. I think it would be advisable to make for this point and take up his trail from there. I cannot give you any specific instructions. You will have to be guided by circumstances and your own judgement, bearing in mind that nothing is to stand in your way until you have got into touch with this party. Keep me posted when opportunity occurs of your movement, even to the extent of sending a courier in, when one is procurable—that is, provided you have anything of importance to report."

When the foregoing instructions were written, Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald and three other men of his party, Constables Kinney, Taylor and ex-Constable Carter, had already perished from hunger, exposure, and exhaustion less than thirty-five miles from their starting point after spending fifty-three days and traveling 620 miles on the trail between Fort McPherson, N.W.T., and Dawson City in the Yukon Territory.

Their story is one of blunders, misfortune, excessive pride, and poor judgment; but it is also one of an epic struggle to stay alive under conditions where lesser men would have quit much sooner. Commissioner A. Bowen Perry termed the demise of the Lost Patrol ". . . the greatest tragedy which occurred in this Force during its existence of 37 years." But tragedy does not mean a lack of valor, any more than one defeat means the loss of a war.

One year later, the men of the Scott Expedition to the South Pole were to die under almost the same circumstances as the men of the Lost Patrol. And their judgment, too, was to become suspect, but it will never diminish the immense gallantry of their futile struggle to survive against overwhelming odds.

ON December 21, 1910 Inspector Fitzgerald's party left Fort McPherson on the annual Dawson City patrol. This year there were changes. The direction was reversed, from north to south, and Inspector Fitzgerald dispensed with the services of an Indian guide because one of the members of his party, Sam Carter, said he knew the way. Carter had crossed the route with Constable Forrest during the winter of 1907-08 while being transferred to Fort McPherson.

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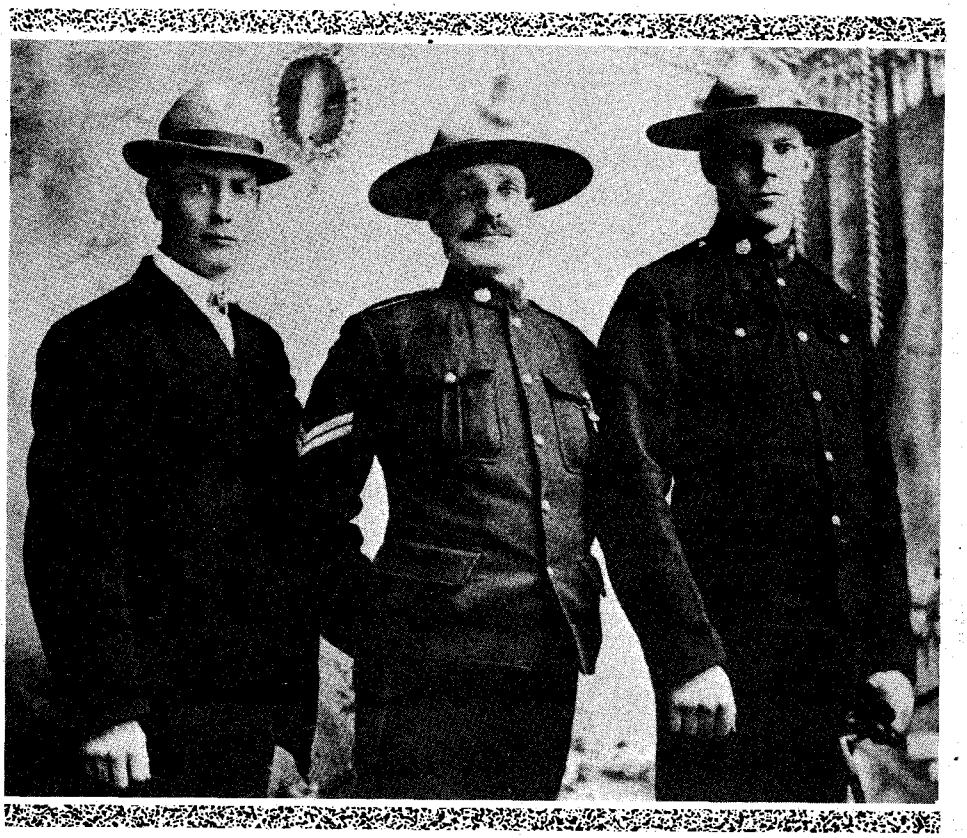
Inspector Fitzgerald had also taken the patrol one year. However, it had been by a different route. In 1905-06 he had gone from Dawson City up the McQuesten River and the Beaver River through Braine Pass to the Wind River and down that to the Mountain Creek cut-off. The last is a trail which cuts off a lengthy elbow of the Peel River. The route of Fitzgerald had not been in use for several years, later patrols following a more direct trail from Dawson City to Twelve Mile Creek to the Blackstone River via Seela Pass. From there the trail went across to the Hart River, thence to Forrest Creek and the Little Wind River. This was followed to the Big Wind River and down to Mountain Creek.

However, any route traversed but once over a virtually unmarked trail spells trouble when it comes to finding it again, especially if the return journey is made several years later. This was to be the Fitzgerald party's downfall. Carter could not remember the way, and the others in the party had never been over the trail before.

First inkling of possible trouble came when the patrol took the wrong trail only five days out of Fort McPherson. A Loucheux Indian named Esau was hired along the trail by Fitzgerald on December 27 to guide and help break trail across the cut-off to the foot of Mountain Creek. Esau was paid for his services on January 1 at the rate of $3 a day for eight days. This amounted to five days out and three days back. Esau immediately journeyed back to his companions on Trail Creek, and took a more direct trail to Dawson City via the Blackstone River. Traveling leisurely he finally arrived at Dawson on February 20. To his surprise, the Dawson patrol had not yet arrived. Esau immediately told Superintendent Snyder that he had left Fitzgerald and his men on January 1 at a point which was only twenty days from Dawson City under average conditions. Loucheux people from the Hart River band had not seen the patrol which normally went through areas in which they were camped.

The Fitzgerald patrol should have reached Dawson City by February 1. Thus it was that on February 28, 1911,



Below, the military funeral held for the Lost Patrol on March 28, 1911. Rev. C. E. Whittaker officiating. John Firth, trader, is fourth from right.

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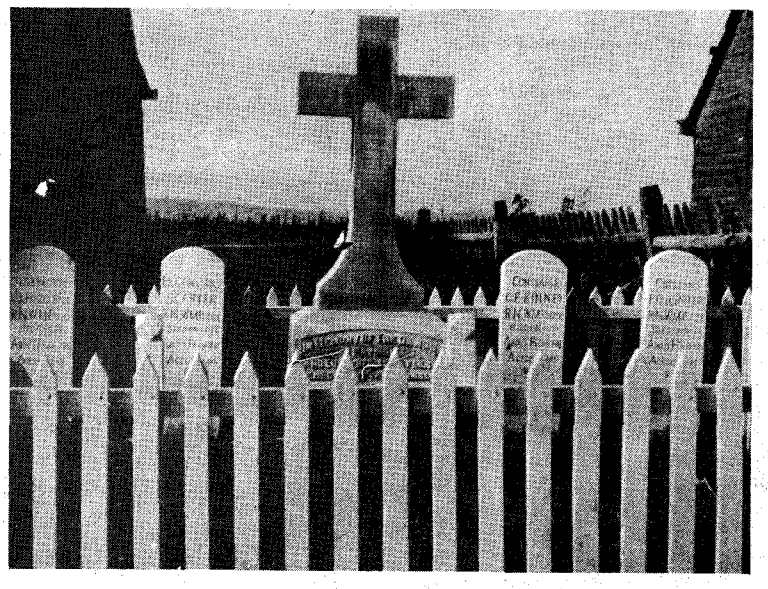
At left, members of the Dawson-McPherson Relief Patrol in 1911. Left to right: ex-Constable R. Turner, Corporal W. J. D. Dempster, and Constable J. F. Fyfe. The fourth member, guide Charles Stewart, is not shown. The relief patrol made a record round trip between Fort McPherson and Dawson City, covering the 950 miles in 41 days traveling time (seven days were spent at the fort).

Cemetery plot at Fort McPherson where the men of the Lost Patrol were buried in a common grave.



Corporal W. J. D. Dempster, Constable J. F. Fyfe, ex-Constable R. Turner, and Indian guide Charles Stewart set out on the first leg of their now historic patrol looking for Fitzgerald.

THE Dempster patrol was plagued by overflows and glaciers while traveling over Seela Pass to the Blackstone River. Here the trail crossed the route of the present Dempster Highway at Mile 71. Temperatures during this time averaged 35 degrees below zero with strong winds bringing the chill factor to the minus 80 mark. Turner froze his feet the very first day of the trip and was to suffer considerably for ten days as a result.

By March 7 the Dempster patrol had reached John Martin's cabin on the Big Hart River. Martin and his brother Richard had been one of the first to guide the Dawson-McPherson patrols, both men having been brought up in the country through which the patrols were to pass. John Martin had guided Inspector Fitzgerald over the McQuesten route in 1905-06—the route which had been discarded in favor of the Hart-Little Wind Trail.

Dempster pondered the fate of Fitzgerald while at Martin's cabin. More than likely they had had trouble and returned to Fort McPherson. Dempster could not visualize anything worse happening to a man so experienced. Corporal Dempster was well aware that Fitzgerald, with Inspector Moodie, had made the famous mapping expedition from Edmonton to the Klondike in 1897-98. Fitzgerald had also been stationed at Herschel Island and had made his share of patrols along the Arctic coast. The Inspector was a "northern" in the truest sense, and it seemed highly unlikely that he was in any trouble which would be of a desperate nature. However, in a place with as fickle a climate as the Arctic, nothing could be taken for granted and Dempster pressed on in a race that was already lost.

(Continued on page 50)

Corporal Dempster and the McPherson relief patrol on returning to Dawson City, April 17, 1911. They made the 475-mile trip (one way) in 18 days, averaging 26 miles a day.

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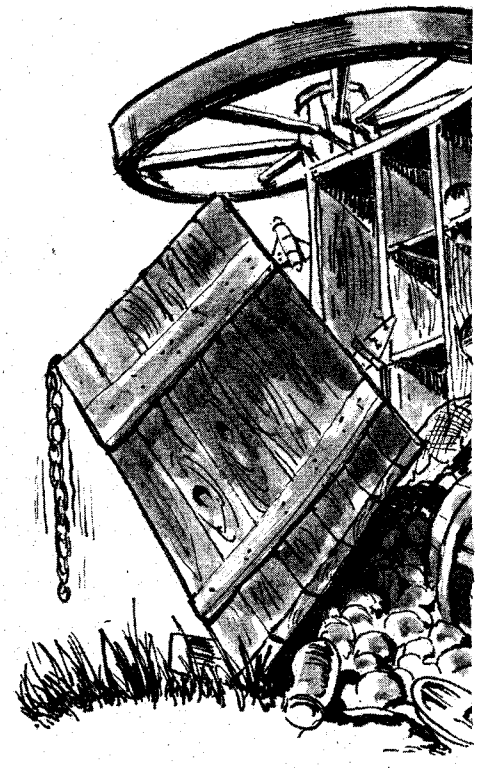
BRINGING HOME THE COOK



If roundup cooks had borne Indian names, nine times out of ten the most appropriate would've been "Man Afraid of His Horses." This weakness offered cowboys an occasional opportunity to get even with their Hell-on-Wheels-in-a-Floursack-Apron!

By WALT COBURN
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Herb Mignery

IT WAS DURING that era of wide open free range in Montana, before the old roundup trails were fenced off by the homesteader dry land farmers, that George L. Bickler from Philadelphia gained a certain measure of fame as one of the best roundup cooks in that part of the country. Bickler became something of a legendary figure, both on the range and in the cowtowns of Malta, Glasgow, Chinook, Havre and Fort Benton.

As a ranch and roundup cook George L. had few equals. Good-natured for the most part, but sometimes given to cranky spells, he was always prideful of his cooking. During the fall beef roundup, when the cowpunchers came in from standing two hours night guard, pies were always set out on the end gate of the mess wagon, and a pot of strong black coffee was simmering at the back of the stove.

To the men coming in off night guard, George L. imposed but one rule: Be quiet! No talking or rattling of tin plates and cups. No noise when they replenished the fire. No noise of any kind to wake Bickler who was asleep in his tarp-covered bed at the far end of the mess tent. Heaven help the luckless cowhand who carelessly tossed his empty tin dishes, instead of carefully lowering them, into the big battered dishpan. For the balding, somewhat pot-bellied cook would rear up in bed and blister the air with a volley of plain and fancy cussing. George L. would proceed to list the noisy man's mixed ancestry of hyenas, baboons and ring-tailed rannyhans, and other weird and unknown animals with cloven hoofs and bat wings.

Those who were well acquainted with the cook, and that membership was legion, always referred to him as "George L.," never "George." In relating some anecdote concerning him they were likely to call him George L. Bickler. And if the tale warranted it, he became George L. Bickler from Philadelphia.

"Gentlemen," he would say as he lined up at the bar, drink in hand, "you are now drinking with the one and only George L. Bickler from Philadelphia!" And he left no doubt that he was the best roundup cook this side of the Big Divide.

But when it came to handling the lines of the four-horse team that hauled his mess wagon, he was a sorry failure, all lefthanded thumbs on both hands, never quite learning the knack of picking up the slack of one rein, keeping all four under control at all times. On a stretch of level road, with four lines a little slack, the horses, if let alone, could be herded along at a road trot. But going down even an easy slope, with the long-handed brake kicked on and held steady by his foot, or with the long brake slid into its brake notch, George L. was apt to get panicky. Instead of keeping all four lines fairly taut, he often lost his head and pulled back on the line of the nigh leader, causing the leaders to swing sharply to the left, and as a result the wagon went

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off the road. Or sometimes it was the wheelers that got out of kilter, messing up the whole four-horse team.

The main cause of all the useless, careless wrecks was the cook's inborn fear of horses. But George L. was too stubbornly proud ever to openly admit that every time he climbed on the high seat of his mess wagon, every foot of the trail became a trying, fearsome ordeal.

IT WAS Frank Howe, top cowhand and sometimes strawboss for the Circle C outfit, who called George L. 'Man Afraid of His Horses,' claiming that George L. had established some kind of a record by upsetting his mess wagon on level ground on the wide stretch of Alkali Flat.

It happened on the first day of the spring calf roundup, in the broad middle of a large prairie dog town. George L., in a sorry attempt to turn around to follow the wagon pilot, who was headed for the old roundup camp on Beaver Creek, had jackknifed his team. One front wheel had dropped down to the axle in a badger hole and the mess wagon turned slowly over on its side, as the wagon tongue broke. George had thrown away the lines and jumped for his life, landing in a clump of greasewood.

Frank Howe happened to be wagon pilot that morning and got a good view of the whole performance. A natural teller of tall tales, Howe was apt to enlarge and elaborate details. He told how George L. had stood in the middle of the prairie dog town, glassy eyed, his face the color of a whitewashed gate post, the freckles on his pale face standing out like black warts. He'd lost his jellybean hat when he threw the lines away. The seven long hairs he always wet down and slicked crosswise to cover his bald head stood on end like porcupine quills. His store teeth were jolted out of kilter and showed in the damndest grin a man ever saw on a human face.

Howe said the gentle work team was standing tracked. Doc and Ben, the lead team, were tangled up in their chain harness. Old Pig and Bummer, the wheelers, were standing tracked in the lead bars, still neck-yoked to the busted wagon tongue, a disgusted look in their eyes.

"Them four horses were gentle broke and honest as the day is long," Howe said. "They hung their heads in shame, not for theirselves, but for the sorry driver who caused the wreck by yanking every which gee-haw-and-back-up way

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on them lines. After all, them horses wasn't fool broke."

Frank Howe told how, when George L. had recovered from the shock, he up and quit. He had started walking down the road, cussing to himself. He was headed down the old freight road that led to the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri, a thirty-forty mile walk to nowhere, thinking he was headed for Malta which was in the opposite direction.

Howe had let him walk until he sat down in the shade of a large sagebrush, leg weary and footsore, then he rode over for a medicine talk, figuring George L. was now in shape to listen to reason. Frank Howe told him if he was headed for Malta, he was going the wrong way, and that anyhow there was no average in going to town because he was flat broke and in the hole for what he owed on the books at every saloon in Malta.

Howe told George L. that directly Horace Brewster, the wagon boss, and the cowhands he'd led on circle this morning, fetched in their cattle to the holdup grounds, they'd sight the overturned wagon and ride over. It would be a simple job to unload the wagon and set it back on the running gears and reload it. One of the boys could fetch a new wagon tongue from the ranch only about six miles away, by dragging it ahorseback.

Meanwhile, Howe said, there was a barrel of water on the bed wagon, and if George L. wanted to make a showing he'd have plenty of time to cook noon dinner. He told the cook that Horace Brewster wasn't a man to chaw anybody out for some freak happenstance, like a front wheel dropping into a badger hole. He'd be glad it wasn't a broken wheel.

Frank Howe ended up with a comical story that had George L. chuckling and back in good humor as he put on his shoes and headed back the half-mile distance.

"Furthermore, George L.," Howe made a rash promise, which he incidentally kept, "I'll learn you how to handle them four ribbons. You'll pick up the knack in no time."

So by the end of that spring calf roundup, George L., thanks to Frank Howe's lessons, was able to drive his four-horse team along in fair-to-middling shape, but when it really required the expert skill of a teamster Howe took over the lines.

It was but natural that George L. returned the favor in various and sundry small ways. Howe was free to use George L.'s bedroll to sit on at meal time. When Howe came in off night guard, he had access to the lower drawer in the mess box where a pie or raised doughnuts or a currant cake had been cached.

THERE WAS the time when George L. Bickler was cooking for the Bloom Cattle Company's Circle Diamond outfit. It was on the fall roundup and the Circle Diamond was shipping out a trainload of beef for the Chicago market. John Survant, general manager and wagon boss, had camped at Bowdoin Lake near the Malta stockyards.

The beef herd was eased off the bedground and drifted the short distance to the loading pens and, from daybreak on, John Survant and his crew of cowhands were kept busy loading the cattle cars.

Whenever some cow outfit was shipping there were always a few citizens from town on hand to watch the loading of the cattle. Saloonkeepers drove out in top buggies and buckboards, each with a case of beer covered with gunnysacks filled with chopped ice. Each would also have a quart of whiskey along, for the business of shipping out a trainload of beef was a hot, sweaty, dusty job that lasted the better part of the day.

As a rule those hired rigs would stop at the roundup camp at any and all hours during the day for a plate of roundup grub and coffee. After a pre-dawn breakfast, when the wagon boss and his cowpunchers had left camp, George L. was busy as a bird dog preparing his noon day meal in advance, along with enough extra grub to feed any town guests. There would be two large beef roasts in the oven and enough sourdough biscuits to feed all comers, plus a couple dozen assorted pies.

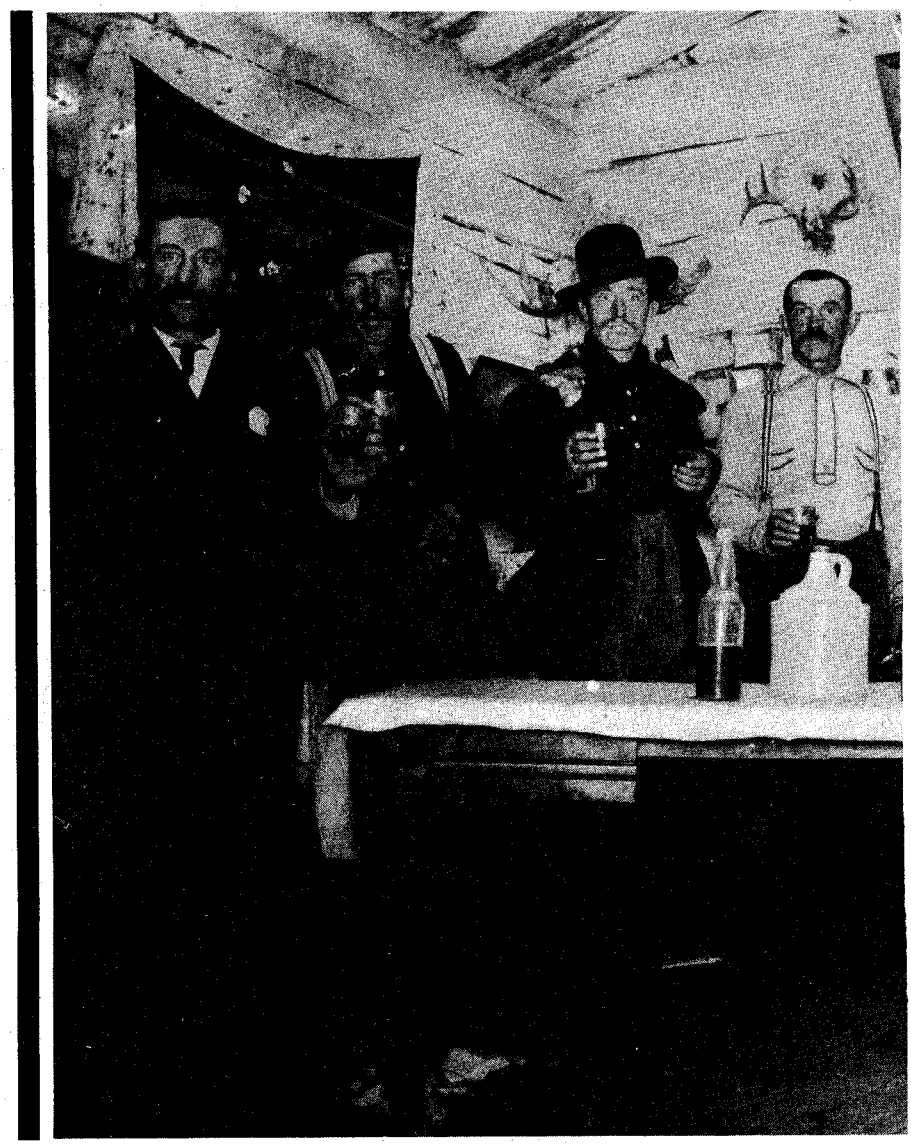
"Cook up enough grub," John Survant told George L. at breakfast time, "to take the wrinkles out of everybody's bellies, and then you're on your own. Put on your drinkin' clothes and catch a ride to town." And the wagon boss made out a check for what George L. had coming, and handed it over.

When George L. had prepared enough grub to feed a small army, he lost no time getting ready to leave for town. The horse wrangler gave him a haircut. He got out his one suit of town clothes, and put on some clean underwear and a white shirt and new sox. He was set and ready to go an hour or more before the first rig from town showed up in camp about ten o'clock that morning, a saloonkeeper who was headed back to Malta and had stopped for coffee. Pulling a cork from a quart of whiskey, he told George L. to drink hearty.

"First drink I've had in two months and seventeen days," George L. grinned happily. "And the Lord and George L.

Interior of the Town ranch house on the Missouri River in 1907. Left to right: George L. Bickler, the roundup cook; Walt Fletcher; Charlie Batman; Pete Tuss; unknown; Richard Town.

Courtesy John Town, Bridge, Montana



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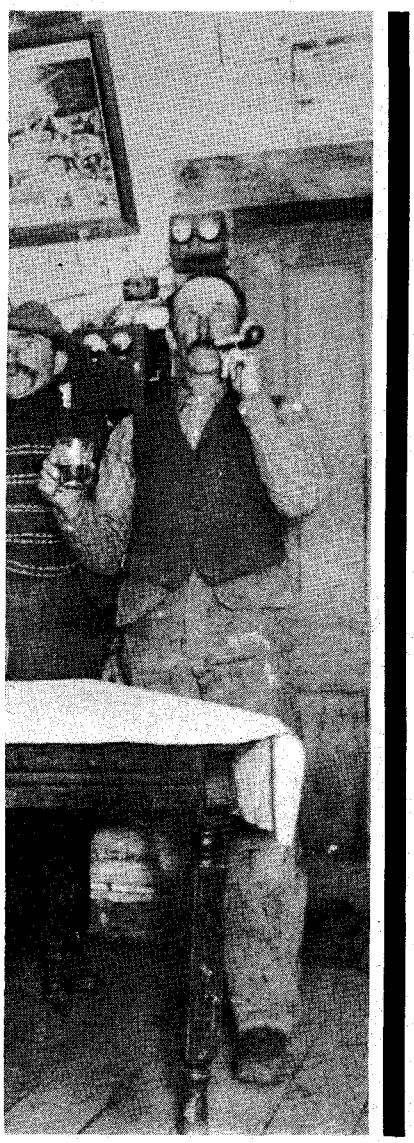
Bickler know that's shore been a long, long time." The cook drank thirstily and lowered the bottle and smacked his lips. He asked the saloon man if there was room for his bedroll and valise in his buckboard, and was assured there was room to spare.

"I aim to stay a week," George L. said. "Mebbe longer. A man needs a rest," he explained as they headed for town.

It was later that day when the last cattle cars were being loaded that John Survant had a medicine talk with Sheriff Puck Powell. "I'm going to Chicago with this trainload of cattle, Puck, leaving Charlie Stuart to run the wagon. I'll be back in a week, ten days. Tomorrow or next day the Circle Diamond wagon is due to pull out, but if I know the drinking habits of George L. he'll be in no shape to go along. He'll hang and rattle until his credit in the saloons is wore out. So what I want you to do for me, Puck, is to throw George L. in jail until he sobers up. Thataway he should be in shape to go back to work about the time I get back from Chicago. I wouldn't ask you to go to all that bother except that good roundup cooks are scarce as a white buffalo. I'd sure appreciate it, Puck." The Circle Diamond wagon boss spoke worriedly, then added, "Anytime I can return the favor—." He let the unfinished sentence hang in mid-air.



"Come next election," Sheriff Powell said jokingly, "the Circle Diamond vote might come in handy."

"It's in the bag," John Survant grinned.

A strong bond of friendship of long years standing existed between the two men, dating back to when Puck Powell punched cows for the Circle Diamond and John Survant was his boss. They understood one another and had the same sort of dry humor that made for easy comradeship.

Powell had quit punching cows to go into the saloon business and was now one of the solid citizens of Malta. Well liked and respected by all, it was but natural he was chosen to uphold the law. By popular vote, Powell was elected sheriff mainly because he was qualified for the job. Easy going, slow to anger, tolerant of other men's failings and faults, but with nerve enough in a tight if any tough hombre, looking for trouble, was damnfool enough to mistake his habitual good humor for weakness or cowardice.

Powell had spent a few years in the Little Rockies country when the Curry Gang of outlaws ruled the roost. He had worked for the Circle C outfit and had punched cows with Kid Curry and his brothers, Loney and Johnnie, as well as other tough cowhands who had been mixed up in the blood-spattered Johnson County War in Wyoming. Powell at one time had been postmaster at the tough mining camp and cowtown of Landusky in Jew Jake's Saloon there. When Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch held up the Great Northern train at Wagner in 1901, that netted the outlaws $80,000, Powell was punching cows for forty-a-month, and witnessed the end of the outlaw days in the Little Rockies.

In later years, when he was elected sheriff, he was said to have remarked that times had shore changed a lot, that they couldn't have pinned a law badge on his vest during the old days if they had thrown in for boot all the cattle in Montana. At that time too many of his cowpuncher friends were on the dodge, with bounty on their hides, and he was no bounty hunter.

NOW as Sheriff Puck Powell headed back for town, his horse traveling at a running walk along the wagon road, he viewed the familiar scene at the Circle Diamond roundup camp a quarter mile distant, with nostalgic eye.

The remuda was penned in the rope corral. Cowhands were roping out their town horses, saddling up and heading for Malta in small groups, their pay checks burning a hole in the pockets of worn Levi's. They'd buy new clothes, Levi's, shirts, underwear and sox at the Malta Mercantile. Get the works at the barber shop, including hot baths.

When they reached town they would buck their horses down the street, ride into saloons for their first drink. Then put up their horses at Dolly Pierson's Feed & Livery Barn, and proceed to celebrate. It was a wise sheriff who turned over his town to the cowpunchers and made himself scarce.

Puck Powell would have a little medicine talk with ol' Blanket-Eye, Charlie Stuart, who wore a square black patch like a miniature saddle blanket across one caved-in socket. He'd tell Charlie he was going home to his little cow ranch on Milk River, a few miles from town. If some of the cowpunchers got into a shooting scrape, to settle some grudge they had been brooding over until the whiskey brought things to a head, Charlie Stuart would know where to find him. But it wasn't likely to happen. The day of the tough cowhands was over and done with. The younger generation of cowboys were, for the most part, like the gentle white-face Hereford and Shorthorn breed of cattle which had replaced the Texas Longhorns. Nowadays a sheriff's job consisted riding herd on some drunken roundup cook.

George L. Bickler from Philadelphia would be broke by tomorrow, run his credit to the limit at the saloons, and eventually cadge drinks and become a damn nuisance. Then it would be up to the sheriff to bed him down to sleep off his drunk, with a pint to sober up on.

A Yale padlock kept the inmates of the jailhouse on the inside looking out the one barred window. Powell had one of the two keys on his key ring. The duplicate was hung on a leather string alongside the cash register. The log cabin jail was conveniently located to Puck's Saloon, across the back alley that extended the length of Main Street on the north side of the railroad tracks.

Whenever Sheriff Powell's business took him out of town, he delegated one of his bartenders to look after any prisoners—take meals on a tray from the Chinaman's restaurant, see that the water bucket was kept filled and that the prisoner was supplied with tobacco. There was an outhouse behind the jail where the prisoners were taken under protective custody of the sheriff or his deputized bartender.

POWELL, for a while, was kept busy cashing checks for the Circle Diamond cowpunchers, buying drinks for the crowded house, swapping stories, and playing the genial host. He called Charlie Stuart aside for a medicine talk before he pulled out for his home ranch on Milk River.

"I'm turning the town over to you and your cowpunchers," Powell said, "so take good care of her. In case they get outa hand, you know where to find me."

"I don't look for any shootin', Puck." Blanket-Eye Charlie Stuart and Sheriff Powell lifted their shot glasses and drank a silent toast to whatever thoughts they had in mind.

At the end of the bar George L. had a deaf and dumb sheepherder, Dummy Smith, backed into a far corner. The cook's town suit was taking on a wrinkled and soiled appearance. The bottom buttons of the vest that swelled over his paunch had popped open. The red satin necktie had slid off center.

"Allow me to introduce myself," the

(Continued on page 62)

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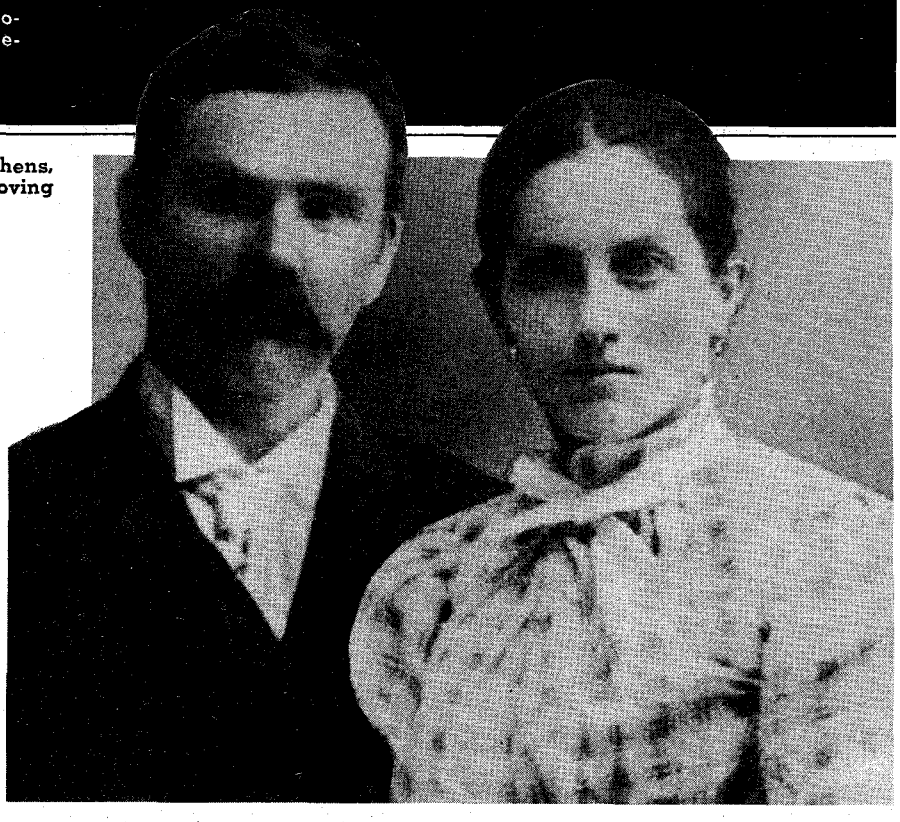
STRIKES

By CHARLSIE POE
Photos Courtesy Author

The Ritch family moved to this house located in the Pumphrey Community, in December, 1904.



Mr. and Mrs. Jerry E. Ritch. Photo taken in Athens, Georgia in 1899, where the family lived before moving to Whitewright, Texas.

WAGONS with lumber began to arrive in 1900, and small houses sprang up in Texas' Runnels County, which before had been given over to prairie dog towns. The howls of wolves were still common sounds at night, and rattlesnakes were so numerous they kept the settlers uneasy. Nevertheless, Runnels County and the little town of Pumphrey were attracting new homesteaders. Land was laid off in sections with roads around each.

The Jerry E. Ritch family arrived from Whitewright, Texas in 1904. Ritch built a white frame house just like his neighbors' but his barn was the tallest in the whole area and served as a landmark.

Prospecting was a favorite pastime of

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the men at that time. Ritch and four neighbors were light-hearted and excited as they set out on such a trip to Glasscock County, about a hundred miles farther west, where they had heard land could be bought much cheaper. Their maize and oat crops were harvested and other crops laid by, with wonderful prospects for a bumper cotton crop to follow.

It was a sparkling Monday morning, August 20, 1906, when the five men left home in a new covered wagon belonging to Mr. Ritch. They took along equipment and provisions to prepare their own meals and to camp wherever night overtook them.

On the night of August 23, Lora, the oldest Ritch daughter, home from her

On an August afternoon in 1906 a wagon with four new caskets rolled along toward Garden City, Texas. Jerry Ritch and his friends passed them on the road and joked about it—but that meeting was to be dreadfully prophetic . . .

Mrs. Ella Ritch and her family at their farm, three miles east of Winters, Texas in 1912. From left to right: Jerry; Mrs. Ritch; Percy; Allen; Annie Laurie; Bessie; Pauline. (Two children not in photo were Hugh and Laura.)

first year in college, and her three sisters were alone in the house. Their mother had carried a load of grain to the county seat town of Ballinger, thirty miles away. Mrs. Ritch had taken Hugh, the oldest boy, to drive the team; the younger children had gone along for the ride.

At midnight a knock came at the door. The four girls were frightened since having callers at such a late hour was unusual in this isolated community, but Lora mustered courage to open the door and say, "Hello."

Two neighbor boys stood on the porch. One of them blurted out, "Where is your father?"

"He's gone out west on a prospecting trip," May, the second girl, replied.

"They got a message on the community phone this afternoon,"—the boy stopped and stammered—"that four men were killed by lightning, but we're not sure it was the party your father was in."

The four girls stood in stunned silence.

"Are you alone?" asked the second boy.

"Yes," said Lora. "Mother and the others have gone to Ballinger."

"Well, someone will find her," said the first boy reassuringly. "If you need any help let us know." With that they were on their way to notify the other families. Lora knew by the way the boys talked that they were more sure than they admitted who the men were, but she felt it was her place to calm the fears of May, Pauline and Annie.

"We don't know for certain that it is the group Papa was with—let's don't panic," she said with a confidence she didn't feel.

Pauline began to cry, "But you remember how they were joking and saying what a nice bunch of widows they would leave if they didn't come back."

"When Papa kissed us all goodbye," sobbed Annie, "he told Mama not to worry, that things would be taken care of if he didn't return. He said, 'I've taught Hugh how to plow and he can operate the machinery'."

LORA fell silent. The sounds of night on the prairie that had seemed natural and familiar with her father's protection were now foreboding—made more ominous by the howling wolves in the distance. She was sure the others loved him too, but Lora felt closer to her fun-loving father than anyone. Many mornings she was happily awakened by his pumping the old organ in the corner of the girl's bedroom and lustily singing such songs as "Little Brown Jug," "My Darling Nellie Gray," or if it were Sunday morning, some religious tune. Even his name, Jerry E. Ritch, had a rhythmical sound, and Lora repeated it lovingly. He had been her first schoolteacher and her first Sunday School teacher. He had had high hopes for her education and was proud that she had finished her first year in a Baptist

(Continued on page 44)

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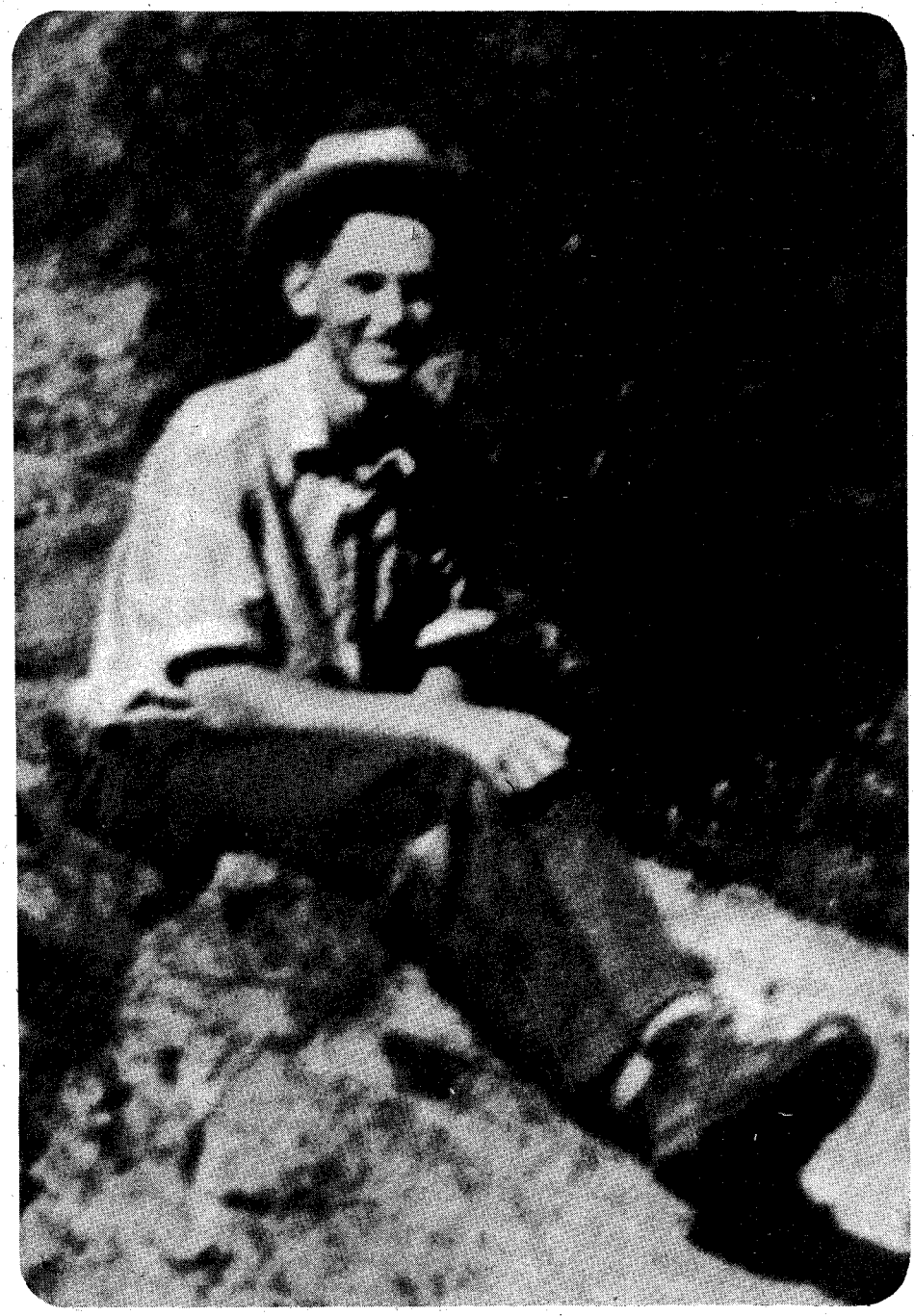
ALMOST EVERYONE has heard of placer-mining and rockers and gold-pans but I wonder how many have considered the amount of gosh-awful back-breaking labor involved. Any old has-been will tell you that placering was ninety percent hard labor and ten percent mixed good luck and good sense. The good sense percentage was low because anyone with a lot of good sense wouldn't work at it in the first place.

The guys who toiled with pick and shovel for three to five dollars a day are an extinct species. I'm not a placer-miner of long years' experience but I do know something about it from the burro-varmint and small two-man-operation angle, and I did earn my beans-and-bacon but not much more. I never did learn many of the fine points of dredging, long-toms, and such.

It began, for me, more than fifty years ago during the winter of 1919 and 1920 in Mariposa County in California. In those times most labor jobs folded in the fall of the year but the prudent laboring-stiff had salted away a good winter stake from his spring and summer's earnings. When the National Park Service laid me off in November, I teamed up for the winter with an old-timer who had prospected and placer-mined up, down and across the Sierra. He was a hard-shelled but honest and likable old Scot and we were good friends. Our partnership hinged on the agreement that he would teach me placering and I would teach him fur-trapping and caring for pelts—and that win, lose or draw we would share 50-50. I felt pretty secure in such a deal. I had a fair stake salted away in a Merced bank account, and what young sprout wouldn't look forward to a winter in good fishing and hunting country?



FROM Yosemite we whacked Harry's two pack-burros down to El Portal then down the railroad to Clearinghouse and on down to South Fork. There we forded the Merced Rived and moved into the old Rykert and Dupre cabin on the abandoned "Uncle Jim" claims. Harry had stayed there during the previous winter and had the cabin in fair shape—except for mice, packrats and a rattler in the storeroom. At the end of a couple of days we had housecleaned and chopped a good supply of firewood.

Furs would not be prime until about mid-December so we patched up the old rocker and Harry introduced me to the mysteries of placer-mining on a wide flat across the South Fork River. I learned quickly that there is no mystery in rolling and heaving water-worn granite boulders—or shoveling gravel while we were sort of resting. And I soon realized that, when the time came, my teaching of fur-trapping to Harry would be much less painful and quite possibly more profitable.

At about three feet below the surface we hit a thin stratum of rusty, hardened gravel that proved to be gold-bearing. Partner Harry had me practice panning

Left, Harry Chamberlain, saddle-maker by trade; prospector, placer-miner and trapper by preference.

By C. O. PETERSON
Photos Courtesy Author

When dollars were bigger, fewer, and harder to come by, one way to piece out a living was by

SMALL CALIBER TWO-MAN PLAC

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and I can still remember the pleasure in finding that little streak of glowing yellow in the bottom of the pan. Placering became more pleasurable but no less laborious.

We set the rocker in place and got down to business. I carefully shoveled the gravel onto the upper screen and Harry washed it down with dipperfuls of water. From the second screen the "fines" washed down over the shallow-vee riffles on the slanted bottom of the rocker while Harry rocked and jiggled the contraption and I kept the waste sand and rock cleared away from the rocker-operation. (Guess which one of our partnership had the heavy work! But I was learning!)

The best part of the day was when we carefully scraped out the black sand caught above each riffle and emptied it into the gold pan. Next came what was a slight bit of mystery. Above the top riffle Harry poured about a teaspoonful of quicksilver from a carefully protected bottle, then worked the "quick" back and forth along the riffle before spooning it down to the next riffle with a tiny scoop hammered from a strip of tobacco-can tin.

On down from riffle to riffle (about three inches apart) the quick was spooned and at the last one it usually had become slightly mushy and was carefully lifted into a small jar. Next, Harry carefully worked the gold-pan with its contents until only a small amount of the black sand was left with glowing specks of yellow. After a last gentle turn of the pan we would try to estimate the value of the yellow particles as they were gathered with the tiny spoon and poured into a little vial. Finally the mushy quicksilver was emptied into the pan to pick up the last of the fine and discolored gold, then returned to the jar—and the day's cleanup was done, with a final value of about four to five dollars apiece for our day's labor.

THE very low river-flow of autumn was an aid to our digging and allowed us to work with very little interference from seeping water. After a week or so we decided to expand our operations and use a sluice-box to up the output and income.

Following days of rolling and heaving a tremendous tonnage of boulders to clear a narrow strip of the slightly sloping flat, we pulled three 1"x10"x12' boards from the shed at the cabin and nailed together and caulked an open-topped trough 12' long with a few cross strips to strengthen it. Next was the careful installing of shallow-vee riffles about 4" apart on the bottom of the trough for the second 4' of its length. The riffles were carefully whittled strips of ½"-thick boards from packing cases.

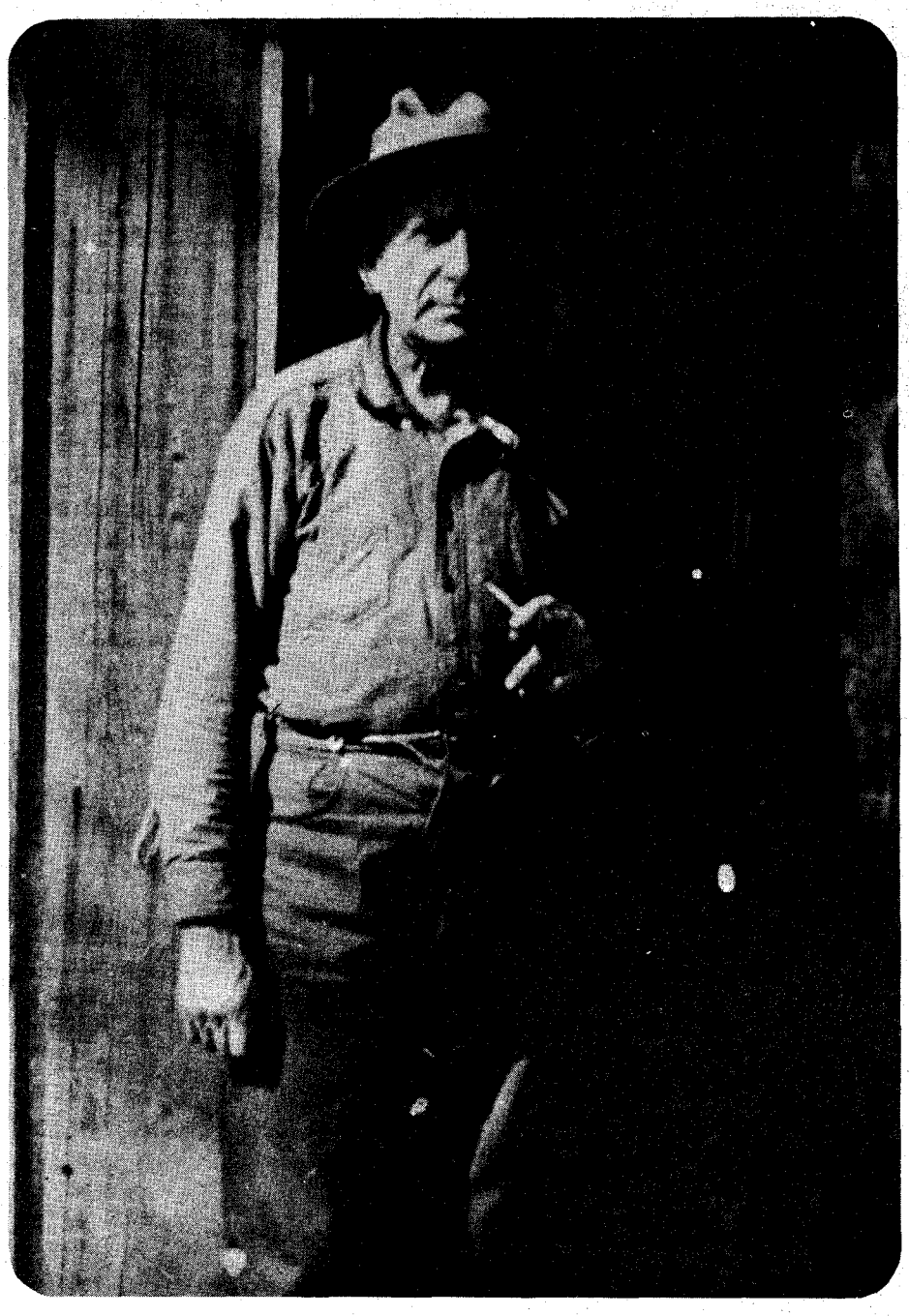
After a few days' wait for delivery of supplies, ordered from Merced to the South Fork siding, the up-train tooted and stopped long enough to dump off our small pile of crated groceries, and miscellaneous items such as nails, tacks, and lengths of galvanized stovepipe.

Most important to Harry was an 8' strip of Brussels carpet (2' wide), designed for a stair-runner. I have often wondered what those clerks thought of our orders for stair-runner carpeting. I'll bet their conclusion was that those crazy placer miners were even crazier than they were thought to be. Why else would they want stair-runners in board-and-batten shacks!

Harry carefully split the carpeting into two even strips with a sharp knife. One 4' strip he carefully fitted onto the bottom of the sluice-box, beginning against the edge of the lowest riffle. Very neat and pretty.

Back down at the river we dug a small narrow ditch up along the flat for a couple of hundred feet to the edge of the river and built a stone and gravel diversion to turn water into the ditch to flow down to a temporary turnout near our work area.

We drove the sections of stovepipe together to pipe the water from our ditch to the upper end of the sluice-box, which had been propped solidly in place with a carefully estimated downslope—just right for the flow of water to carry small stones and sand down and out of the lower end. The idea was to have the water flow percolate the gold-dust and particles down to lodge against the riffles.



Author, C. O. Peterson at South Fork in 1920.

ERING

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It worked as planned. Harry fed the right amounts of auriferous gravel into the top end of the sluice-box and I kept waste sand and rock cleared away from the lower end. It was sloppy, wet work but much easier than using a rocker and it did up production a bit.

Cleanup of the placer-gold was the same job as with the rocker. Occasionally we would find a tiny nugget which boosted our morale.

After a week's work Harry would carefully remove the carpet strip and turn it upside-down over the gold-pan and wash the carpeting thoroughly. A little streak of flour gold would show —to be picked up with quicksilver. If the carpet-nap appeared badly worn or flattened, the strip was dried then burned in the gold-pan and a little more flour-gold recovered from the ashes.

To wind up the season's mining operations Harry got out the jar with the little lumps of amalgam and dumped them onto a double thickness of silk cloth. Then he drew together the edges of the silk and twisted it as tight as possible. Tiny beads of quicksilver oozed through the silk and dropped into the gold-pan and when no more appeared the recovered quick was returned to the bottle. Harry was careful to wear gloves. Even in those long gone years we knew of the insidious penetration and later serious effects of mercury in broken skin and sores.

Harry's next refining was even more interesting. After squeezing all possible quicksilver out of the amalgam lump he heated the 16" sheet-steel gold-pan almost to red-hot. While the pan was heating he cut a big potato in half and hollowed out one of the halves enough to contain the lump of amalgam loosely. Then he held the hot pan edgewise and stuck the amalgam-loaded potato onto the inside bottom of the pan and it was placed back on the fire. As soon as the potato had burned black and crisp he took the pan off the fire and let it cool. When the charred potato was pried loose, the amalgam was a somewhat shrunken and porous lump. The quicksilver had vaporized and entered the potato to become a grey deposit of tiny beads. The last of the refining process was the pulverizing of the charred potato, washing the powder away with water and returning the few drops of quick to the bottle.

The South Fork of the Merced River. Floodwaters washed across flat at right of picture.

The lump of amalgam (a few ounces) was put in a little tagged canvas sack and I took it to Clearinghouse where the express agent on the down-train weighed it and gave me a receipt. The amalgam went to the San Francisco Mint and our returns, by check, were at the rate of about $21.00 per ounce of gold.

WE QUIT placering and started fur-trapping in mid-December. Our fur-trapping was successful and profitable. We did many miles of hiking, packing a knapsack, each day but it was easier than placering. Harry learned quickly—except that he always killed the skunks with a three-foot stick and after a while our olfactory nerves got numb. Raccoons, skunks, ringtail cats, bobcats and grey foxes were plentiful.

For a while we were the wonders of our small world when I cashed a fur company check for $180 while buying supplies down at the Briceburg store. However, we had no competition in our area and were working a natural fur-pocket just below snow level.

We lived pretty high, and once almost paralyzed Mrs. Brice at the store when I read off Harry's order for a case of cove oysters, along with pounds of cheddar cheese, a case of M J B coffee, a sack of spuds and so forth. Harry was a good cook.

All of our supplies were dropped off the Yosemite Valley Railroad train at the South Fork siding and we back-packed them across a two-foot-wide cable bridge with a cable hand-rail. For a real thrill, try it some day—when a wind is blowing and you have a sack of spuds on your shoulder! Quite a stunt.

Placering and trapping was hard on clothes and shoes. When jeans got to the condition where they would stand alone without wrinkling we took them down to the river along with a bar of soap and as Harry said, "gave 'em a helluva beating." Socks and wool shirts got the same treatment.

Our footwear was sort of standard in the hills—heavy World War I marching shoes with soles well studded with "Hungarian nails." They cost $3 a pair at surplus stores. There were no cobblers within forty miles so we patched them ourselves or bought another pair. Shirts were the familiar O. D. wool, and jeans were the heaviest weave we could buy. We wore short canvas jackets of a style I have not seen for many years. Hats? There were a dozen modest Western styles to choose from.

Winter rains began in earnest in late January and trapping slowed somewhat. Early in February the river began to rise and we stored our placering equipment above expected highwater level. One night we wakened to a heavy throbbing roar and rumble and looked down to see the South Fork more than eight feet above normal high water. A few days later the water lowered enough to reveal the flats without a sign of any human disturbance—but lots more granite boulders. All of our mining gear —rocker, sluice-box, leaky old boat—were gone for all time. Placering was over for that year—and, forever, for me.

TRAPPING was finished at the end of February, with pelts past prime. We spent many pleasant days exploring miles of ridges and canyons, prospecting and panning, before I went to work at the Clearinghouse Mine as a power-house operator. The former operator, suffering from too much booze, had tried to brush squirrels and rabbits off the power belts with a stick. Finally he went up to his cabin and committed suicide with a razor. I got his job—the graveyard shift.

Harry stayed on at the cabin, fishing and doing a little panning now and then and enjoying life. During the early winter of 1920 and 1921 the bottom fell out of the fur market so I continued to work at Clearinghouse but visited often at South Fork to hunt and fish with Harry. In the spring of '21 he returned to Yosemite as a saddle-maker for Jim Helm and remained on that job for a couple of years before moving to Pendleton, Oregon where I lost all trace of him.

After my brief placering experience I made up my mind to rise above pick

(Continued on page 59)

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Truly Western

The Lone Ranger

Would like for you to know that our local radio station, KQTY, on October 16, 1972 started a rebroadcast of the Lone Ranger series. The number one broadcast told of the start of the Lone Ranger and his friend Tonto. The next day, October 17, I got my December issue of TRUE WEST with the complete story of the radio series. The next morning I called the radio station and talked to one of the announcers. He asked that I call back just after the broadcast of the second episode, which I did, and the conversation was broadcast over the air, giving your magazine a good plug.—James A. Calhoun, 226 Moreland Street, Borger, Texas 79007

Reading Sign

I am a working cowboy in southeastern New Mexico. Your story in the October 1972 issue, "Mountain Man" by Den Galbraith, was very good. On page 65 he says Mischau taught him how to observe—like the way grass bends under a human's foot in the direction he is walking but bends the other way under a horse's hoofs.

The horse walking forward, trotting, loping, bends the grass forward unless he is backing. The heel of the horse's hoof hits the ground slightly before the toe.—Joe Chavez, c/o Bigbee Brothers Cattle Company, Encino, New Mexico 88321

Verne Elliott and Midnight

I'd like to compliment your company on the magazines you put out. Of course, being from Montana and a stone's throw from Walt Coburn country, I think he was tops.

In your HORSE TALES #1 you had an article on Verne Elliott and the bucking horse, Midnight. I just had to write a bit more. I believe the *Annual Livestock Reporter*, 1943 or 1944, had a story about Verne Elliot and the famous bucking horse Midnight. I read it because my father (the late John Winter) worked on the Elliot ranch around 1910 or so. In this article it told how my father and Verne had ridden the first bucking bareback horses at Cheyenne Frontier Days. Dad said it was Jack Elliot who rode with him and they had a hard time getting the officials to allow them to do it.

Dad always said that he (Dad) had just about completed his ambitions in life—to take first money at Cheyenne Frontier Days (he took second); and to ride in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which he did.—Hazel (Winter) Gibson, Winnett, Montana 59087

Oklahoma Old-timer

I am a little old woman, eighty-two years old, born at Afton, Indian Territory, in 1891 and I lived over a lot of Oklahoma. My father went west and staked a claim in the Strip, but Mother's health was bad out there so he relinquished his right back to the government and we later moved back to Vinita in 1898. Then in 1899 we moved to White Oak, just a short way west of Vinita and we lived there until 1908.

The thing that was so interesting to me in a back issue I ordered (August 1963 issue) was the story, "Some People I Knew at the Crossroads." I can remember Sam Ridenhour and Polly Smart ate dinner at my father's house. We lived for five years adjoining Polly Smart's farm west of Vinita and three miles northwest of White Oak. I am sure the doctor in this story was Dr. Craig for he was the first one in that country to have an X-ray machine. He enjoyed a good joke on someone better than a good dinner.

My father also knew Kate and Bill Starr. If there is anyone living around my age, or any age for that matter, who would like to write to me, I will gladly reply. I might further add that my father was the first representative sent from Craig County (which was named for Dr. Craig) to the state capital when the Indian Territory was voted into statehood.—Cora B. (Stroud) Pace, Melrose, Ohio 45861

Lillian Alling

Just the other evening while visiting a friend, he called my attention to a letter written by Arthur F. Elmore regarding Lillian Alling and an earlier article in your magazine (April '72 issue) about her journey to Asia from New York, on foot. This friend had heard me speak of her earlier so was interested in my seeing this.

Here is a new slant on this incident. I was stationed at Little Diomede shortly after this event, as a missionary. There was still frequent mention of her around Nome in those days so I picked up the story from various people. Around there she was last known of at Penny River, a number of miles west of Nome. Her wheelbarrow was found washed out to sea there. This is a swift clearwater river. I have crossed it on foot frequently in summer and a few times by dog sled in winter on the ice. The water flows fast enough so if you do not set your foot down quickly the small stones making up the bed will keep washing away from under the descending foot and deepen the water under one. If, as we thought around there, she tried to walk across with the wheelbarrow and mounted dog the current carried her out to sea, as this water was too powerful to handle such extra luggage. However, no one ever found any other evidence of her having been there. Only the wheelbarrow.

Penny River had the remains of an old native village but at that time was occupied by only one Eskimo man called Tony Tony. Tony used to ferry anyone across who would call for him. He lived on the west side of the stream but when at home he could be reached with a shout. I never heard him speak of Lillian

(Continued on page 66)

Lillian Alling

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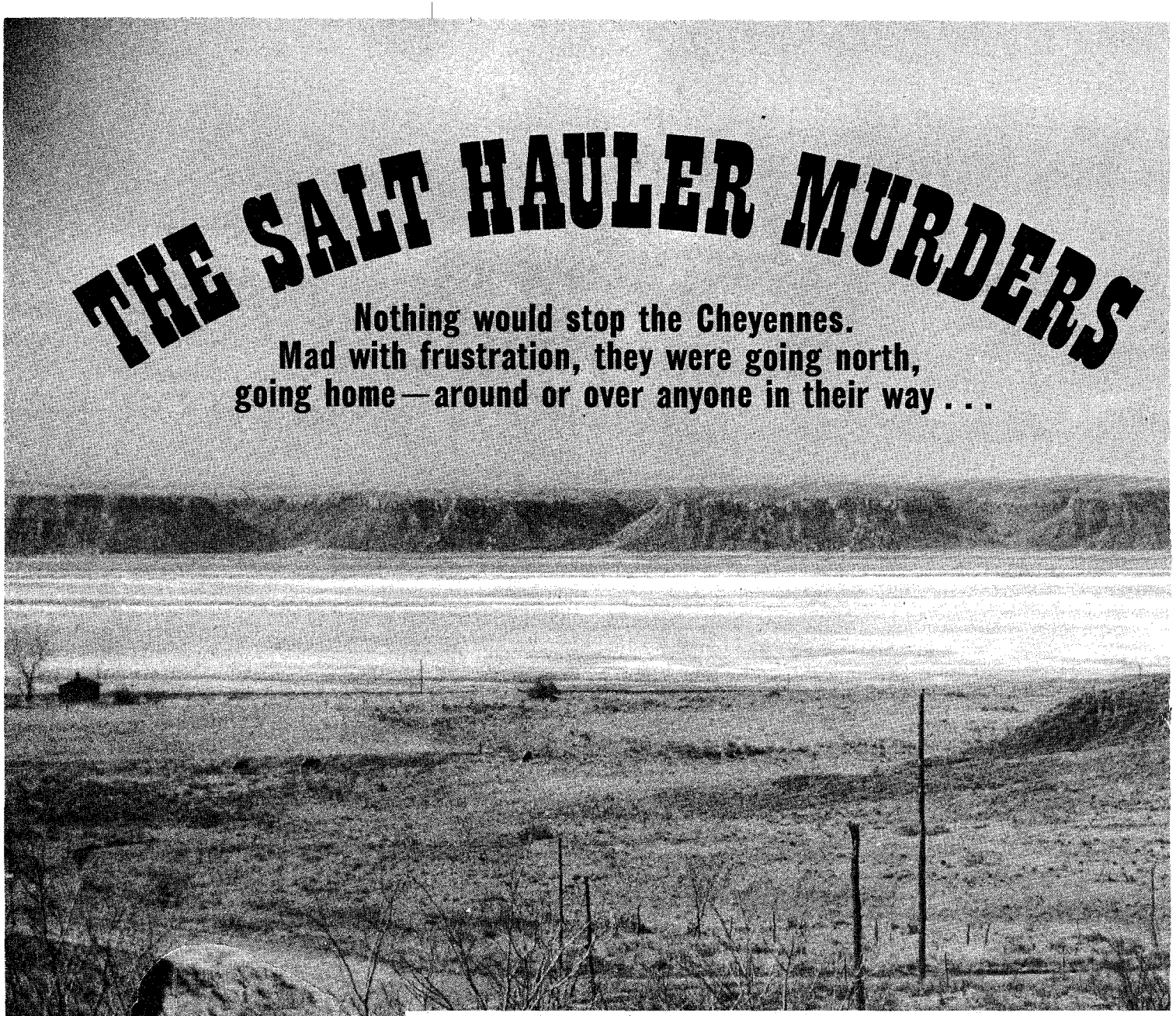
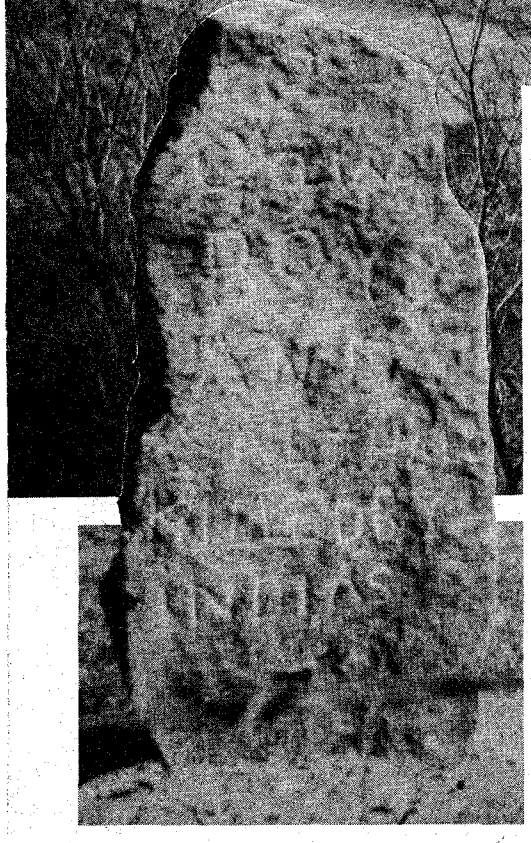
THE SALT HAULER MURDERS

Nothing would stop the Cheyennes. Mad with frustration, they were going north, going home—around or over anyone in their way . . .





Above, salt deposits along the Cimarron, where ranchers went to gather salt for their livestock. The Gloss Mountains are in the distance. At left, Salt Haulers' Monument north of Freedom, Oklahoma. Wording: "Cow Boys and Salt Hallers Killed by Indians."

By NELLIN IVES
Photos Courtesy Author

THERE was the unearthly screeching of Indian war-whoops and the thunder of Indian pony hoofs around two Kansas cowboys one September day in 1878. Fred Clark and Reuben Bristow, on an errand for their boss at the Colcord ranch, probably knew that their time had come.

If they had been on horseback, on good mounts, they might have had a chance, as did one other man the Indians had tried to overtake at a nearby horse camp. That is, Clark and Bristow might have had a chance if there had been some cover anywhere near. But there wasn't. They were near the head slope of Jug Mott Creek and the land was barren all the way to their home ranch. For that matter, it is still barren nearly a hundred years after Clark and Bristow's tragedy. The grass was and is so short that it wouldn't give good cover to a prairie chicken. The cowboys were caught.

They had known when they left the ranch headquarters they would be exposed to danger, especially from Indians. The Northern Cheyennes, whose longtime home was hundreds of miles to the north, were chafing under the government edict that they must occupy the same reservation as their southern cousins on the Canadian. It was also well known that Dull Knife and Wild Hog, leaders in the Northern Cheyenne group, were smart individuals by any standard. In this project of getting back to their northern home they were raising

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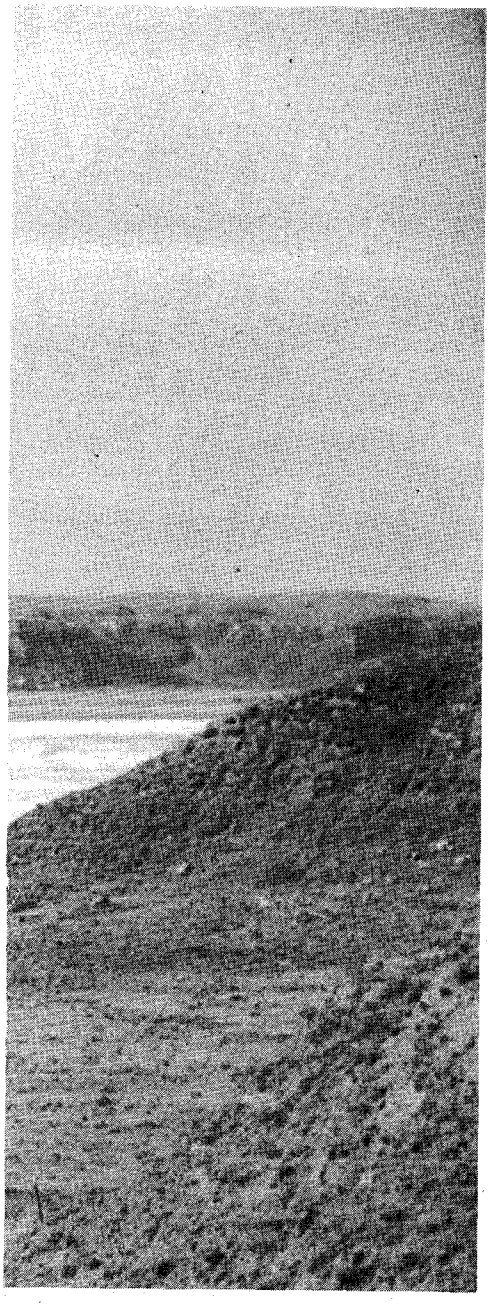


At right, Bobtail Horse (on left, with revolver) and Dull Knife. Photo taken outside studio at Ft. Keogh, M. T., circa 1879-81, by L. A. Huffman.

a ruckus that carried clear to Washington, and white settlers in the area between where the rebellious Cheyennes were and where they wanted to be, lived in constant fear.

Old-timers who lived in the path of the escaping Indians said that the individuals white people saw were tired, dusty ragged women, children and oldsters, trudging dejectedly along. What they did not see were the strong young men who assumed the task of providing food and mounts, if possible, for the weaker travelers. These stayed well out of sight except when they found whites who had something useful to the long journey. Because Cheyenne violence was well known to all, ranchers and homesteaders between Cantonment, Oklahoma and the home grounds of the Indians in Nebraska trembled at the movement of a shadow.

And still, the cattle on Kansas ranches needed salt, which lay on top the ground along the Cimarron at a place near the southern border.

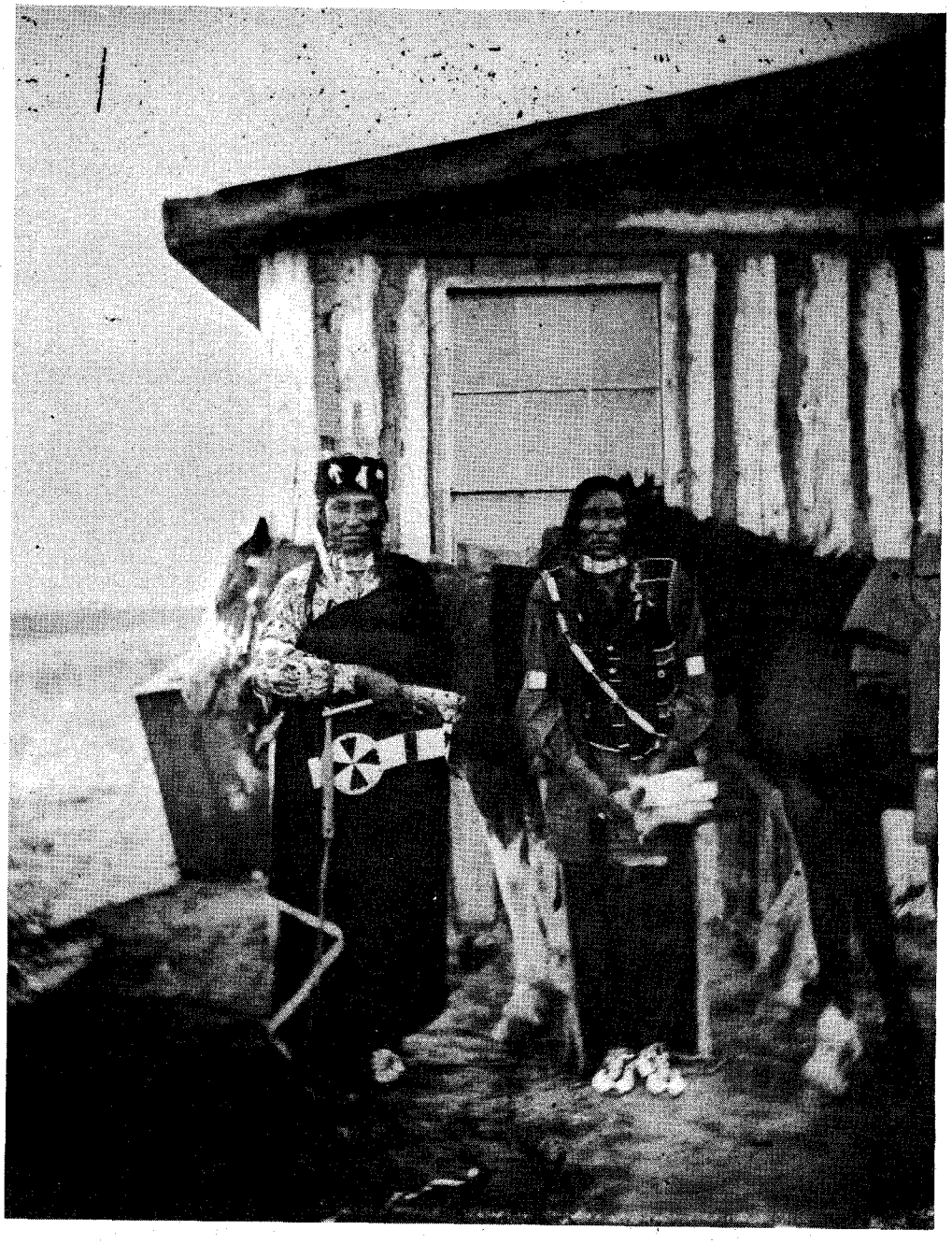
BRISTOW AND CLARK hitched a pair of mules to a wagon and started out on a salt-gathering expedition. The salt deposits were in what was then called Indian Territory; it was not open to settlement but Kansas ranchers got their salt supply from there. The technically illegal traveling done after they crossed the Kansas border bothered their conscience not at all. Nor did the Indians care about that imaginary line. They had treaties, plenty of them, saying that the high plains were to be their hunting grounds forever and ever. It made no difference that the white men had slaughtered the buffalo formerly hunted there. The whites themselves were fair game.

It has never been known whether the Indians found the wagon in their path as they rode north, or whether they had been camping somewhere in the vicinity and noticed its creeping progress.

Charles Colcord, Mark Burke and Charlie Martin, who finally found Bristow and Clark, could only tell that the wagon had rolled at top speed for considerable distance. There was a spot where it stopped, probably when the Indians first surrounded it, for there were many pony hoofmarks around it. Then, too, the mule hoofmarks, longer and more narrow than those made by ponies, were thick on the spot instead of being spread out step-length.

After that, something had occurred which frightened the mules, for their prints plunged forward and the wagon was jerked off the ground. There was a break in the wheel marks.

Then began a wild race. The mule prints were far apart, the wheel marks careened wildly, until they stopped altogether in a group of slim scraggly trees in a shallow arroyo. The trees weren't much, as trees go, but they were—and



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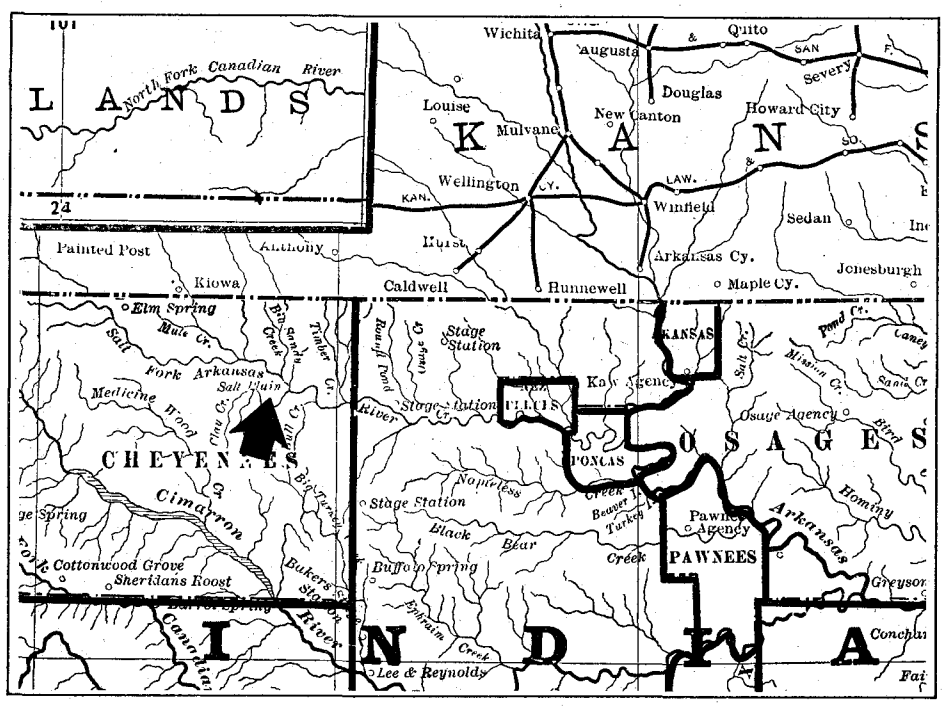

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888.

Map shows approximate location of the ambush.

still are—the only trees in sight for miles around.

Colcord and the other cowboys who found Clark and Bristow, discovered them in the bed of the wagon, long dead. Bristow had been shot in the back of his head. That probably was the noise that started the mules running.

Fred Clark had a cluster of arrows in his heart; Reuben Bristow also had arrows in his body, mostly under one arm. It suggested that when he fell backward into the wagon bed from the gunshot, he had thrown up his arm. Then when the wagon was overtaken and Clark was killed with arrows, the Cheyennes had made sure of Bristow's death by putting some arrows into him, too.

Clark had no gunshot wound, and later developments indicated that the Indians perhaps had only one gun among them. Their escape from the Camp Cantonment barracks had been made with utmost stealth and they hadn't been permitted to have guns there—or bow and arrows, either, for that matter. However, they had the know-how for making bows and arrows as they traveled. Dull knife, Wild Hog and the other Cheyennes went on north.

IN the part of Kansas where the Colcord ranch lay, just above the Kansas line, the Indians shot all the Payne family, and killed Frank Dow and Jim Lawson who were Colcord hands.

News of the Payne shootings and the deaths of Dow and Lawson triggered long-planned emergency action on the part of the settlers. Their horses raced on errands outlined in conferences weeks and months before. Charles Colcord was out on the range when he heard about Dow and Lawson and he started at once for the agreed-upon gathering point. His most acute worry was about his mother who was at the ranch headquarters and could be subject to Cheyenne attack.

The Colcords were a Texas family before they moved to Kansas, and Texas settlers had experienced Indian raids before there were any white people in Kansas except those traveling the Santa Fe Trail. Mrs. Colcord was a pioneer woman, used to pioneer dangers. She wouldn't have expected or wanted her son to neglect his community obligations in order to check on her.

So, instead of his worry taking him home, Colcord dashed toward the meeting place—the Nelson home. Tom Murray and his outfit were the first to appear there but the others came soon. It had been decided that the first defensive move would be to alert a military camp not far from the area, one of the groups of trained soldiers the government had scattered through the country in case of "Indian trouble."

The general idea was good. Pioneers on the plains had no trees with which to build the blockhouse forts with which white people in forested areas protected themselves. Plains people did make tunnels in the earth but it was mostly a way to survive until help came.

There is no record of tunneling in this case, but one house occupied later had no less than six tunnels, each opening onto a different slope. It sat on top of a rise which gave a wide view of the surrounding plains. Visitors, friendly or hostile, reached the door only after thorough inspection. If enemies they simply found no one at home because someplace in the house, behind a stove, under a bed, or merely under some certain floor board, would be a hole and a ladder leading down into a tunnel or tunnels. If it was suspected that one exit onto the prairie was watched, another could be used, and the exits would be some hundreds of feet from the house. It was only a stopgap measure, though, until help arrived, for Indians knew about the tunneling business, and keen, experienced Indian eyes were expert at locating any movement on the plain.

TWO individuals who did not join the ranchers' group were horse wrangler Anderson Hilton and his cook, who was called "Cotton." These two had a camp on Mulberry Creek. That stream bed was dry most of the time but sometime in the past, moisture had sprouted mulberry seeds and there were a few trees to provide shade. Horses suffered more than cattle from lack of shade in the sunburned country, so Hilton set up business where his stock had the advantage of some shade. His trouble, in this instance, was that Indians knew all about the shelter and what might be found there. They were looking for mounts just as they had been when they chased the salt wagon.

Hilton and Cotton had ridden out at dawn to round up some horses left grazing through the night. Hilton went one way, Cotton another. The Cheyennes found Cotton first, and killed him. Evidently the Indians had had the camp under observ-

(Continued on page 57)

The only trees in the vicinity of the salt haulers' gravesite.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Welch-Bryant

I would like to contact the descendants of Dave Welch, who fled to Texas from Kansas or Missouri during the latter part of the Civil War to escape the bounty hunters and Union Army. He, his brothers and Dad set upon a pattern of revenge after finding their mother and younger brother murdered by Southern Rebels. Dave and John Welch were the only survivors of the revenge plot. Dave fled to Texas and was never heard of again.

I would like to hear from any descendants of George M. and Nancy Bryant. They had a daughter Nancy Ann who married my great-grandfather January 2, 1887 in Grapevine, Texas. George died December 28, 1904. My grandfather's name was John William Benjamin Frank Welch. Nancy took Ben to Supulpa, Oklahoma in the early 1900s because of a heart condition. I would appreciate hearing from any members of either family. —V. W. Weaver, Box 397, Elkhart, Kansas 67950

Tucker

We desire information on my husband's great-grandfather, Elijah Tucker. The 1880 Census of Parker County, Texas shows he was thirty-nine and was born in North Carolina, as were his parents. His wife was Manervy, age thirty-six, born in Alabama. The parents were born in Tennessee.

Elijah and Manervy had two sons and four daughters listed in the 1880 Census. Sons were W. R. age sixteen; M. A. age ten; daughters were Molly age twelve; A. R. R. L. age five; P. B. age four; and R. M. age two and a half, born in March. All the children were born in Texas.

P. B. Tucker is my husband's grandmother. Her name was Pearl Belle Tucker. She married Jefferson Boon Thomas, son of Abraham and Winnie G. Thomas. All are believed to be buried in Parker County, Texas.

Elijah Tucker had brothers, Mosas and Aarron. Were there others? Who were their parents?—Mrs. Earnest L. Merriott, Box 528, Littlefield, Texas 79339

Morris-Beasley

I am seeking information about my great-aunt Elizabeth (Lizzie) Morris Beasley and my great-uncle Henry T. Morris and their descendants. They were the children of August S. and Adelaide (or Adeline) Stumph Morris who came from Germany and landed at Indianola, Texas. Elizabeth may also have had the name Helena, as a child by that name was registered in the 1870 DeWitt County census. According to this, Helena or Elizabeth, was born in 1845. She married W. J. Beasley and had five children. Addie and Eugene Beasley are the only names I know; however, there was another boy and two more girls.

Henry T. Morris was born in 1864 according to the DeWitt County census of 1870. In 1884 he came to Coleman County with his brother Joe's cattle herd and was foreman of his ranch until about 1888. He returned to Hochheim and married Mattie Tully there. He was living in Yoakum in the early 1920s, I believe. I understand several of his children live in Houston. He had three or four boys and one girl whose names are unknown.

I would like to contact descendants of these two people or anyone who knows the whereabouts of any of the descendants of Elizabeth Morris Beasley or Henry T. Morris. I will answer all letters.—Doris Miller, 1216 Colorado Street, Coleman, Texas 76834

Bokey (Bauquier)-LaForge

I would like any information on any of the following—especially the parents of William Bokey (or Bauquier, as I understand it is spelled in French). He was born between 1858 and 1896 somewhere in West Virginia. His wife Emma Stewart was born in 1854 in West Virginia, and died 1914 in Tawanda, Kansas. They had two children that I know of, John Bokey (my grandfather), born 1888 in Wheeling, West Virginia and Sanford (?), birthplace unknown. Both died in Wichita, Kansas.

Also would like information on Carney LaForge born 1847 in Leon, Iowa; died 1870 in Wisconsin. His wife Geneveia Bolan was born 1846 in Wisconsin and died 1913 in Tawanda, Kansas. They had a daughter Nellie (my great-grandmother), who married John Hughs from Dublin, Ireland in Kansas and they had eight children.—Mrs. L. E. Rice, 6011 Southeastern Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46203.

Ellwood

My father's parents were pioneers of Nebraska. My grandfather came to Nebraska from Pennsylvania by covered wagon. His cousin, Sam Fremont, was the first to file a homestead in Nebraska and my grandfather was the second. He was a member of Company H First Nebraska in the Civil War and after that served the Army against the Indians. He was the first postmaster in Ellis, Nebraska and was a member of G. A. R. Strain Post # A 201 CR Plymouth, Nebraska. His second wife was Sarah Jane Potts, whose first husband was Recompense Stanberry. Children from her first marriage were Eugene Stanberry of Portage, Washington; Alice Morris of Holyoke, Colorado; Florence Langworthy of Ellis, Nebraska; sister, Libby Potts of Ong, Nebraska; brother Rupert Potts of Shamrock, Oklahoma. Sarah Potts was married to Fred M. Ellwood (my grandfather) October 9, 1882. He was survived by two sons, my father James A. Ellwood, and Fred Ellwood of Beatrice, Nebraska; also seven daughters. The only one I remember was Mrs. Pete Highfeild of Akron, Colorado.

My step-grandmother's funeral service was conducted by Reverend C. C. Luce and D. J. Woods of Fairbury, Nebraska; also Reverend J. F. Denman of Ellis. Pallbearers were John Bateman, Louis Langworthy, Charles Pittenger, Albert Blakely, John Carey and Arthus Bartlett.

The Ellwood name in Nebraska was first spelled Elwood—with one 'L' but some of my father's sisters did not like his working for a Democratic company (Northern Pacific in Montana) and said if he did, he would have to change his name, so he added an 'L'.

I would like to hear from any Ellwood descendants.—Robert Ellwood, 214 South 9th Street, Brainerd, Minnesota 56401

Statler (Stattler)-Hostetter

I am searching for information on John B. Statler (Stattler) born 1819 in Lincoln County, Ohio and died 1903 in California. He had a blacksmith shop in Pleasant Valley, Iowa and traveled to California three times—once by oxen and twice by mule. His wife was Zelphia Conner. He had two brothers: Jake (?) who died in a flood in Galveston, Texas; the other brother lived back east.

Would also like information about Henry H. Hostetter, born 1846 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. A Civil War discharge shows the name Henry Buch and this is believed to be his real name. He had a sister Amanda and a brother Augusta who was called Gus. Gus had a son who in 1916-1918 lived in Oregon. Henry died 1927 in Bartlett, Iowa.—Mrs. Joyce Gregg, 1936 Vilas, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

Clark

I would like to hear from descendants of H. C. Clark, who lived in Everley, Iowa in 1917, or Luther Clark who lived in Topeka, Kansas in 1917. They had one sister, Martha Sickles in Topeka, and a brother Thomas W. who died at Lomat, Colorado May 20, 1917.—Merrill Clark, 1501 Colorado Street, Goodland, Kansas 67735

Labuff (LaBuff)

I am looking for anyone who knew Alex Labuff, Jr., deceased or his father Alex Labuff. I think that my grandfather Alex Labuff, Jr. was born in Fort Laramie, Wyoming but I don't know the date. His mother died when he

(Continued on page 69)

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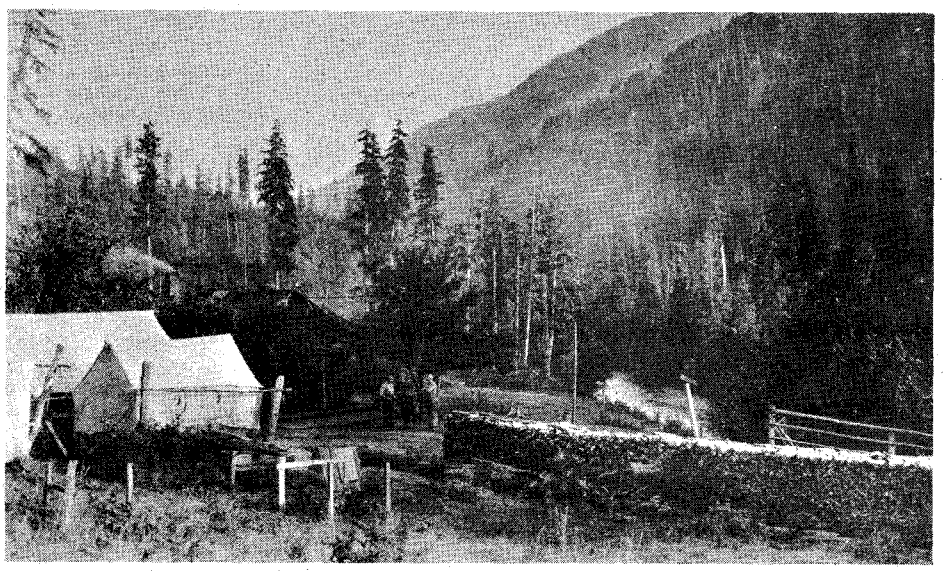


Humes' place.

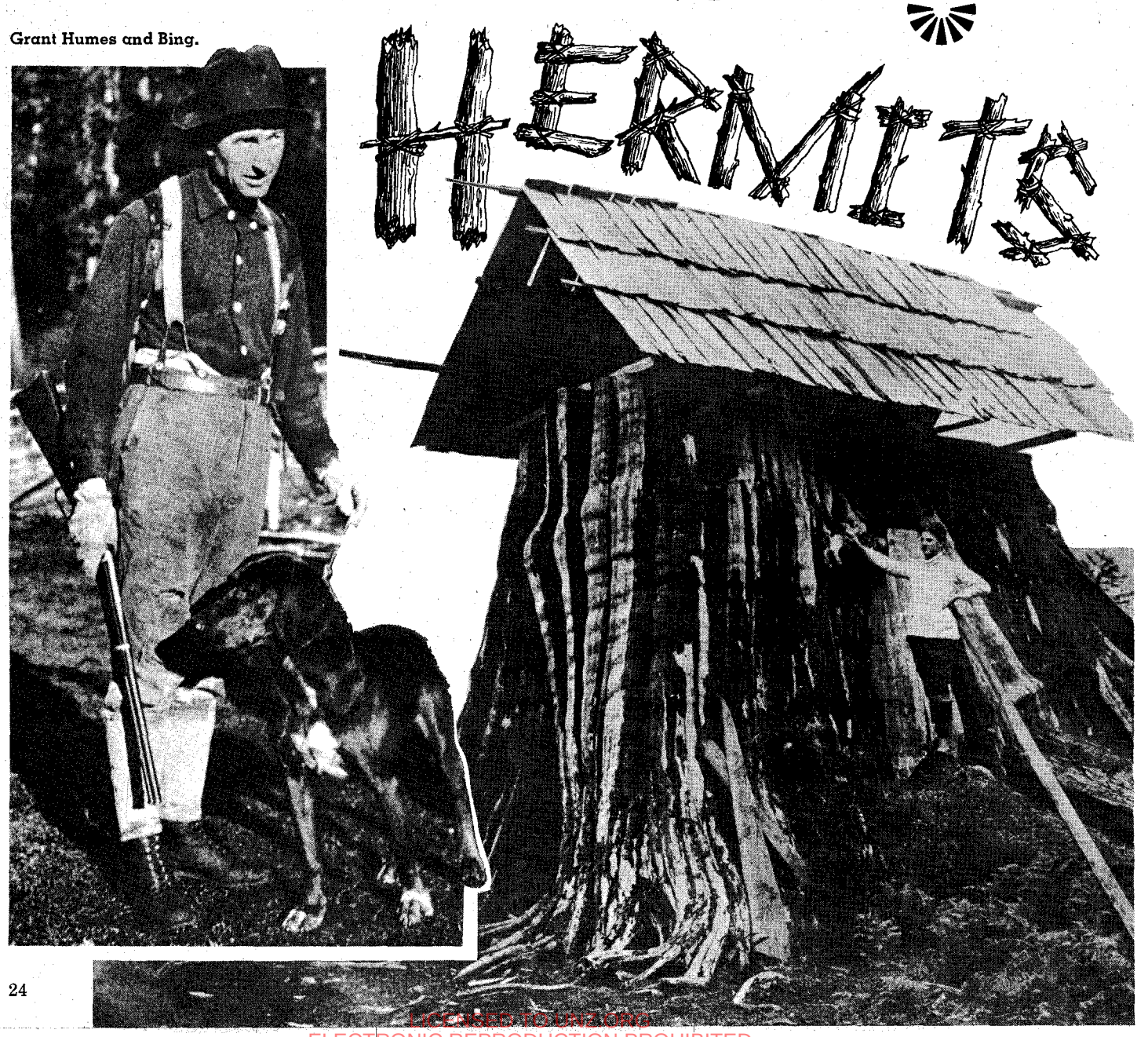
Photos by Bert Kellogg

ELWHA'S FEUDING HERMITS

By GENEVIEVE H. MILLER

Photos Courtesy Author

Grant Humes and Bing.



GRANT HUMES

IN 1887 William Humes and his cousin, Ward Sanders, both from New York State, were on their way to the Alaska gold fields. Delayed in Seattle by an unexpectedly early winter, they heard stories about the rarely visited Olympic wilderness and decided to spend the winter exploring for themselves.

From Port Angeles they hiked twenty miles to the Upper Elwha where Humes took up a homestead. Both men left in the spring and nothing more was recorded about Sanders, but in 1900 William Humes returned to his Elwha claim and was joined by his brother, Grant. They packed in necessities by horse, on their backs and by wheelbarrow, even managing to transport a mowing machine.

William made occasional trips to the new town of Port Angeles and to the small community of settlers called

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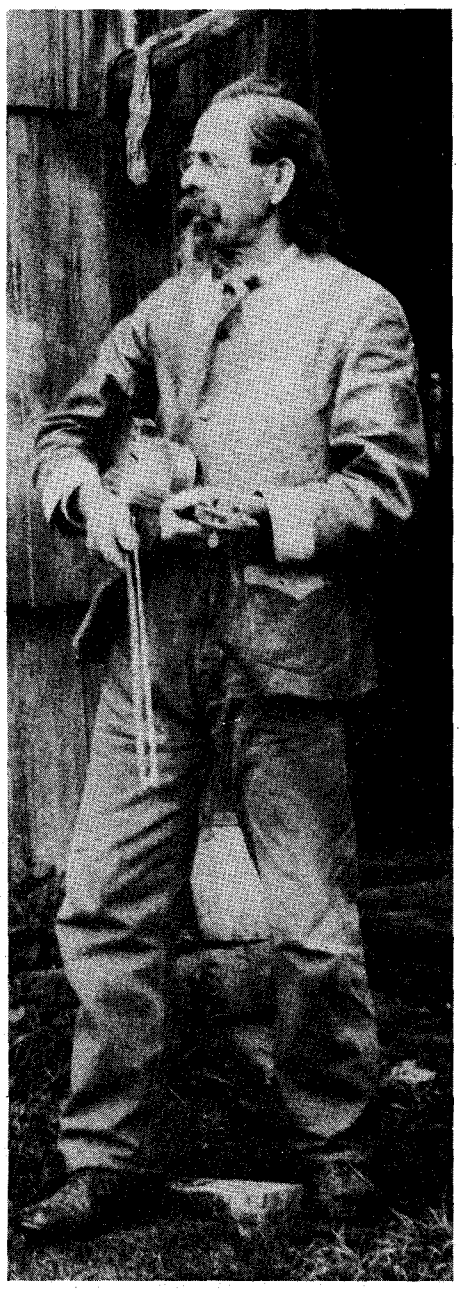
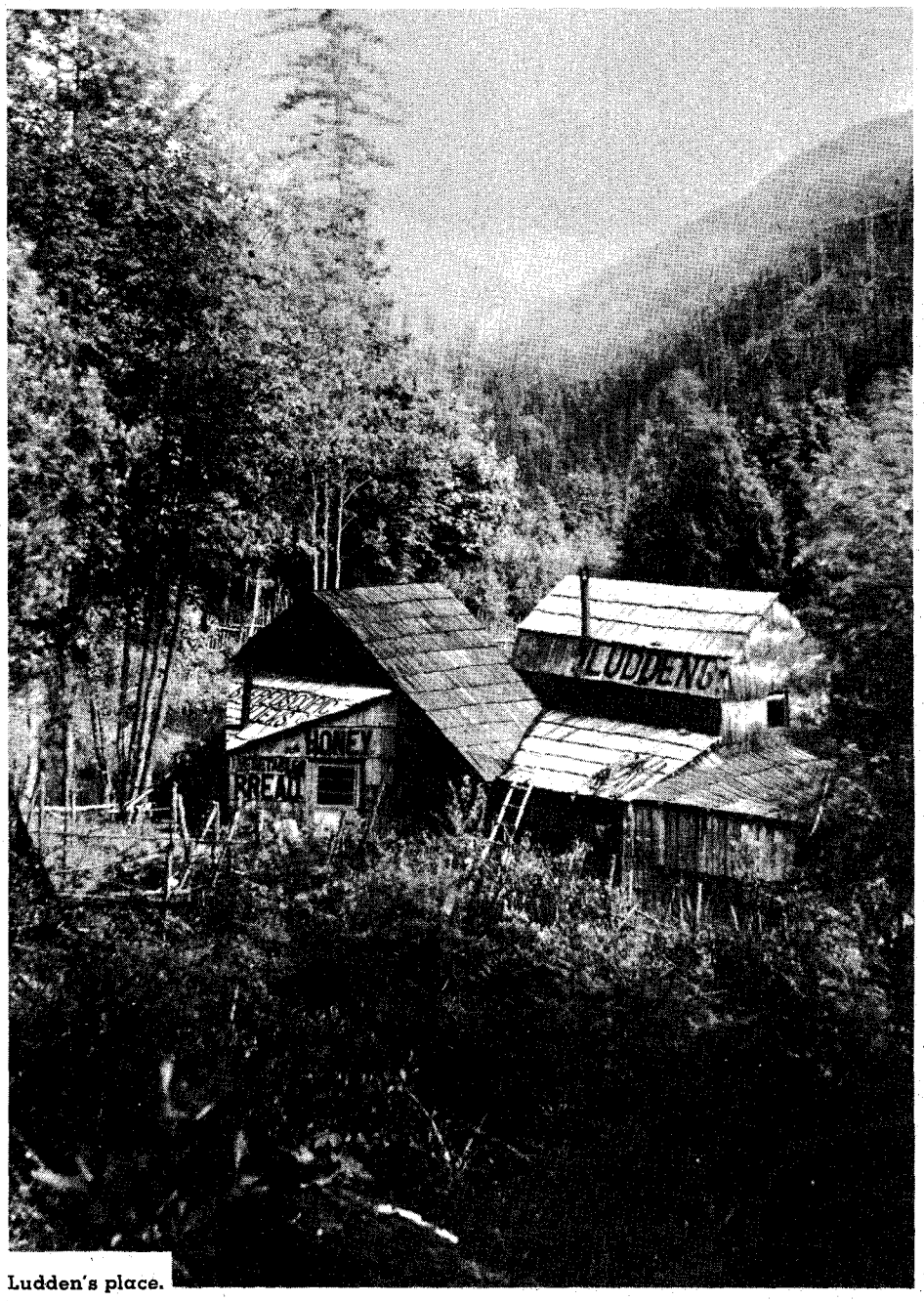


"Doc" Ludden



Ludden's place.

Stump Post Office on the upper Elwha River.

One loved a hunting dog; the other loved bees. That took care of Love. The rest of their time was devoted to detesting each other!

Elwha, but rarely did Grant leave the homestead. The brothers made their meager living from cougar hunting, guiding fishermen and hunting parties into the mountains, and sometimes boarding them overnight.

Soon afterward William went to Alaska, apparently deeding to Grant the full claim to the land. Grant was serious and reticent, so old-timers say, but he once confided to a fisherman staying overnight, that he had left the East because of being jilted by a beautiful girl. Never again would he have any close relationship with a woman, he vowed.

In time, as people found out about the country, Grant made a good living with his packhorses, reportedly once having a dozen pack-trains in the mountains at once. He built a harness shed, a barn to protect his teams from the harsh winters, and cleared a meadow where he raised hay.

Grant became rather well known in mountaineering ventures by helping to conquer Mt. Olympus and scaling numerous other peaks in the Olympic range. Humes Glacier, on the southeast side of Mt. Olympus, was later named in his honor.

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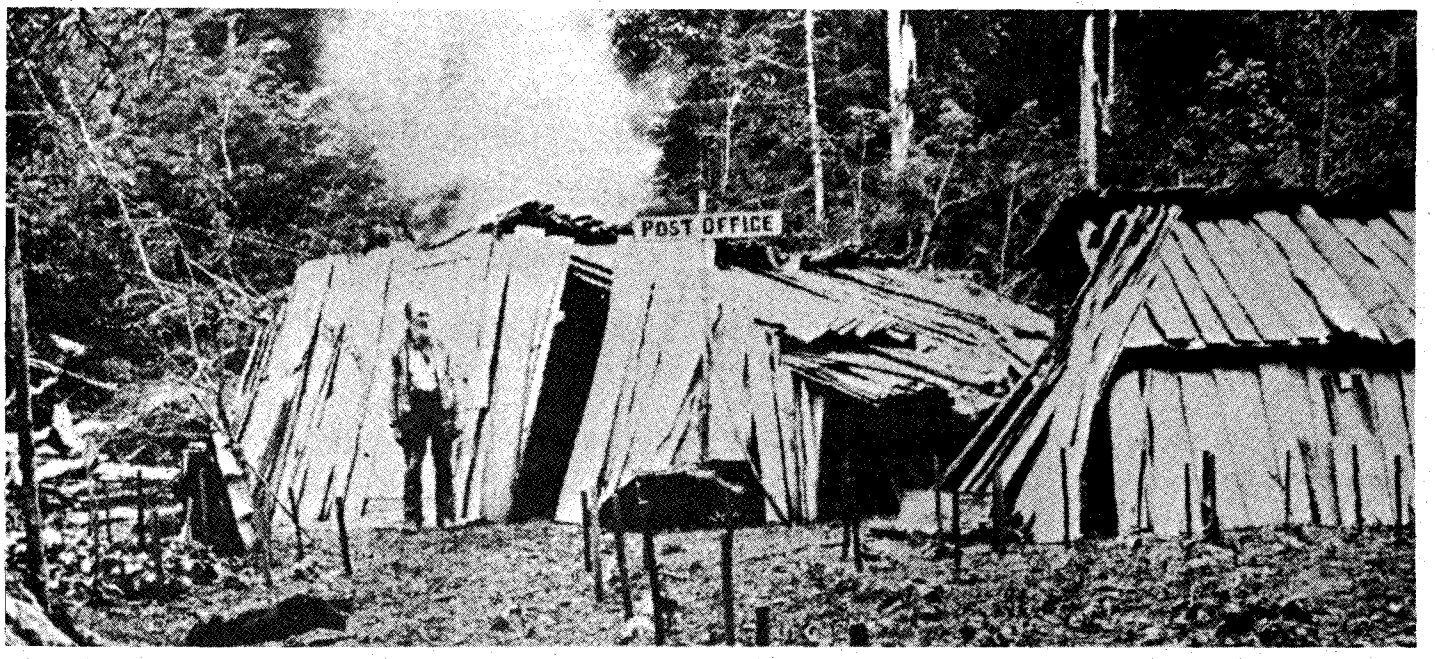

McDonald Post Office, first one built south of Port Angeles, Uncle McDonald, postmaster, standing by. The main room was a hollow cedar stump 143 feet in circumference near the ground. The stump still stands on Mrs. Bertha M. Hartt's ranch, but with its split-shake coverings removed.

Above, the McDonald Post Office. At left, Elwha stump post office with a new roof.

APPARENTLY this man who had departed an affluent home in the Adirondacks found contentment in his lonely life. Each fall Humes' family sent him large cartons filled with cakes of maple sugar, which he rendered into syrup for use on buckwheat cakes.

He always treated guests with every courtesy—even women guests, who later commented on his cleanliness in his cabin, cooking and personal appearance. They shook their heads, though, at his utter isolation in winter. The only real affection he ever showed was for Bing, his hunting dog.

When persuaded, Humes would relate stories about Indian lore of those parts as he led hunters to bands of Roosevelt elk or guided fishermen to quiet river riffles thick with fat trout. Even when drawn from his reticence, though, he apparently never confided the reason for his quarrel with his only neighbor, "Doc" Ludden, who lived only three-quarters of a mile away.

It was a bitter feud, one Port Angeles man recalls, and one which lasted to the death. To get their mail they had a nine-mile hike to the old McDonald post office in the Upper Elwha Valley. McDonald had his office in a huge hollow stump on the confluence of the Elwha and Little Rivers. (The next postmaster, Henry Stringham, built a cedar shake lean-to around the stump, all of which later burned.)

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Two Klahhane hikers at Ludden's loft.

Regardless of the weather or the other's health, neither Humes nor Ludden would get the other's mail. And in case of illness each had to treat himself as getting to town meant crossing over the river on a cable fifty feet above the water. Later they were able to cross on the covered bridge.

In 1934 Grant Humes died. Hubert Crisler, a wildlife photographer who filmed "Olympic Elk" which was shown across the United States in lecture tours and was later bought by Walt Disney, leased the Humes place. Here Crisler brought his bride, Lois, a former University of Washington teacher, who learned to love the wild solitude. While her husband filmed the elk bands, Lois wrote of the habits of the marmot, elk, bear and cougar around the valley.

When the project was finished, the couple moved on to the Brooks range in the Arctic, where Lois wrote *Arctic Wild* and another book on some wolves she had tamed. After the Crislers left, the cabin deteriorated. In 1950 a youth group, under the direction of the Olympic Park Crew, helped repair the sagging roofs of the house and shed.

Only after the National Park Service of Archaeology and Historic Preservation made a report on the significance of Humes' buildings was restoration begun. John W. Scott, a retired carpenter from Hoods Canal and one of the few with knowledge of the building technique used by Humes, was put in charge. Lock-joint construction, Scott explained, demanded the logs to be tapered to fit together at the cabin corners. The logs for restoration were cut from surrounding forests, peeled, and hauled by hand to the cabin, with repair work being done from the bottom up.

Now part of the Olympic Park, the Humes ranch is a favorite hike from Whiskey Bend on the Upper Elwha. College hiking classes camping there overnight are impressed by the majestic beauty of the valley. One group, sleeping out in the open, saw a herd of Roosevelt elk in the distance and lay silently while a dozen deer and two black bears came within twenty feet of them.

While commenting on the lonely life Grant Humes must have led during the long, cold winters, without even the company of his one neighbor, the college youths agreed when one said, "I don't know, though—the peace and beauty of that valley sort of makes me understand Humes' love of it."

"DOC" LUDDEN

SEVEN YEARS after the Humes brothers homesteaded, "Doc" Ludden settled nearby in Geyser Valley, the stretch of bottomland bordering on the Elwha River between Goblin and Convulsion Canyons. Beyond the clearing where Ludden erected his oddly-shaped home, the trail climbs into dense forests.

Doc Ludden (no old-timers seem to know his given name) delighted in the challenge of do-it-yourself. He bought nothing he could find or make. He constructed his furniture from buckskin and trees; he tailored his clothes, even making shoes and neckties from buckskin.

Doc salvaged kerosene cans, removed their ends, and stacked them for chimneys. Other cans he fashioned into dustpans, ornaments and kitchen utensils. Some he flattened for signs advising hikers they were nearing "Geyser Valley House and Apiary." With his own printing press he printed signs which he nailed onto trees along the trail. He did photography, featuring stereopticon slides. He also gave shaves and haircuts. "And I'm beholden to no man," he boasted.

While Humes lavished his love on his hunting dog, Bing, Ludden's fascination was for bees. Even his queer abode was shaped like a beehive. He became known for his honey from wild roses, avalanche lilies, clover and wild honeysuckle. He bragged of the profit he made from honey and beeswax candles. Candle holders he carved from the nearby madroña trees.

Dorothy Wenner of Port Angeles, whose father was the *Evening News* editor and author of several books about the area, still cherishes some beeswax candles made by the "bee-man."

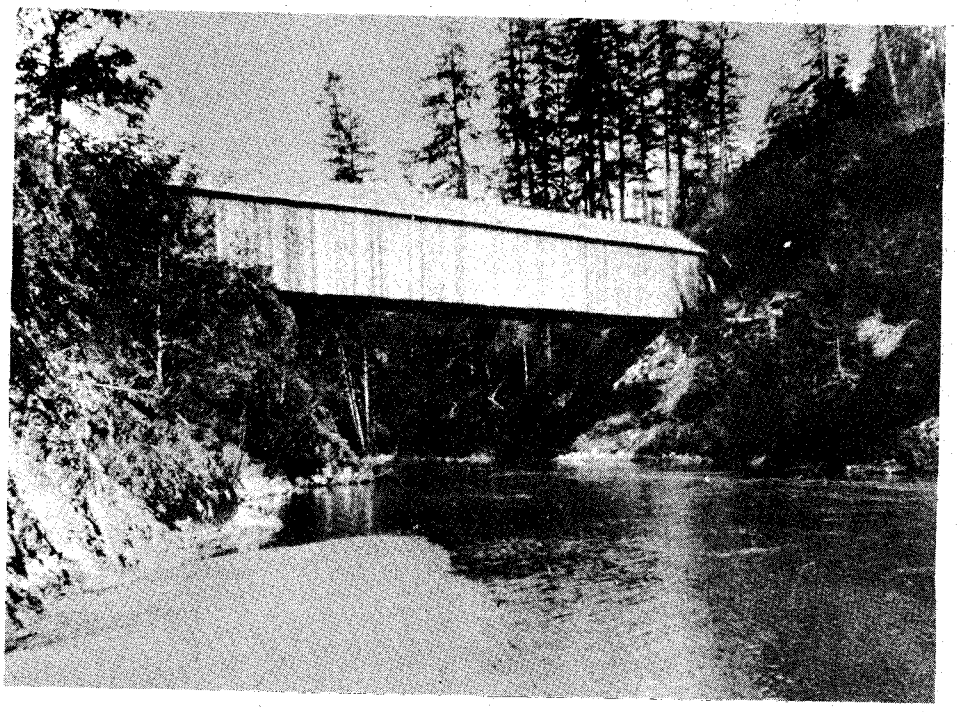
Doc poured the honey into pint milk cans thrown away by hunters and campers, cutting off the tops of the cans, then soldering them on again when filled. Once he showed a fisherman a can packed with World War I bonds he had purchased from the sale of honey and candles.

He built his queer house from cedar shakes. Some of the walls he papered with old postcards and pictures; on others he painted scenes. Original members of the still active Klahhane, a hiking club who in 1917 climbed the Elwha trail, shake their heads at Doc Ludden's housekeeping. "He was Grant Humes' opposite in every single way," one woman says, "as careless as Humes was fastidious." Then she speculated, "Maybe it was their great differences which caused their quarrel."

But Ben Phillips and the late Dr. Dean of Port Angeles recalled Ludden's delicious meals. He served home-made bread, pemmican from venison, mince-

(Continued on page 56)

Elwha covered bridge.



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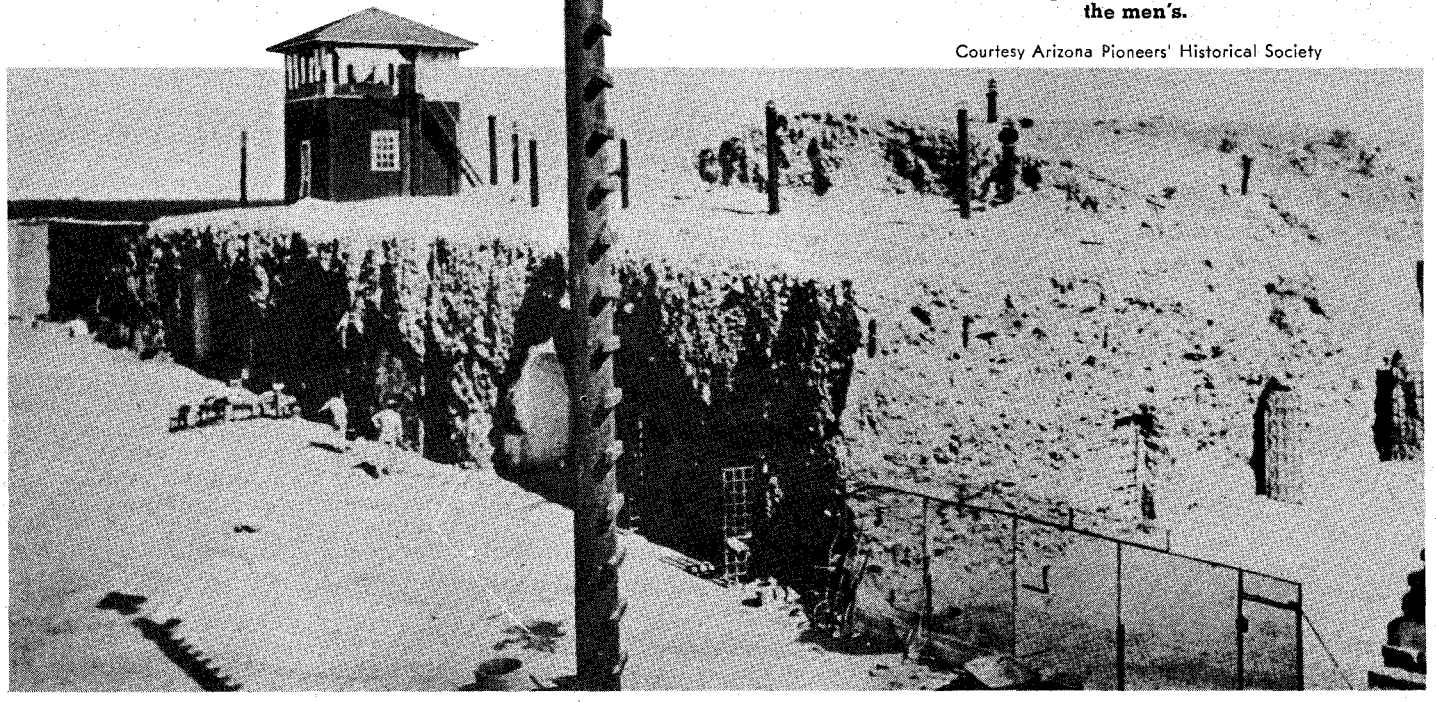
By COLIN RICKARDS
Photos Courtesy Author



Cell blocks were cut directly into the rock at the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. Note the ventilation pipes. The wire fence separated the women's section from the men's.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

ATTEMPTED BREAK

ON OCTOBER 27, 1887 a group of Mexican convicts, most of them serving long terms, attempted a jail-break from the Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma. Their bid for freedom was foiled, but five lives were lost and several convicts and prison officials were injured, some severely.

One of the guards who helped frustrate the escape bid was Johnny Behan, a former sheriff of Cochise County and bitter adversary of Wyatt Earp and his brothers in the hell-roaring days of Tombstone. Another guard was B. F. Hartlee, a noted Yuma officer remarkable as much for his cold-bloodedness as for his superb skill with a rifle.

The convicts involved were No. 668 Vasquez, a thirty-year-old who was doing a stretch for armed robbery; No. 465 Librado Puebla, aged forty-five and doing the same time as Vasquez (thirty years) for the same crime; No. 467 Lopez, who had completed two of his fifteen years for murder; No. 453 Bustamente, aged twenty-nine and doing nine years for larceny. All were killed in the attempted jail-break. At the same time, taking advantage of the confusion, two other convicts—No. 326 Ricardo Padilla, and Tiopelo Baca—tried to escape. Padilla lost his life, but Baca was more fortunate and had his attempt frustrated without being injured. Albino Villa, who had only five more months to serve of his sentence for manslaughter, played a part in the affair, but whether as one of the would-be escapers or as the proverbially uninvolved by-stander nobody knew. He was shot and injured.

Courtesy Department of Library & Archives, Phoenix, Arizona

At right, Guard B. F. Hartlee, whose rifle did so much damage during the futile prison break.

The most daring part of all, however, was that played by convict Barney Riggs. He was serving a life sentence for killing a man in Willcox and could well have kept clear of the fighting in the yard between prisoners and guards. It appears that Riggs got into the fray by accident—thinking it a brawl between Mexican convicts—and found himself in the midst of a full-fledged prison break. Dressed in prison stripes like the others, and struggling with a mixture of guards and convicts, Riggs could easily have been mistaken for a participant in the attempted escape. But he risked his own life in an attempt to save Superintendent Thomas Gates.

It was one of the most daring of the many attempted escapes from the hell hole at Yuma, and the Tucson *Citizen* sent reporter H. B. Tenny down to get the story. His account of the trouble appeared in the paper on November 5, just nine days after it occurred. This is his story:

"ON Thursday morning, Superintendent Gates was leaving the prison

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by the [north] sally port, to oversee some men at work, as was his custom. He was seized by Librado Puebla, a thirty-year convict, who attempted to pinion his arms behind him with a handkerchief, at the same time forced him outside the prison walls. Gates struggled for his freedom and attempted to force Puebla to one side in order to give guard [B. F.] Hartlee, who was stationed on the main tower, a chance to shoot without him [Gates] being hit. Puebla, armed with a knife, held it threateningly above Gate's head and Hartlee held his fire.

"In the struggle with Gates, Puebla was helped by a fellow convict named Lopez, but the latter suddenly released his hold, [and] ran, with a companion named Bustamente, to the house of the Superintendent, where the Secretary of the Prison Board, Mr. [Dick] Rule, and his wife were, and demanded arms. But not finding any they turned and ran towards the office, where, breaking open a desk, they secured a revolver and ran [back] to assist Puebla, whom Gates had in the meantime partially turned around. This was [Guard] Hartlee's chance, and he improved it by shooting Puebla through the leg. The latter then drove his knife into Gate's shoulder, the blade

Courtesy Department of Library & Archives; Phoenix, Arizona

Superintendent Thomas Gates was injured in the attempted break.

was uninjured, shot him through the right side. Lopez fell, with his head near the office porch, and Rule, believing him dead, turned and shot at [convict] Vasquez, who was running towards Gates at Puebla. At this moment Vasquez was also shot by Guard Hartlee, who, from his point of vantage, was doing most efficient work. As Vasquez fell, Rule turned towards the office to get more cartridges but as he did so, Lopez, who was lying on his face a few feet away, holding his pistol in both hands, shot at him but missed again, the bullet striking the wall by his side. Rule then shot him, the bullet disabling Lopez' right arm.

"HEARING the noise and thinking it was a fight among the Mexicans, Barney Riggs, a life-time convict, rushed out. Seeing the struggle between Gates and Puebla, and still thinking it a fight among the Mexicans and that Mr. Gates was endeavoring to separate them, he went to Gates' assistance and was met by a vicious thrust from the knife in the hands of Puebla. Realizing for the first time the true nature of the conflict, Riggs ran first to the house and then to the office, but could get no weapon, and was returning empty handed when see-

AT YUMA PEN 1890

a passion play with unrehearsed actors in ill-defined roles

passing between the collar bone and shoulder blade, into the lung, and was being pressed home.

"Secretary Rule, with his revolver, had followed Lopez out of the house, and in his haste to assist Gates, although at that time unaware that the latter was wounded, dealt Puebla a terrific blow over the head, cutting it open. Seeing, as he thought, Puebla partially fall, he turned his attention to others. At this moment Lopez, with the pistol he he had secured in the office, returned to Puebla's assistance, and placing the revolver against Gate's head, pulled the trigger. But Gates, by a desperate effort, had freed his left arm and managed to knock the weapon up as it exploded, so that instead of injuring him, the bullet passed through and between the bones of Puebla's left arm.

"Rule, seeing this, again went to the relief of Gates, but was met by Lopez, who at the point of his pistol, forced him towards the office, and finally shot [at], but missed, Rule. Lopez, thinking he had killed Rule, again turned towards where Puebla and Gates were struggling, but as he did so, Rule, who ing Lopez lying on the ground, still holding his pistol, Riggs sprang astride him, wrenched it from his clutched hand, and the next moment its muzzle was against Puebla's breast. As the hammer fell, the latter slowly withdrew the

(Continued on page 46)

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

At right, building a new wall at the Yuma Pen in 1890 after the flooding Colorado River had broken down the old.

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Courtesy Mrs. Francis McDonald, Belle Fourche, South Dakota

At left, Snoma's general store and post office in 1910. The left portion of building was the residence area; center, the store and postal facilities; right, storage area. People on right are the Casavants, the last store owners.

Little Finland

By ROZELLA BRACEWELL

Photos Courtesy the Author

TEN MILES east of present-day Belle Fourche, South Dakota, was a pioneer town called Snoma. From 1887-1918 it catered to a trade area ten miles to the north, south, east, and five miles to the west. Now a private farmstead, its charisma is still strong.

The first known land patent here was registered to David Lane in 1877, the same year President Rutherford Hayes

Snyder Well, five miles east of Snoma, about 1906. Left to right: Jake, Andrew, and Maurine Snyder. Note the glass stein on edge of trough. The well flowed at a rate of about 25 gallons per minute.

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ratified and signed the Treaty of 1876 with seven Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe Indian Chiefs, granting white men access to the sacred, ore-drenched Black Hills. Chiefs signing September 26, 1876 were Red Dog, Little Wound, Fire Eyes, Big Thunder, Lone Horse, Two Lance, and Fire Hunter. The treaty wasn't signed by Hayes until February 28, 1877.

Snoma's virgin land was settled by Finns and Norwegians on the west and south. Danes and other nationalities homesteaded to the north and east. Many of the men supplemented their income by working winters for the Homestake Gold Mining Company in Lead, up in the Black Hills some twenty miles southerly. Ranching in this gumbo soil scarcely brought in enough hard cash to support a family of ten or more children, as many had.

A lot of prairie towns were whistled dead by railroads. Snoma, South Dakota became a ghost at thirty-one

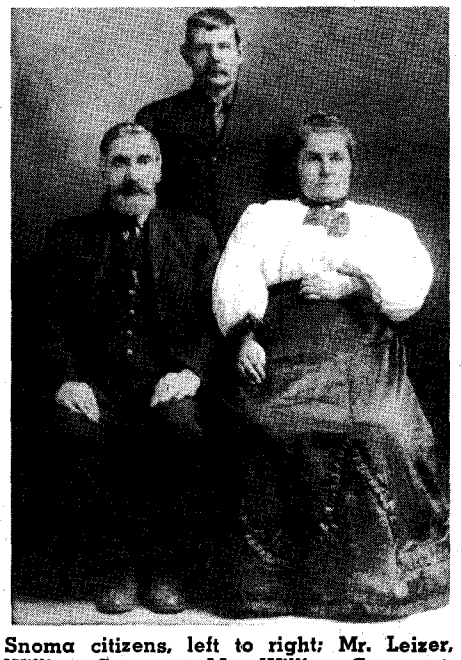
It wasn't until March 31, 1890 that Snoma became a legal post office, continuing until March 15, 1911, although the town existed three years before and seven years afterwards. In early 1890, Benjamin Hasti chaired a committee sending in the name, Suomi, meaning Finland, to postal authorities. Through a spelling error, the authorized name came back as Snoma.

The post office was nearly always in the general store. When that place changed owners, each merchant automatically became an instant new postmaster. He sold stamps, registered letters, and into individual boxes sorted mail to be called for by the community's residents. Each farmer got a free copy of *Drover's Journal*, printed in Chicago, Illinois, quoting livestock and farm prices.

In 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Stearns had established the first store and mail service in a log cabin three-fourths of a mile south and west of today's Fruitdale, across the river from what later became Snoma. During a vicious Belle Fourche River flood, their buildings washed downstream and the family moved to higher ground. Supplies and mail came down by team and wagon from northern Black Hills villages. Later on, Harrington and Hargraves started a store a mile east of the Casavant Crossing on the south riverbank. Here was the first official Snoma post office with Harrington postmaster.

A well-traveled trail a half-mile south had been carved out of the gumbo, so the store was moved up closer to it, and the road became known as Snoma Lane, as it still is.

DURING Snoma's heyday, with five residences, it averaged a town population of twenty-five. Besides the general store and post office, there was Stearns lumberyard; Summer's hardware; a neighborhood ice house with ice cut from the Belle Fourche River; a livery stable; Hall's A-framed, white, two-story hotel; and Frank Klemp's barbershop, saloon, and blacksmith shop.



Snoma citizens, left to right: Mr. Leizer, William Casavant, Mrs. William Casavant.

But Snoma's biggest, all-time asset was Main Street's soft-water artesian well, drilled by H. M. Stearns in 1906. A community venture, it was 754 feet deep and ran 15 gallons per minute. It's still flowing, six decades later, but at a slower rate, the last landmark of a once important trading center.

Snoma's people put great store in religion and education. Finns and Norwegians were of the Apostolic Lutheran faith. In March 1894 Benjamin Hasti, Solomon Johnson, Isaac Fardig and others were granted a charter for a Snoma church. Services were held in private homes or in the schoolhouse.

Because the only transportation then was buggy, lumber wagon, or horseback, and church members lived miles away, whole families started for the meeting place early in the morning, knowing that the hostess would always serve a bountiful noon banquet. Sermons were given either after the meal or divided between morning and afternoon. Hasti, Fardig and various ones translated them into English, for many other nationalities came.

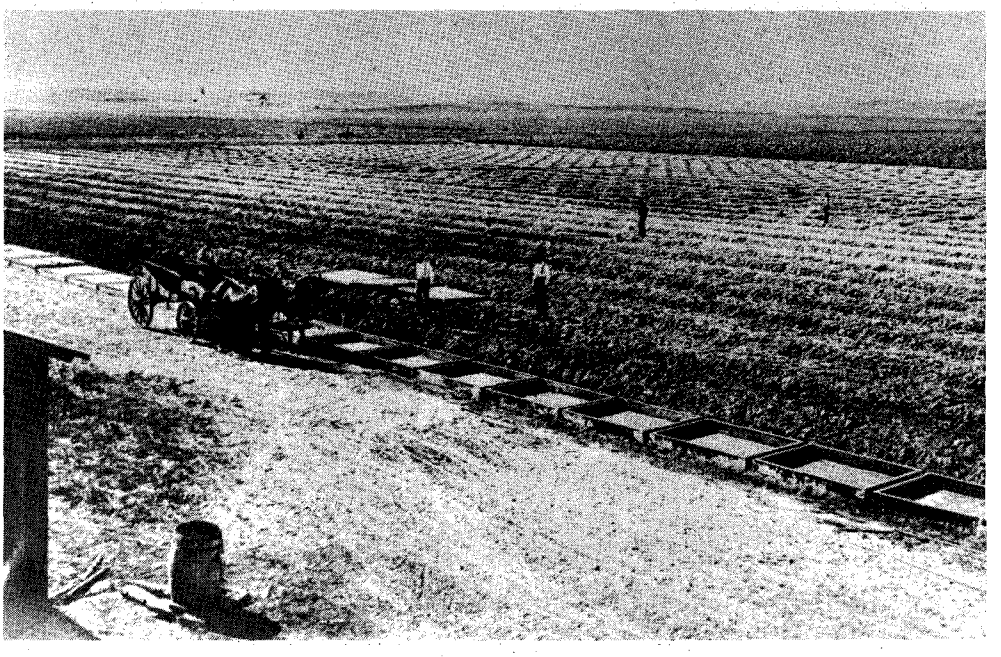
Church was held in Snoma until the 1930s when the membership divided into two branches, some of the parishioners believing in the principles of the apostle, Laustaitus. Old-timers, though, say that the generation-gap bickering started long before that.

After the split, services were held in the Apostolic Lutheran Church in Spearfish, up in the northern Black Hills. For some time the sermons were translated from English into Finn by interpreter Gus Hill. Translating has now been discontinued.

From 1889-1904, Reverend Ivor Tellefsen from Norway was the resident minister of Dry Creek—filling two pastorates, Dry Creek and Lead, on alternate Sundays. He and his wife Isa and their sons, Oscar and Theodore, driving a horse and two-wheeled cart and on horseback, were also a familiar sight in

(Continued on page 40)

Acres of cement blocks being poured, dried, and cured at the Snoma blockyard, five miles north of Snoma on the Wright ranch.



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By GARNET STEPHENSON

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

MONTANA'S CAVEMAN OUTLAW

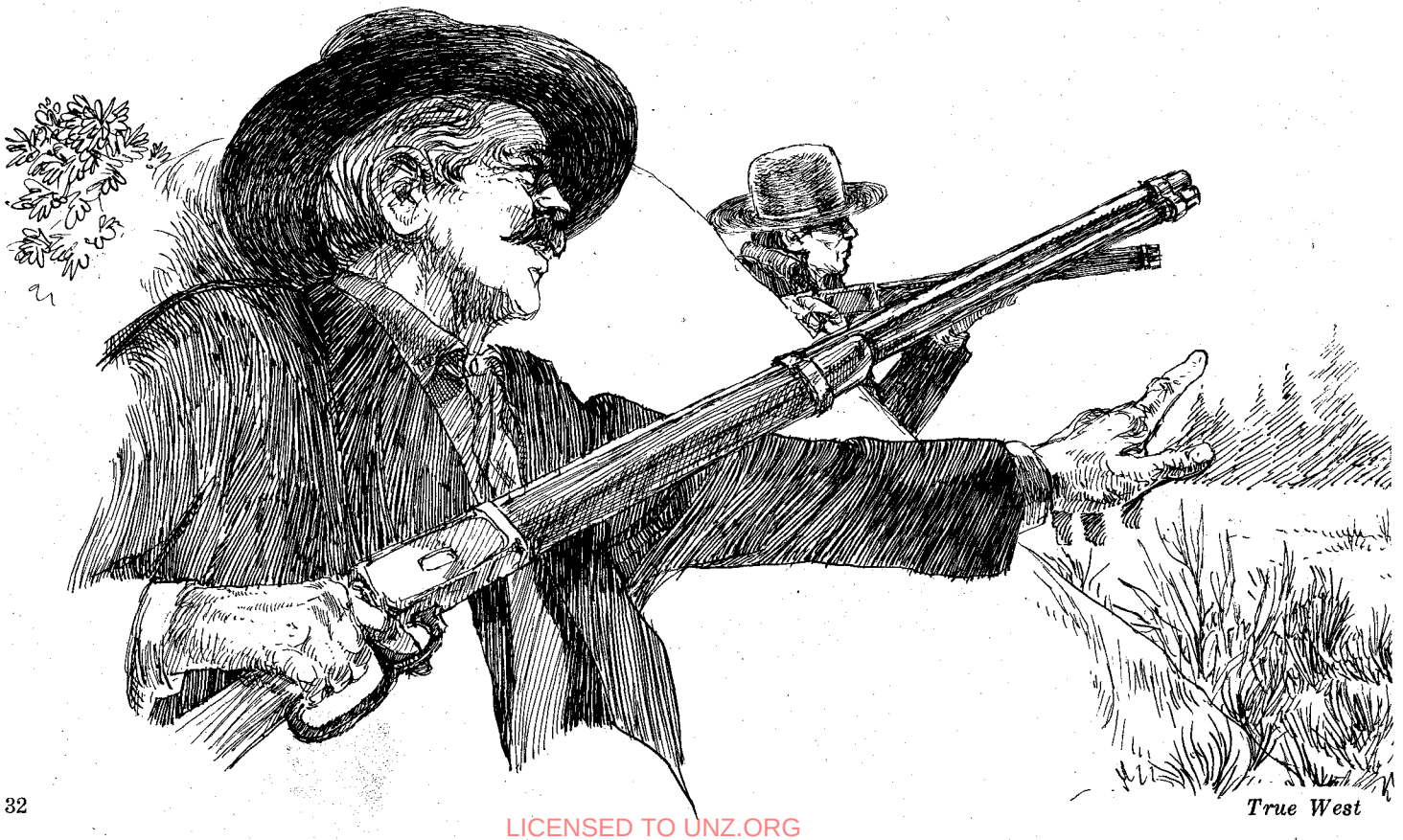
THOUGH there are numerous legends about notorious Frank Brady, the earliest written reference I have ever seen was in the weekly newspaper, *The Philipsburg Mail,* of November 2, 1893.

"Last Sunday evening while Mr. and Mrs. Dan N. McDonald, in company with Mrs. Grant and another lady, were on their way to church, they were stopped on lower Broadway by a man who seemed determined to run his horse over the ladies. Mr. McDonald caught the bridle reins and prevented the fellow from accomplishing his purpose, but as they started on the man made another attempt to run his horse over them. Mr. McDonald again caught the horse's head, and while endeavoring to get the horse off the sidewalk the man struck Mr. McDonald on top of the head. While this was happening the ladies got out of the way, and when Mr. McDonald began calling for help, his antagonist disappeared in the darkness.

"Mr. McDonald did not know who the man was and had never seen him before, but inquiry revealed it was Frank Brady, who a short time ago was released from the penitentiary at Deer Lodge after serving a sentence for some crime committed in Butte.

"A warrant was sworn out for his arrest Monday morning and the officers were on the lookout for him all day.

"During the afternoon Sheriff Cole and Under Sheriff Sweeney drove to a wood camp across the valley, where Brady was thought to be hiding. He was not there, however, and as it was getting dark they started back. In the lane near Durfee's ranch, they met a man on horseback and recognized him as Brady. The sheriff called to him to halt, but Brady spurred his horse and rushed by the officers. Sheriff Cole at once leveled his Winchester on the fleeing horse, intending to disable the animal and capture the man, but the cartridge failed to go off. He then put in another cartridge and took deliberate aim on the fugitive, but that one also failed to explode, and the fellow was soon out of range.



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"Brady was intoxicated the night of the misdemeanor. A $25.00 reward is offered."

The newspaper a week later informed the public, "Frank Brady not caught. He is believed hiding in the mountains west of town."

I was unable to find more, in either newspaper or courthouse records, on this particular incident. Legend states that Brady did, for a time, while hiding from the law, live in a cave in a side canyon off the west fork of Rock Creek. Was this the occasion? Certainly it would have been a cold time of the year, but the 5′ 10″, sandy-haired, grey-eyed man would have been in the prime of life at age thirty-two, with considerable endurance.

I was told that later he had a cabin and ranch across the west fork of Rock Creek from that cave, but after his wife was killed by a pet bull elk he sold his land to neighbors.

COURTHOUSE RECORDS reveal Frank Brady's repeated entanglements with the law. On October 1, 1896 he was arrested for wilfully firing a pistol within the city limits of Philipsburg. He pled guilty and paid a fine of $50.

On February 28, 1899 he was sued in justice court by L. C. Johnson for collection of a promissory note given May 16, 1896.

On April 3, 1902, an application for a search warrant to search the premises of Frank Brady for animals killed contrary to law was made in justice court.

On October 11, 1902 Brady appeared before Justice G. Connelly on a charge filed by W. R. Powell for collection of a bill of $32 owed the plaintiff for labor. Brady paid the amount of claim and costs, and the case was dismissed.

The newspaper of November 3, 1903, alerted its readers: "Frank Brady returned this week from an extended visit in Wisconsin where he owns half interest in a large farm. Mr. Brady will spend the winter near Bonita." (Bonita was approximately fifty miles downstream from his cave and ranch.)

On April 2, 1904 Brady and Al Maley appeared before Justice Connelly to answer to a charge of killing a beaver. They were placed on a bond of $500 each.

On July 27, 1904 Brady was again in justice court for stealing "one roan gelding about five years old, branded with twenty blotches on left shoulder." The horse was valued at $50. Brady pled not guilty and placed a bond of $100, but he failed to appear for the hearing on August 4.

On August 18, 1904 E. A. McDavid sued Frank Brady for payment of a bill of $56.25 for merchandise purchased from E. H. Ryan in the years 1903 and 1904. E. H. Ryan sold and assigned the said account to the plaintiff for a valuable consideration. Plaintiff asked $56.25 payment of debt and $67.60 cost of suit.

Time was running out for Brady, for the headline of November 25, 1904 stated:

F. BRADY IS DEAD

"Frank Brady, the noted outlaw . . . was killed on lower Rock Creek yesterday morning while resisting arrest. The body will be brought to Philipsburg tomorrow morning and an inquest will be held.

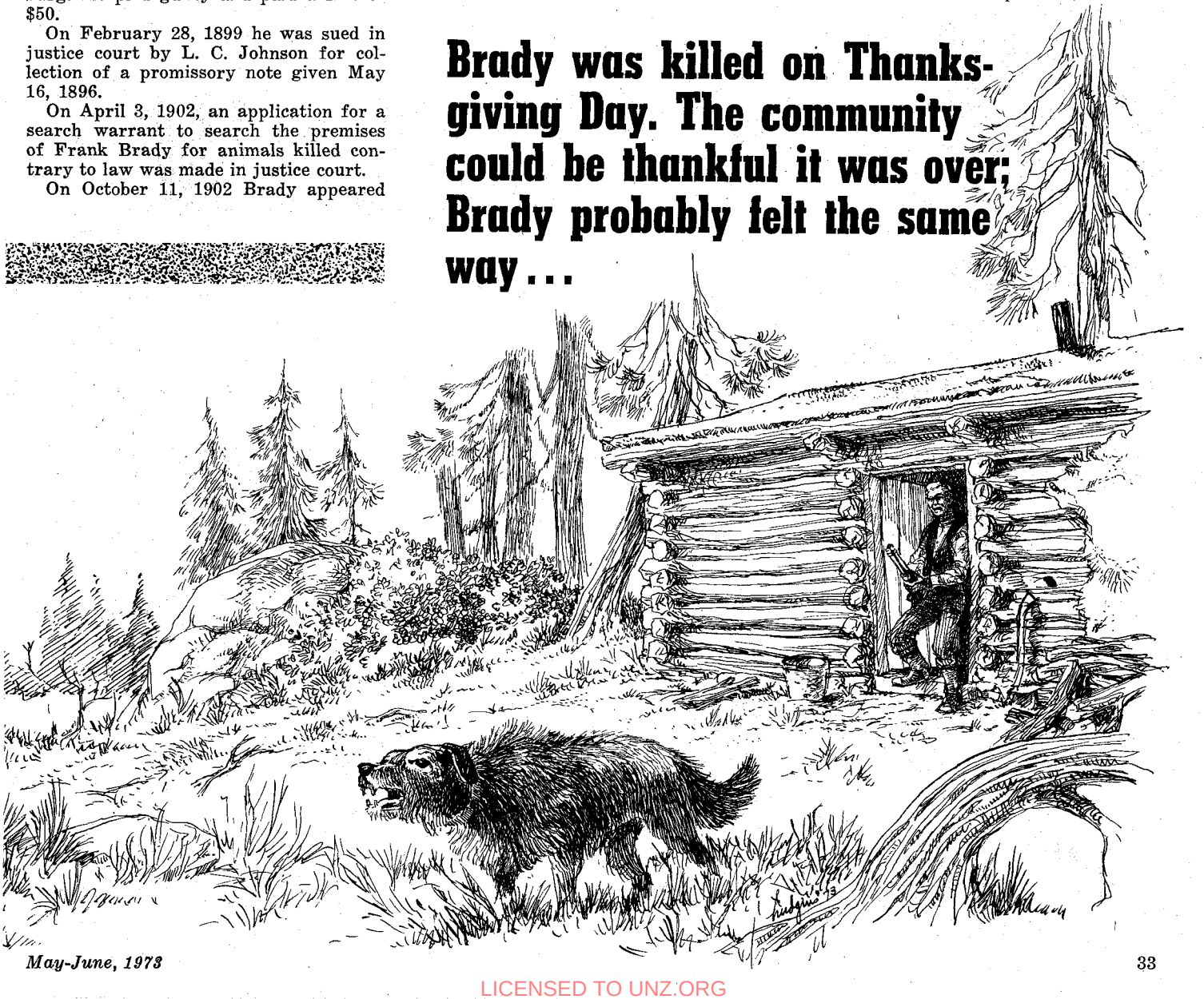
"News of the tragedy reached here yesterday afternoon when Special Deputy Sheriff C. K. Wyman, telephoning from Bonita, informed County Attorney D. M. Durfee that Frank Brady was dead and asked what deposition should be made of the body.

"The killing took place about twenty miles from Bonita, near a place known as the Butte cabin, about five miles above Quigley.

"Brady had been a fugitive from justice for some time. He was wanted for horse stealing and other offences. Last winter he was arrested in Anaconda for killing beaver, having twenty-four skins in his possession. He was brought before Judge Connelly, who bound him over to the

(Continued on page 55)

Brady was killed on Thanksgiving Day. The community could be thankful it was over; Brady probably felt the same way . . .



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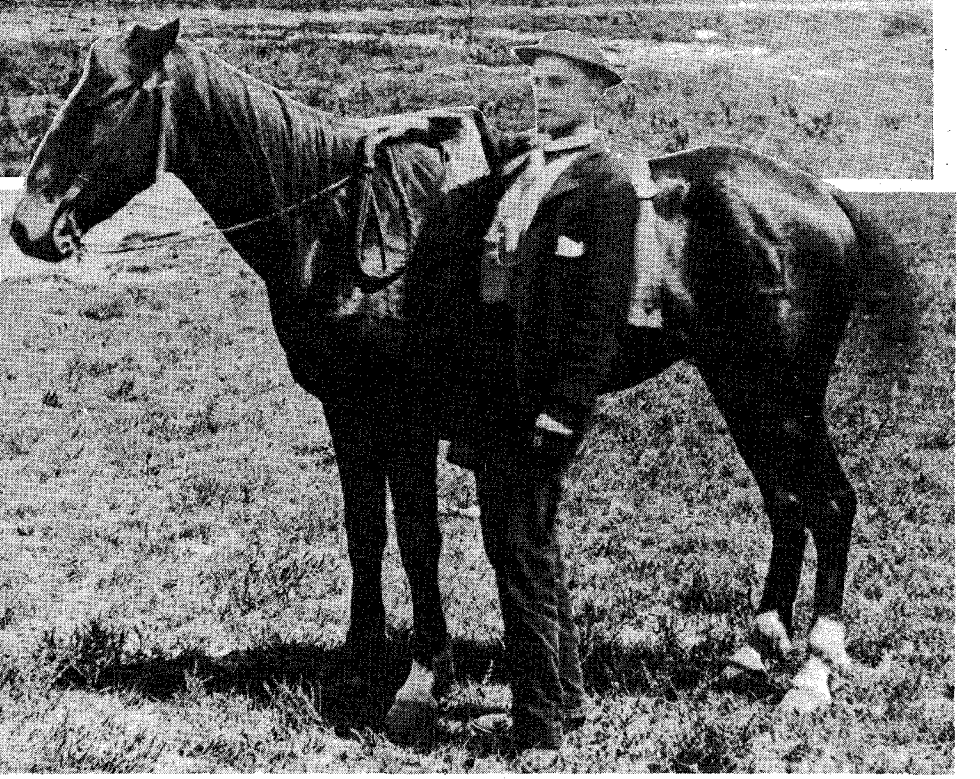
Wild Old Days!

Ruins of the Robidoux store. Peter Robidoux closed down in 1895 when he failed to sell a single item in stock that day.

All Photos Courtesy
Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Above, Peter Robidoux shortly after setting up his store in Wallace, Kansas.

ROBIDOUX, FABULOUS STOREKEEPER

By D. E. Sohl

HE threw away $20,000 and locked his store forever. Peter Robidoux was one of the grand pioneers. He started with nothing and built a good life in a grand way.

Robidoux's importance to the frontier was through his store in the town of Wallace, two miles from the strategically located Fort Wallace, which may have engaged in more fighting with Indians than any other fort on the frontier.

Robidoux's first store in Wallace was an old army tent set up to serve customers with whiskey at 25¢ a shot. He soon had enough money to construct a small frame building, locating it across the street from one built earlier by Thomas Madigan, Robidoux's keen business rival of the next few years. Neighbors of these pioneer merchants were native-born; Madigan was from Ireland, and Robidoux was a swarthy French-Canadian.

Peter Robidoux was born in St. Remic Province, Quebec, on March 23, 1850, and lived there until 1867. He started to school when six years old and then after six years of schooling, his teacher, Edward La Ford, told him, "It is no use for you to come to my school any more, Peter, you know almost as much as I do." Robidoux took his first job as store clerk at fifteen. The work paid $1.50 per month, or $18 per year for 365 days of hard work, rain or shine. He did so well that after staying there for one year his boss doubled his salary to keep him another year. At the end of the second year Peter had earned $54 and had saved $25! He said, "I didn't steal a penny of it." He wore hand-me-down clothes and made the most of a "not-so-bad" situation.

Then barely seventeen years old, he traveled to Kankakee, Illinois and worked in a store there for his board, attending night school to learn English. Later, in a letter he told what happened next:

"I had now saved enough money to take me out west, where I had long wanted to go. I went to Chicago to the C.B.&Q. station. I told the agent I wanted a ticket. He asked 'Where to?' I said 'out west.' 'We have no station by that name

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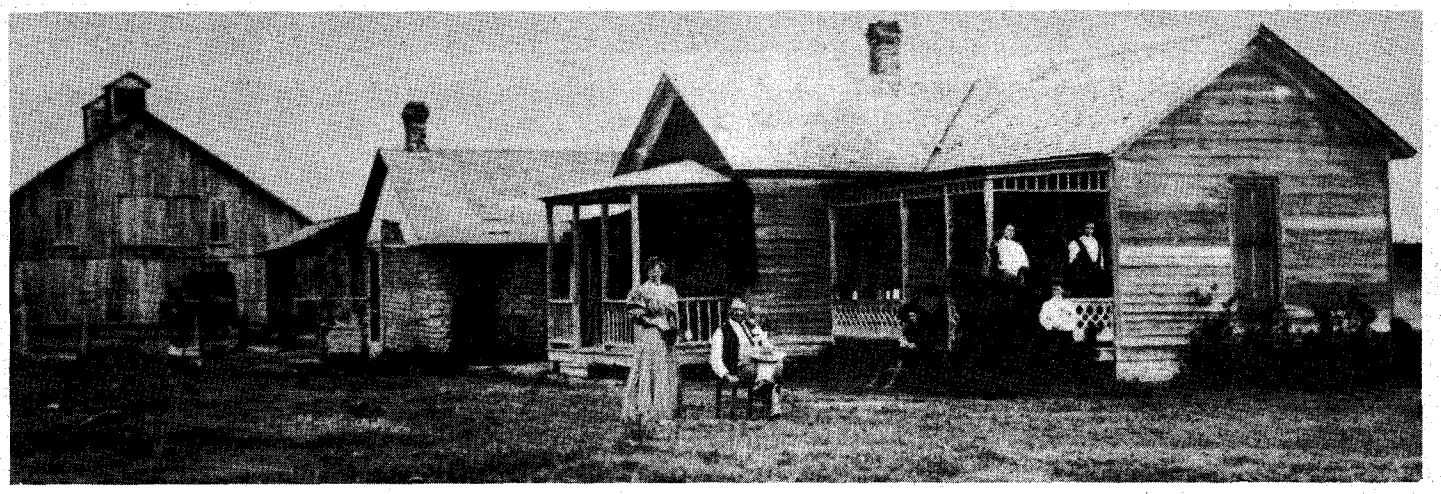

Photos Courtesy Author

The Robidoux Ranch, 12 miles from Wallace, Kansas. Below, Peter Robidoux in the 1870s.

on our schedule,' replied the agent. I then told him I wanted to go as far west as my money would take me.

"The agent said, 'We have two lines of railroad west of the Missouri River, one of them out of Omaha and the other out of Kansas City.' Never having heard of Omaha, I chose the route leading west from Kansas City. I poured my money out on the counter. The agent counted it —almost $70—and informed me that I would have $3.35 left after paying for a ticket to Ellsworth, Kan., as far west as they were running regular trains.

"The construction of the Union Pacific was being extended westward in Kansas at that time. I invested most of my remaining $3.35 in bologna and crackers. We got started. It was slow traveling either by ox team or railroads in 1868."

THE TRAIN arrived in Ellsworth at about seven p.m. "I sat beside the depot until about 9 p.m., not knowing just where I would stay for the night. My finances now were only 75 cents. So I ventured across the street to a saloon with a big sign over the door, 'U.S. Saloon.' It was a big one, a bar about 125 feet long. I took a chair in a corner near the front where I could watch everything. It was getting interesting.

"Soldiers from Old Fort Harker were coming and going. The dames and gamblers were there. Yes, and there were Indian scouts, teamsters, bull whackers and citizens of all sorts promenading the streets as well as the dance hall. The orchestra was playing melodious tunes and the ball was on. Drinking, gambling and dancing were in full blast, all of which was a new picture to me.

"Long after midnight the crowd began to thin out. About 3 o'clock the barkeeper tapped me on the shoulder, saying 'Kid, wake up. We are going to close up.' I was broke, hungry, tired and sleepy. I asked the price of a bed and turned my pockets inside out to show that 75 cents was all I had. He accepted it and led the way up to 'drunkards' heaven, where there were about 50 single cots containing that many drunk men.

"I lay there with fear and trembling until daylight, then got out quickly by the outside stairway, thanking God I was spared once more.

"At 7 o'clock I boarded the construction train that landed me in Hays about noon August 20, 1868, hungry and busted. At Hays I walked over to the Commercial hotel, operated by Mr. Keeler, an Irishman. I presented him with my credentials and informed him of my financial condition, also my physical hunger. He directed me to the dining room, where he told the waiter to fill me up.

"After the good feed, I said, 'I want to work to pay for the dinner.' 'What can you do?' he asked. 'Nothing,' I said. 'That is what I thought,' answered Mr. Keeler but led me to the kitchen, where I was set to washing dishes and did all kinds of work until I had saved enough money to go on.

"That was the beginning of my eventful career in western Kansas, on what was known as 'The Great American Desert'."

NEXT Robidoux operated the pumping plant west of Ellis on the banks of Spring Creek. This plant ran on pony power. It was a tank elevated high enough to water the locomotives. He received seventy-five dollars a month for about two hours' work a day, but the job didn't last long. One night a spark from a passing locomotive set the tank afire. The reflection of the fire was visible in Ellis where Robidoux was at the time. That night he and the section crew slept in a dugout, because everyone thought the fire was the work of the Indians. Next day he quit the job. He decided it was time to go farther west.

Robidoux went to work for a Scotsman named Joe Thompson, known as "Dining Joe," who furnished meals for the passengers on the Kansas Pacific, railroad workers and others. The bill-of-fare was buffalo—buffalo roast, buffalo heart, buffalo stew, buffalo tongue, buffalo rump, and other parts if desired.

Next the young man went to Monument where he ran another pumping station, and from there he moved to Wallace. In Wallace he opened his first store, and this is what he had to say about it:

"Having taken a special liking to Wallace, I went into business. First a little store of drugs then general merchandise where I kept for sale everything. That was my sign I painted over the door. I sold everything from postage stamps to the real old stuff: from a jews-harp to the big Sharp's rifle which was used to kill the buffalo and a real menace to the Indians."

He handled groceries, drygoods, hard-

(Continued on page 47)

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THEY FOUND

By FRANK C. RIGLER
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IN 1866 on the Texas frontier the three sons of Thomas Noble who had taken the family herd west to escape the drouth in Burnet County, returned to the grazing ground after a trip home for provisions. But instead of 3,000 cattle and 30 saddle horses grazing in the valley of the Johnson Fork of the Llano River in Kimble County, the range was empty.

Indians, later found by the U. S. Court of Claims to be Comanches and Kiowas, had swept through the region and the Nobles were "cleaned out," as one witness described it. And the next year Thomas Noble lost his horse herd in Burnet County.

Though the frontier had had its Indian troubles from the earliest days—Noble's losses began in 1855—the conflict became even more furious as the buffaloes were killed off and the Comanches and their Kiowa cousins (also Apaches from the southwest) struck to maintain their land and their freedom. The Indians also had discovered that cattle could be traded to the Comancheros of New Mexico.

The Thomas Henry Noble family of Tennessee had stopped in Kentucky and Arkansas on its way to Texas. Their first location in the Republic of Texas was in Red River County (in what is now Lamar County) in 1836. The community of Noble, southwest of Paris, Texas was established. Later the family moved to the Victoria and Goliad area where they also prospered, and most of them came to what would be Burnet County in 1851.

What the Indians did to this particular group of settlers is shown by census figures: In 1860 Thomas Noble had an estate of $8,200 in cattle and horses. In 1872, his widow Sarah, living with a son, retained a personal estate of only $600, with an additional $300 in real estate.

James P. Noble, the son who later became a prominent Burnet County rancher, also had an estate of only $500 in 1870, the year he married Amanda (later known as Aunt Mandy) Wooten,

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daughter of Simon Lee and Clara Jane Hicks Wooten, ranchers in the same locality.

My personal interest in the Wootens and Nobles came about because Amanda's half-brother, John L. Wootten, was the grandmother of my wife. (He preferred two "ts" in his name.)

HEADQUARTERS of the Noble cattle operations in the 1860s was in Hoover's Valley and Backbone Valley in Burnet County. The cattle and horses also ranged over Backbone Ridge and across the Colorado River in Llano County.

As in other parts of Texas, the cattle population increased manyfold during the Civil War. As to how cattle increased in those days, Tad Moses, long-time editor of *The Cattleman* and later director of agricultural publicity at Texas A&M University, wrote that cattle numbers in Texas are given as 330,000 in 1850 and 3,535,000 in 1860.

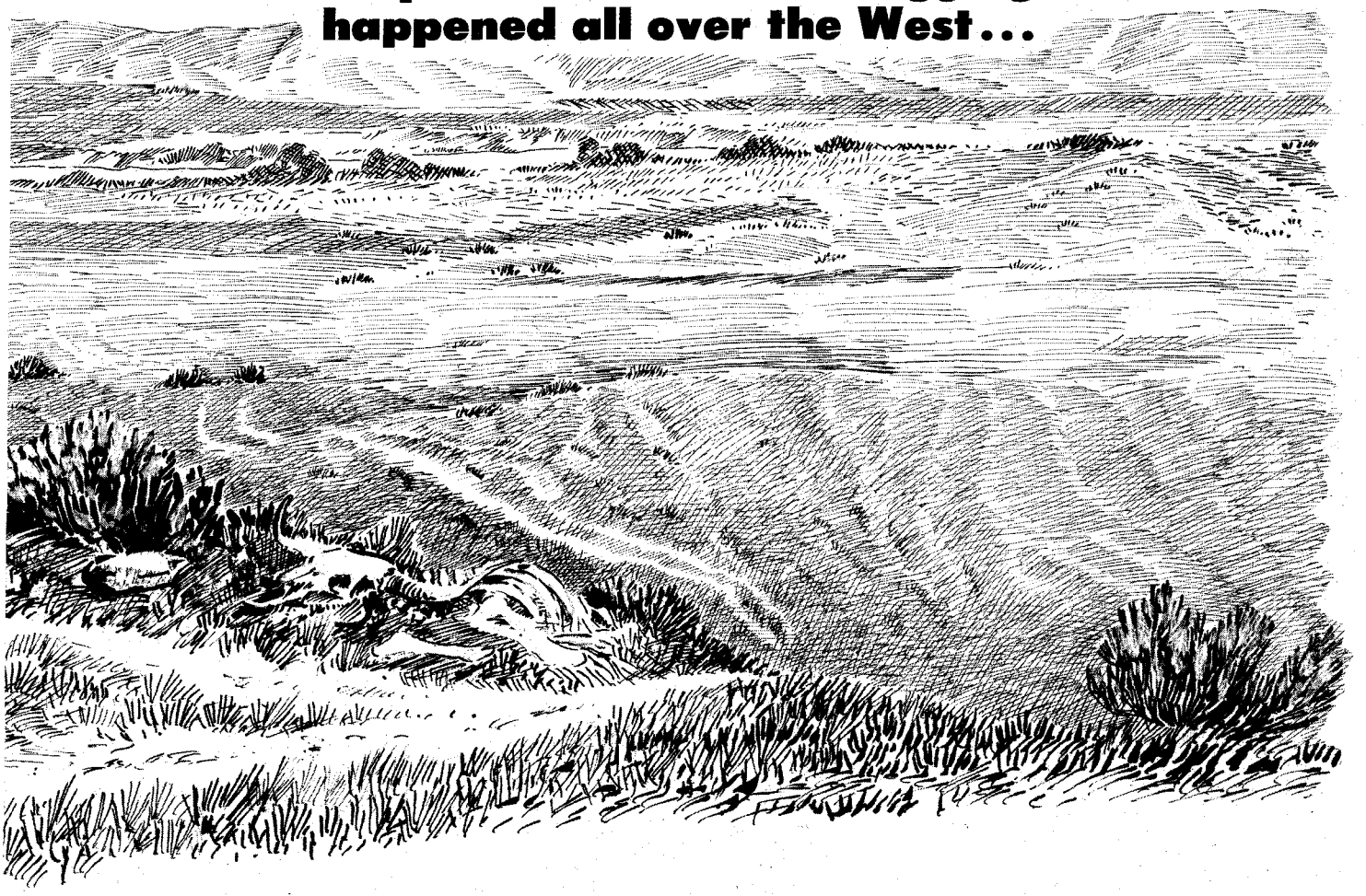
"Texans took an estimated 10,000,000 head, valued at $200,000,000, up the trails to northern markets and northern ranges in the three decades following Lee's surrender," he reported. "Statisticians admit that when trail driving ceased there were more cattle in Texas than when the first unknown driver reached the railhead at Abilene, Kansas."

There had been numerous raids on frontier settlements prior to 1866, but in most cases the Indians were after horses, gathering as many as they could on moonlit nights and making a fast getaway. However, as the buffaloes disappeared Indians turned to cattle, and even the slow-moving oxen were not safe. As one person has said, "No wonder the typical pioneer did not acquire large land holdings; he did not have the time or money. The Indians saw to that."

There was little rain in Burnet County in the summer of 1865 to sustain the large herds. When the drouth continued into the fall and winter, Thomas Noble and his son James tested grazing to the

THE RANGE EMPTY

—A case history of a rancher cleaned out by Comanches and Kiowas, of reparation sought through years of red tape and fiscal footdragging. It happened all over the West...



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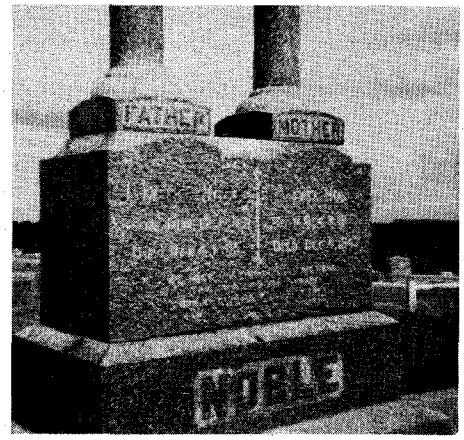
west by taking 125 head to the Johnson Fork range.

"After I got them located, I turned them loose and came back early in the spring of 1866 because the times were so squally on the frontier I was afraid to stay there by myself," James P. Noble testified in his father's claim.

While Indians apparently took a cow now and then from this small herd, nothing big had happened to alarm the Nobles when they drove all of their cattle to the Kimble range in early spring. The herd consisted of 1,495 head owned by the father, Thomas Noble, and the remainder owned by James, Green, John, R. R. Allen (brother-in-law), and a sister, Nancy Jane Benson.

(Nancy Jane's husband, Cullen Benson, had been killed by Indians in Burnet County in 1863 while cutting timber, and their third son, James, carried away. James was sent back by the U. S. Government about three years later from Council Grove, Kansas, where he had been ransomed from the Kiowas along with Mrs. McDonald and several children from Gillespie County, Texas. Both James and Mrs. McDonald affirmed that the government paid $1,800 and an American mule for his liberation.)

CLAIMS of Thomas Noble and others came under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1891 entitled, "An act to provide for the adjudication and payment of claims arising from Indian depredations."



Granite monument to James and Amanda Noble in the Marble Falls, Texas cemetery.

Witnesses had died, others had moved away and the time lapse (thirty-one years) was so long that those available did not always agree as to the specific facts.

Some claims also were filed for times during which the Indians were declared to have been "hostile," in which case the government was not accountable for losses.

The original petition of the estate of Thomas Noble was for $15,350. It was Case No. 4767 and was filed September 1, 1901. It was styled James P. Noble, Administrator for the Estate of Thomas Noble, v the United States and Kiowa and Comanche Indians.

The claim was settled April 18, 1904 —thirteen years after its start. Final judgment was for $10,062 of which $8,540 was distributed among the thirteen heirs. The attorney, Silas Hare, received $1,522.

While the total loss in the Kimble raid was given as 3,000 cattle and 30 horses, actual losses over the years were more extensive.

Green O. Noble, in his Case No. 310, petition filed April 1, 1891, in the U. S. Court of Claims, listed 250 American horses (as distinguished from the smaller Spanish horses) stolen from 1855 to 1868 and 4,000 cattle taken in the spring of 1866. On January 6, 1892, in an amended petition he gave his losses from 1855 to 1866 as 75 head of beef steers, 50 two-year-old steers, 375 head of stock cattle, and 25 head of American horses. He received $4,123 for his claim in a judgment April 18, 1904.

John T. Noble, an older son who was not active in handling the stock, in Case No. 225, filed March 31, 1891, alleged losses in the spring of 1866, and from 1865 to 1868, of 150 head of American horses and 1,000 head of cattle. In 1898 an amended petition was filed for 50 head of American horses and 500 head of beef and stock cattle, claimed to have been driven away in April and May, 1866; September, 1867; and October 1868. It is uncertain how many of these animals were his property and how many belonged to his father. The October 1868 date should have been "October 1867."

James P. Noble in Case No. 4768, petition filed September 19, 1891, alleged his losses in May 1866 as 18 head of beef steers, 35 cows, 20 calves and 25 yearlings; these losses in 1869, and one in 1872.

Nancy Jane Benson claimed a loss of $1,435 for cattle in Kimble and horses in Burnet. The court on February 11, 1907 awarded her estate $620, two years after her death.

A companion case was that of her sister, Mary Noble Reed, who also lost cattle and horses.

The reduced amounts and the delays —in the Benson case, forty years— show the ruinous losses suffered by just one frontier family.

CONCERNING the property lost by Thomas Noble in Kimble County, James Noble testified there were 195 beeves (3-4-5-year-olds) worth $12 or $15 per head, and the remainder stock cattle —cows, 2-year-olds, 1-year-olds and calves—varying in value from $10 for cows to $4 for calves, at the time and place they were taken. The cattle had been ranging for four miles up and down a valley a quarter of a mile wide running down Johnson Fork to the Llano River.

A copy of the official papers filing Noble's Indian Depredation claim, including his estimated losses.

Original

INDIAN DEPREDATION

No. 4767

In the Court of Claims.

James P. Noble et al.

vs.

UNITED STATES

and

Comanche & Kiowa

INDIANS.

PETITION.

SILAS HARE,

Attorney for Claimant,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the Court of Claims.

December Term, 189 .

JAMES P. NOBLE, *et al.*, vs. THE UNITED STATES, AND COMANCHE AND KIOWA INDIANS. } Indian Depredation, No. 4767.

PETITION.—Filed Sept. 19, 1891.

TO THE HONORABLE THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND JUDGES OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

I. Your petitioner James P. Noble et al., hereinafter named, represents that they are citizens of the United States, and residents of the town of , Counties and States as represented hereinafter by powers of attorney.

II. Your petitioner further states that on the several dates hereinafter mentioned, Thomas Noble since that time deceased, and who was a citizen of the United States, was the owner of the following described property, to-wit:

18 head of saddle horses $50 each, value,	$ 900.00
190 beeves @ $15 per head, value, -	2,850.00
460 cows @ $10 per head, value, -	4,600.00
325 2-year olds $7 per head, value, -	2,275.00
320 1-year olds $6 per head, value, -	1,920.00
200 calves $4 per head, value, - -	800.00

Said horses and cattle were stolen from said deceased, Thomas Noble, by the Indians hereinafter named, about May, 1866, in Kimble County, State of Texas.

Also the following property was taken from said deceased by same Indians in Burnet County, State of Texas, about Sept., 1867.

	$13,345.00
Brought forward, - -	$13,345.00
11 head of saddle horses $50 each, value,	550.00
10 mares $40 each, value, - -	400.00
8 2-year old horses $25 each, value, -	200.00
6 colts at $15 each, value, - -	95.00
Also in same County and State by same Indians about October, 1867:	
3 head of saddle horses @ $50 each, value,	150.00
9 mares at $40 each, value, - -	360.00
7 2-year old horses @ $25 each, value, -	175.00
3 colts @ $15 each, - - -	75.00
Total loss, - -	$15,350.00

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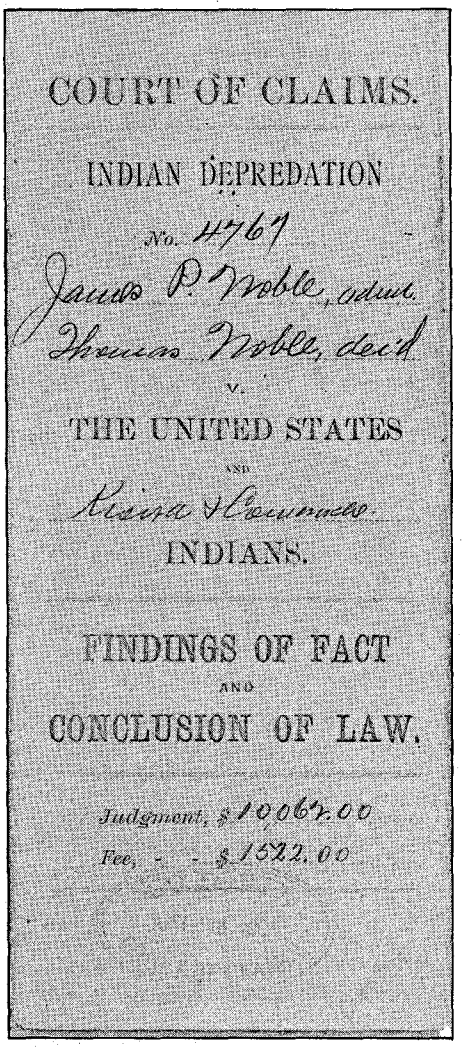

COURT OF CLAIMS.

INDIAN DEPREDATION

No. 4767

James P. Noble, admr.
Thomas Noble, decd

v.

THE UNITED STATES

AND

Kiowa & Comanche

INDIANS.

FINDINGS OF FACT

AND

CONCLUSION OF LAW.

Judgment, $10,062.00

Fee, - - $1522.00

The cover sheet of the official findings in the Noble case.

The 18 head of saddle horses were good stock and worth $50 each, he said. The Nobles did not break a horse until the animal was three years old.

A horse belonging to Green Noble had been killed by the Indians and cattle and horse tracks were all over the range when the Noble brothers arrived.

"We could tell the cattle had been rounded up by the horse tracks being mostly on the outside of the cattle tracks," James Noble said. From where the horse had been killed, the trail led over the mountain to the west.

"We didn't find any of my father's cattle in the range after this for some time," he said. "Two or three months afterwards we picked up a dozen head. These are all we ever saw afterward."

James Noble testified he was well acquainted with the cattle of Thomas Noble; that he was frequently on the range and had cattle of his own there. His father's cattle were in charge of two of his brothers, Green and Nathan, who were to get one-third of the increase for looking after them.

Green, like James, had just returned home after four years of service in the Confederate Army and had been with the herd after it was taken to Kimble until the brothers went back to Burnet County for supplies. He rounded them up in the valleys and looked after them every day.

In April 1866 they had been turned loose and after that loose-herded every two or three days, he testified.

"About the middle of April, after we turned the cattle loose, we all came back to Burnet County to get provisioning, and we were away from the herd some eight or ten days.

"When we got back it was the latter part of April or the first of May, and the cattle were gone; not only my father's cattle, but those belonging to myself and my brothers; also the 18 head of saddle horses belonging to my father."

He said that he, James, and Nathan Noble and R. R. Allen (a brother-in-law), stopped about eight miles to the east of their place, at the ranch of J. W. Martin, with whom Green had left six or seven cows to be milked. Martin told them their cows were gone, that the Indians had come and driven them off in plain sight of him and his wife.

Martin testified that in the spring of 1866 he went about eighteen miles up the Llano River from where he lived and started a hog ranch, some eight miles downstream (east) of the newly established Noble range.

"One afternoon when I was at my house some 15 or 16 Indians came here from down the Llano River driving a pretty big bunch of horses and cattle, and they stopped and five or six of them rode to a mesquite flat in front of my house where those milk cows were running and rode around those cows and drove them into the herd and carried them off.

"I got my gun and stood inside my house and I don't suppose the Indians saw me."

Martin had a yoke of steers running north of his house, in a different direction from which the cows were running. Soon after the Nobles came back, he hitched up the steers to the wagon, loaded up his household effects, along with his wife and children, "and pulled out of there," he said. He went to his wife's uncle's place down in the eastern part of Llano County. The Martin family was typical of scores who fled before Indian raids along the western frontier.

GREEN NOBLE said that between the Martin place and their ranch they came upon a large trail of cattle and horses, both going up the Johnson Fork of the Llano. This led into and through the range where the Noble cattle had been running.

"Before we got to our ranch, however, a mile or a mile and a half below, we found my horse lying dead on the wagon road just where the road came up out of the Johnson Fork. He had some arrows sticking in him."

The riders started out from the ranch the next day, but after going some distance, the others turned back.

"Something was the matter with James' horse and the others did not want to go any farther," Green said. "I followed the trail alone some fifty miles up near the head of the Guadalupe River."

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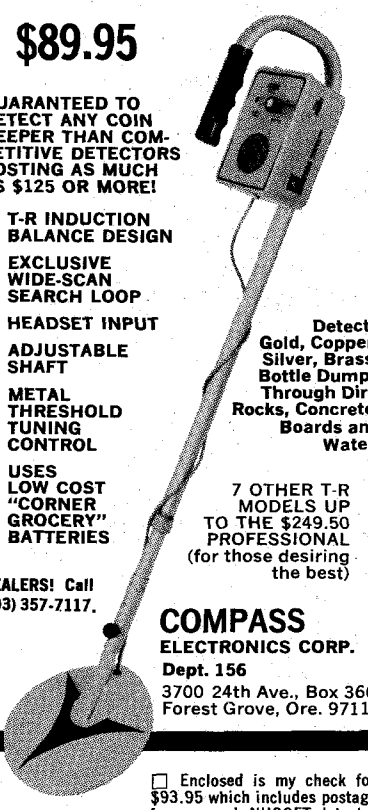

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At night he would crawl into a thicket. In all, he was on the trail four days, two days each way.

When he left the trail, tracks were going in a northwesterly direction toward the Staked Plains of Texas. From the size of the trail, he supposed there were 5,000 or 6,000 cattle on it, maybe more, he said. Green saw where three different trails had merged into the one he was following. (No information has been secured regarding these cattle, or the cattle and horses the Indians were driving when they struck the Noble livestock.)

It seemed that the Indians had been gone two or three days, he said. The horse they had seen lying dead on the wagon road before they got to their ranch had been killed by a Comanche arrow, Green testified.

Just before he turned back he found a scaffold where meat had been barbecued, made by driving forked sticks in the ground and laying poles across.

"There were plenty of moccasin tracks around where cattle had been killed and barbecued and I found there also a piece of buffalo robe," he said.

On the way up the trail, Green had stopped at the home of their first neighbor to the west, Jim Taylor. Green had made arrangements for Taylor to take care of the livestock when the brothers left to go back to Burnet County for supplies. "I agreed to give him nothing except to do the same for him when he had occasion to go away," Green said.

Green tried to get Taylor to go with him on the trail of the Indians, but he would not go. Taylor said Indians already had killed his wife some years before, and he didn't want to go amongst them himself.

"Taylor was running a little irrigated farm at the time and had hardly any stock, so he didn't lose anything," Green said. "John Joy, who lived six miles above us [near present Junction, Texas] lost cattle at that time."

Apparently both Taylor and Joy hid as the Indians passed, since they were no match for the raiders.

SIX MORE Burnet County ranchers also had moved herds to the west, placing them on the next watershed to the north, that of the San Saba River. Later that summer in another big raid these cattle were driven away across the plains of West Texas. Those who received some compensation for their losses were Samuel E. Holland, John Davis, Philander P. Pankey, Mahlon H. Corker, Lewis Thomas, and James P. Magill.

Davis and Magill lost approximately 1,000 head each, the others lesser numbers. And this was just the start of several years of intense raiding.

In the meantime, members of the Noble family were back in Burnet County, their livestock by then consisting of approximately seventy or eighty horses. These were quality horses, roans with white manes and tails, which were raised to be sold to the government for cavalry use.

But the Comanches went after Thomas Noble's horse herd in 1867. They took 35 in September and during the full moon of October, another 24, according to the petition filed for the estate September 19, 1891. These were in addition to horses lost by the brothers.

Thomas Noble died in Burnet County in 1868 at age sixty-nine and is buried in the private Joy Cemetery in Backbone Valley (Fairland), Burnet County.

The situation by 1868 was so bad that Burnet and Llano ranchers petitioned the Texas Secretary of State for assistance, reporting that government contracts could not be filled because Indians were driving away the herdsmen and stealing all cattle being driven to the west. The year 1869 was better, however, as Indians were not as strong by that time.

Nathan Noble, twenty-eight at the time, was killed in 1870 by a brother-in-law during an argument over cattle. James Noble died in 1905 at the age of seventy and is buried in the Marble Falls, Texas cemetery.

Green Noble died in 1918 at seventy-eight and is buried near Leander in Williamson County. He had moved his family there after his neighbors, the Whitlocks, were killed by Indians on December 7, 1870. Marion and Susan Whitlock and three small children were massacred and the eldest, William, was carried away and never heard of again.

Little Finland

(Continued from page 31)

the Snoma community. Here, nearly every two weeks, he'd hold church, Sunday School, perform weddings, and baptize babies. It is said that the Reverend, a tall, thin, goateed man, fiftyish, was long on preaching about sin and punishment, short on love and forgiveness. Mrs. Tellefsen led the church singing and served as a midwife whenever necessary.

Schools, of three-month terms, were in private homes at first. But by 1885 little one-room white schoolhouses popped up across the rolling gumbo in the Snoma vicinity. The first one-room Snoma school, up the road one and a half miles from town, was built in 1892. It was not unusual for a single teacher to have fifty students and in all grades from first through eight. Eager to learn English, anyone caught speaking Finn on the playground had to stay in at recess.

During the two weeks of Christmas vacation there was a dance every night except Sunday, from 9:00 p.m. to daybreak. Dancing on Sunday was unpardonable. Music was a violin, harmonica, and organ, and the dances were the waltz, three-step, square dance, quadrille, and schottische. Throughout the rest of the year, when dancing was generally done in private homes, they were called "kitchen sweats." There were no wallflowers. Indeed, women were so

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scarce that when a girl turned thirteen she was in demand at dances, and she married early.

Though the year is unrecorded, a fancy double wedding took place on the bride's ranch north of Snoma in those early days. Mrs. Emma Barrett, forty-four, married her next-door neighbor's son, Keene Ellsworth, thirty-eight. Keene's father, Richard, sixty, married Emma's daughter, Jennie, twenty. Both couples went south for a month-long honeymoon, returning to live on their adjoining properties.

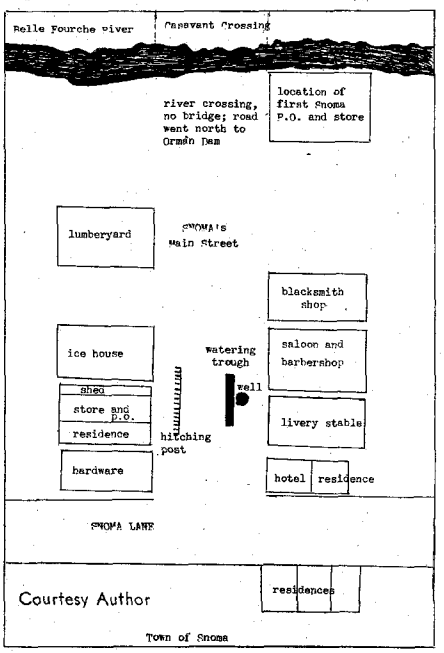
MOST pioneer Finnish families around Snoma had two-room saunas. The bathroom stove, with a fireplace, was made of round boulders stacked three feet high, covering a four-by-four-foot space. There were two tubs of water, one on the stove and a cold one elsewhere. When the large pile of heating wood burned to glowing embers, bathing began. Three-tiered benches were built opposite the stove so steam could be regulated according to individual tastes. The higher you sat, the more steam and heat you got.

The object was to perspire freely, so bathers held wash basins filled with water from the tubs, throwing dippers full of it onto the sizzling rocks. This had to be done with prudence, for some people could stand more steam than others. Steaming was followed by brisk lathering with soap, scrubbing, and dousing on cold water to close the pores, before dressing in the second room.

While in the sauna older folks liked to increase their blood circulation by slapping their bodies with small bundles of well-soaked cottonwood switches, two inches in diameter and twenty inches long.

Those believing in cupping, the act of drawing blood to the skin's surface by means of a vacuum created in a small, bell-shaped cupping glass performed by a cupper, had it done while in the sauna. Cupping, no longer done here, is a practice dating back to earliest times.

Layout of the town of Snoma, South Dakota.



Charles Blackwell owned Snoma's general store and was the postmaster from 1901 to 1909. His son Harold of Lake Zurich, Illinois, recalls that a hack carried freight and mail between Belle Fourche and Snoma daily. The driver used a spring wagon with removable canvas-holding ribs for bad weather covering. He could carry three to five passengers, at 75¢ apiece. After a rain the gumbo would become so sticky that it had to be pried out of the spokes of wagon and buggy wheels by hand—with each revolution! From 1905-1910 mail and light freight were carried twice a week from Snoma on down some fifteen miles easterly to Vale. The two-wheeled cart on this route, driven by William Shaw, had no cover and could take only one passenger. Chester Jenks of Vale remembers that he had his first taste of soda pop, red and a novelty, while waiting in Snoma to ride home with Shaw—riding the mail cart was a big deal. The pop bottle had a cork with a wire it it; the cork had to be pushed down instead of pulled out before one could drink.

BLACKWELL'S store sold flour; sugar, granulated and cube in barrels; salt; Force breakfast food and Mother's Oats; Arbuckle coffee; chicory; smoking tobacco which came in pound sizes in a gray cloth bag; chewing tobacco of three kinds—Horseshoe, Climax, Piper Hiseke (thin and very strong); dried fruits; bulk crackers and cookies; spices; cheese in round chunks; hunks of fresh meat, mostly ham and bacon; twenty-pound casks of alum for tanning; Dan Patch conditioner horse feed; five-pound pails of axle grease; five-foot long oak fence posts from across the road in Crooked Oaks; medicines, both animal and human; clothing and bolts of cloth; alfalfa and timothy seed; 100 tons of ice from the nearby river; kerosene, etc.

Jelly came in five and ten-pound wooden pails; Yemmen's yeast in long square blocks. The store sold Finnish bread, called hardtack, in big round hunks of bran bread with center holes, packed 10 slices to a roll and strung on a wire to keep the bread safe from mice. (Children were paid one penny per tail for each mouse trapped.)

Rope, ¼ and ½-inch sizes, was kept in the store's cellar and threaded up through holes in the floor. Shoes had wooden pegs in the soles for longer wear, and women's shoes buttoned. Farmers exchanged butter and eggs in Snoma for supplies. Thirty cases of fresh eggs, weekly, were later hauled up to Lead and Deadwood where the miners paid premium prices for them. Charles Blackwell also bought cow, horse and coyote hides, shipping them to Omaha, Nebraska. One French family, over in the northern settlement, had twenty-one children. They came to Snoma twice a year, taking home a wagon-load of groceries both times.

Garbage was usually buried. Every spring, dirt was thrown down the out-

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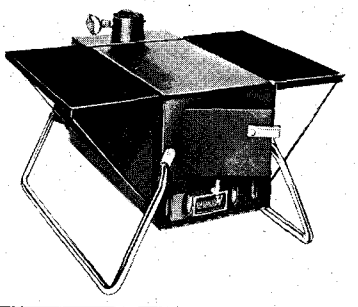

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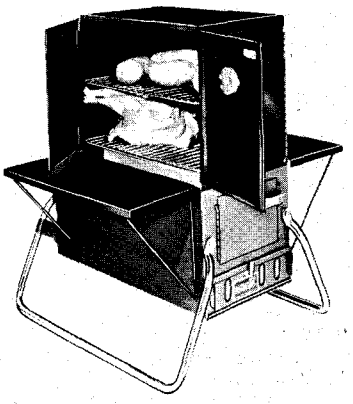

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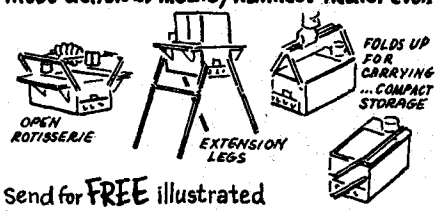

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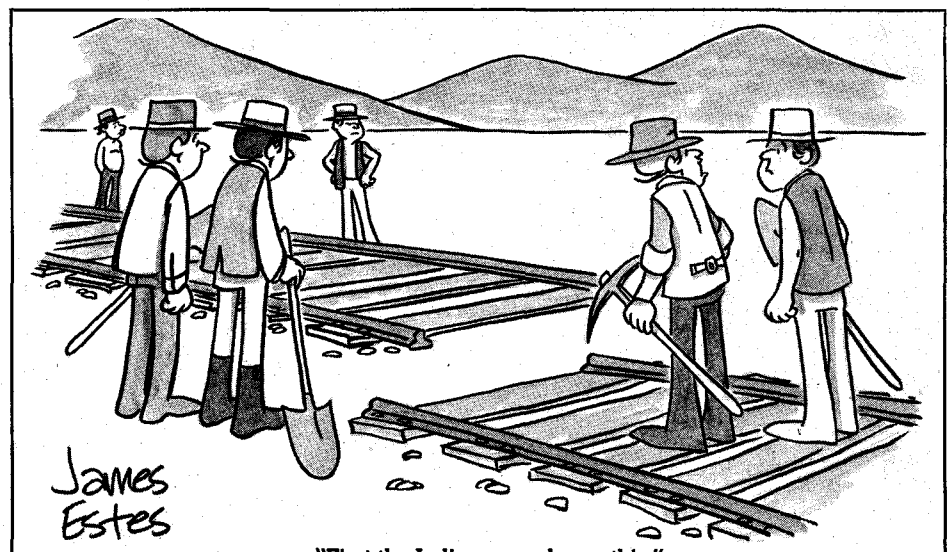
door toilets' holes to cover the winter's accumulation. Houses were winter-banked with horse manure.

Indians seldom bothered the settlers, except to drift through stealing cats to eat. But when a band of Gypsies was spied coming down the road, the store in Snoma was closed and locked.

During roundup, large herds of cattle were driven up Snoma Lane to Belle Fourche where, at peak times, the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company shipped out fifty carloads of cattle, hourly, to markets at Omaha, Nebraska and Chicago, Illinois. The lane would be so packed with cattle that nothing else could use it. Great numbers of cattle were held near Snoma for cowboys to spot different brands for their rightful owners.



"First the Indians—and now this."

WHEN the United States government authorized construction of a diversion dam east of Belle Fourche in 1906, preliminary to Orman Dam, the contractor bought his camp's groceries and ice at Snoma. He, as did others after him, went broke on the massive job, and Blackwell attached one of his big engines to satisfy the sizable bill.

In 1906 work started on Orman Dam proper. Orman was one of two test irrigation projects sanctioned by the Reclamation Act passed by Congress in 1902, the other dam being in California. Called President Theodore Roosevelt's "folly," Orman's construction required vast man and horse power. Elevating graders were pulled by twenty-four horses, sixteen in front and eight on a push cart behind the grader, with two drivers to each grader. Fresnoes used four horses with four circles of fresnoes and wheel scrapers, with 250 teams all going in a circle at once. Other men hauled sand and gravel by teams and wagon from a Belle Fourche River pit five miles south of the dam while more men dug ditches with horses. There were more than 10,000 horses and mules on the job.

When completed, the dam would be 112 feet high and 6,262 feet long, with a 56-mile long shoreline. It would hold 177,000 acre feet of water. It's still operational, but because of a deteriorated spillway officials now hold the storage level at 160,300 acre feet.

The government leased twelve acres of land from Harry P. Wright for making, drying, and curing tens of thousands of cement blocks needed for facing. Called the Snoma blockyard by engineers, it was actually five miles north of Snoma on the Wright place.

Also leased were three acres of gravel pit. Rodney Larson of Fruitdale says, "The gravel pit for Orman's construction was less than a mile northeast of Snoma and most of the gravel and blocks were hauled to Orman by a narrow-gauge railroad. My grandfather Larson gave an acre of land to build part of the town of Snoma; the well is on that acre."

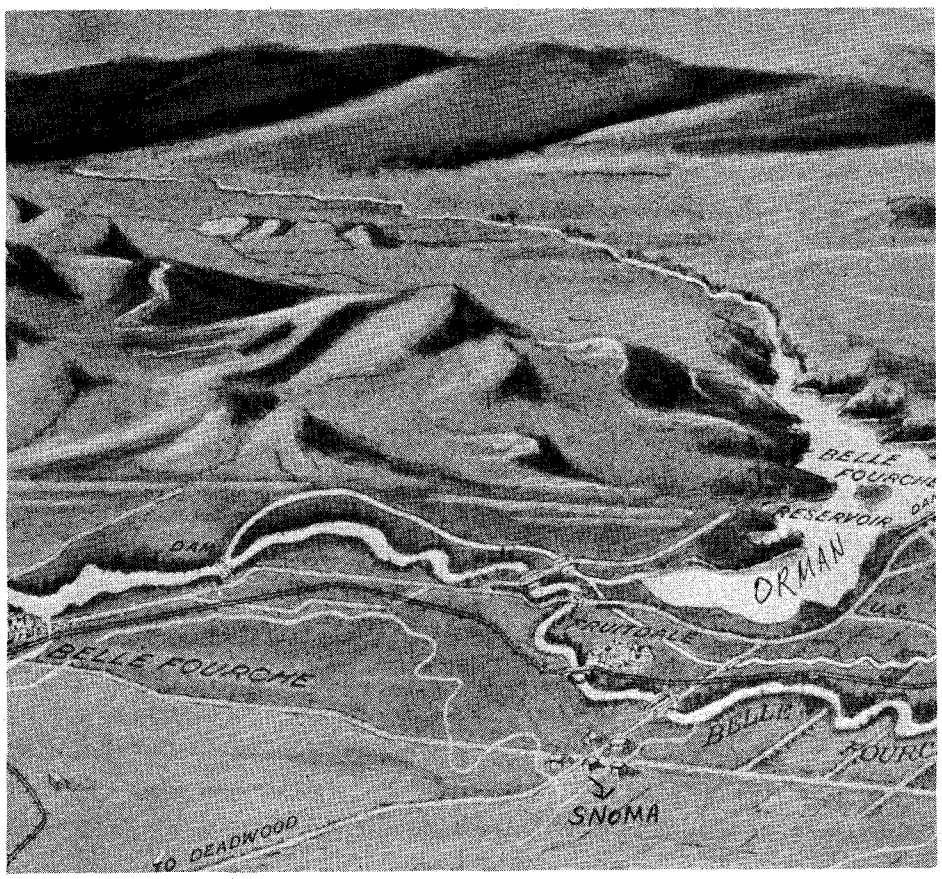
Orman's various contractors bought groceries, ice, and horse feed for their camps at the Snoma store. Snoma's economy happily boomed. But the post office was discontinued in 1911, after the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company had wound through the Belle Fourche River Valley in 1910, spawning three brand new little towns; Fruitdale, Nisland, and Newell. Arpan, over at Orman Dam, had a post office in 1911 too.

However Snoma remained a trading post until 1918, with William Casavant the last store owner. As Fruitdale, across the river, grew in size Snoma's buildings were gradually razed, or burned down, or were moved. The best part of the general store was taken to Fruitdale and converted into a blacksmith shop. (Unfortunately, it too burned to the ground in 1950.)

Snoma had two cemeteries which are still in use: Snoma Finnish Cemetery since 1887, up in Crooked Oaks southwest of town; Danish Lutheran Cemetery since 1891, southeast of town, by Graveyard Hill. Miners' consumption caused a very high mortality rate in Snoma's pioneers.

The town could not endure, but its charisma for those who know its past has lasted through four generations.

Belle Fourche River Valley as it looked in 1927. Five of Snoma's buildings are pictured.



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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TEXAS MEMORIES

Looking Back West (The Talley Press, San Angelo, Texas, $5.75) was compiled from the column written by Elmer Kelton for the *Pioneer News-Observer*. Kelton, a veteran agricultural writer and editor, is a past president of the Western Writers of America and twice (1957 and 1971) a winner of that organization's coveted Spur Award for the best western novel of the year. *Looking Back West* covers a wide variety of subjects—buffalo hunters, fence cutters, the race riot at Fort Concho, the Rough Riders and the frontier army being among them. The usual format is to provide a historic introduction, quote the old news article(s), and to piece out the story. The results are quite satisfactory—a nostalgic potpourri of the Old West.

THEY DREW THE COWBOY

The Cowboy in American Prints (Swallow Press, $15.) was edited by John Meigs, artist, author and museum consultant. As befitting the folk hero of the West, the cowboy has been painted, drawn and sculptured by a passel of artist-illustrators beginning as early as the 1850s but was really first featured by Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell in the Eighties. Both are well represented in this book—Remington by twenty-nine prints and Russell by eight. Their contemporaries and friends such as Ed Borein, Maynard Dixon, Stanley L. Wood, Dan Smith and Rufus F. Zogbaum are in the book along with such present-day artists as Peter Hurd, Joe Beeler, Olaf Weighorst and Harry Jackson. This reviewer was somewhat surprised to find that Ross Santee and Will James, two of the better known cowboy illustrators with years of horse and cattle experience on the range, are not included. Perhaps the explanation lies in the definition of the word "prints" used in the title. However, this is quibbling—there are enough examples to cover all phases of cowboy life by competent artists and this is a satisfying book. Recommended.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Desert World; Plant and Animal Life of the American Desert (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., $7.95) by David F. Costello describes the great scope, diversity and beauty of the Great North American Desert which stretches from Washington to California and Mexico and across to Texas. The least trammeled by man of all natural resources, the desert exhibits a fragile yet teaming ecosystem of plants and animals living in complicated harmony with the environment. Costello is an ecologist in the early or traditional sense. While his writing is largely descriptive, the dynamics of production and food chains emerge though no quantitative data is presented. Thus, what he presents is very readable and informative natural history which helps the reader to understand and to develop a feel for desert diversity and complexity. It is very useful background for the student or general reader.

ROLLICKIN' YARN

A Ben K. Green book doesn't require much reviewing—as the top practitioner of all range yarn spinners working today, the Green name is sure fire. *A Thousand Miles of Mustangin'* (Northland Press, $8.50) is no exception but it does have a couple of extras going for it—some very good illustrations by Joe Beeler and a worthy format, thanks to Paul Weaver and his Northland crew. This is the story of a depression year trek that took Ben through the Big Bend country of Texas and Northern Mexico. He gathered horses along the way—made friends with the Mexicans and the Yaquis—traded, trafficked and had fun. At the end of the year he drove a sizable herd north into Arizona and turned it into a pot of gold. Entertaining and loaded with horse lore. Tops.

HANGING JUDGE

Hell on the Border: He Hanged Eighty-Eight Men (Indian Heritage Association, $25.00 limited hardback, $5.00 soft cover) by S. W. Harman is a new reprint of the classical book first published in 1898. This Indian Heritage Edition is edited and somewhat rearranged by Jack Gregory and Rennard Strickland. This history of the famed United States Criminal Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas and Judge Isaac C. Parker, the hanging judge, is acclaimed by many historians as one of the greatest books on outlaws yet produced. The book devotes several chapters to the judge and his famous court, jail, and courthouse, and goes into considerable detail about Belle Starr, the notorious female desperado. Also receiving top billing are the likes of Ned Christie, Jim Dyer, Henry Starr, the Dalton Gang, Cherokee Bill,

(Continued on page 65)

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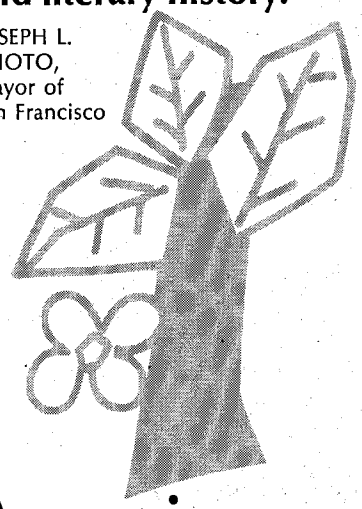
—JOSEPH L. ALIOTO, Mayor of San Francisco



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When Lightning Strikes

(Continued from page 15)

college. Although her mother was a Methodist, Papa was so intensely Baptist that he wouldn't sing one of their favorites anymore called "Methodist Pie." Lora began to hum the song and the others joined in. It seemed to dispel the idea that anything bad could have happened to their father.

I went to camp meeting tuther atter-noon
To hear dem shout and sing,
And tell each udder how to love one annuder
And make halleluyer ring.
We all go thar to have a good time,
To eat that grub so sly,
Applesauce, butter and sugar in the gourd,
And a great big Methodist pie.

Chorus

Oh! little chilluns, I believe,
Oh! little chilluns, I believe,
I'm a Methodist till I die.
When ole grim death comes a-knocking at my doh,
I'm a Methodist till I die.

The sleepless night finally came to an end. Lora and May prepared breakfast, and friends began coming in to offer sympathy and keep them company. Some of the men left for Ballinger to find Mrs. Ritch.

It was so late before she reached home that the girls were almost hysterical in their anxiety. When she arrived she told them what had happened.

"The neighbor men met me coming out of Ballinger," she said. "They asked me to ride in the surrey with them in order to travel faster. Soon after I changed vehicles the team became frightened and ran away, breaking the tongue to the surrey. We waited for my wagon to catch up with us and made the rest of the trip home in the wagon with Hugh driving."

More news of the tragedy drifted in and Lora listened as her mother talked to J. B. Andrews, the only survivor of the five friends who had left on the ill-fated journey.

"We reached Garden City about noon Thursday," said Andrews. "After resting awhile we asked Mr. Toliver, a real estate agent there, to drive out with us to look at a tract of land that was for sale. We hadn't gone far when a heavy thundercloud showed up, and we made a hasty stop at a ranch house but nobody was at home. We made a dive for the storm cellar and after a short stay decided we could make it back to town. It was about 6 p.m.

"We hadn't gone far when it seemed like the earth exploded and the rest is black to me," he concluded.

The Jerry E. Ritch family.

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THROUGH others, who had talked to Mr. Toliver, the bereaved families learned what had happened.

"After I joined the travelers," said Toliver, "two men rode on each of the three spring seats in the wagon. The two on the back seat were killed and one each on the other two seats. Andrews was knocked unconscious. I was the only one left to get help. The wagon wasn't damaged but the team was killed. The wagon sheet caught fire but was soon extinguished by the heavy rain.

"Thinking that the rain might revive the men," said Toliver, "I worked hard to lift them out of the wagon, but the water was so deep that their bodies almost went under. I saw it was hopeless for all except Andrews. Charlie Stamps, Peterson and Ashby were already dead, as well as Mr. Ritch."

Although lame from polio, Toliver walked back to the ranch house and found a Mexican laborer who spoke little English but understood what had happened. He ran all the way to Garden City for assistance. It was getting dark by the time help arrived and it was still raining.

Toliver also related an incident which happened in the afternoon, soon after he had left town with the prospectors. "I had been boasting of the country's healthful qualities," he said, "when we met a wagon loaded with four caskets, the first ever to be brought to our town. Mr. Ritch remarked, 'Well, why do you need coffins here if people never get sick and die?'" Since Jerry Ritch was such a great joker, the family knew it was true. It all seemed part of a strange design when the men were buried in these very same caskets—the only ones available. Since Stamps was the smallest he was buried in the white casket, supposed to be for a woman.

The four bereaved widows and the twenty-six orphaned children had another three days of grief and anxiety before the bodies were returned home. There were no embalming facilities in Garden City and an embalmer had to be called from Big Spring, fifty miles away. The bodies were then taken to Big Spring by horse-drawn hacks and shipped to Abilene by train. There they were met by men from the Pumphrey neighborhood and the trip was resumed with horse-drawn vehicles.

The families had requested that the bodies be taken to their respective homes to await time for the funeral, but Dr. W. D. Sanders went ahead of the cortege and presuaded the women that it would be best for the men not to be brought home. The funeral procession then went ten more miles to the small town of Winters and halted. There was only one church building there—the Methodist Church. The cortege arrived at 2 a.m. Sunday to await funeral time at 2 p.m. of the same day.

PEOPLE began coming early in the morning from miles around. They traveled by buggy, by wagon, on horseback and on foot to be present at the memorial services.

Seeing four coffins lined up in the small church and four funerals held at the same time was the greatest catastrophe the community had yet experienced. The Reverend Turney, Methodist pastor, conducted the services. Lora, knowing how Papa felt, would have been happier if he could have had a few Baptist words said over him. All she remembered of the service was that they sang "Nearer My God To Thee."

Because of the condition of the remains, the caskets were not opened and Lora wondered how her mother could stand it. None of them had dreamed they would never see Papa again after he left home so light-heartedly on Monday.

Although Lora hardly could bear to hear it mentioned, her mother took great comfort in the prophetic statement Jerry Ritch had made on the way home from church Sunday night before the fateful trip the next day. He had been discussing the results of the revival, just closed, and how he felt spiritually. "I have enough faith in God that if I should be struck by lightning, I know I would be with Jesus the next breath," he had said.

"Was it premonition or was it tempting fate?" Lora asked herself over and over. "Oh, why did he say it? Even if he was ready to go, we needed him so much!"

Lora wondered how in the world they would ever carry on. Her mother was only thirty-eight years old and left with nine children, the youngest six months old. But Mrs. Ritch had the same fighting spirit as her father, Hugh Harvey Davidson, a colonel in the Civil War and sheriff of Cherokee County, North Carolina for fourteen years. She became the breadwinner and manager, with all the attendant responsibilities. She continued to carry her children regularly to church, driving the three miles in a hack.

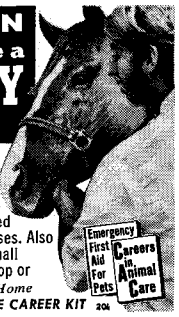
"I slipped into Mother's role as housekeeper and she talked over many of her problems with me," said Lora. "We four girls had been taught early how to carry on farm work and Hugh could handle the machinery.

"Under Mother's guidance we went right along with the farming, though troubles came thick and fast. Papa had bought more tools and teams that summer, which were needed to cultivate the 640-acre lease, expecting to pay for them when the cotton crop was gathered. He also had bought a new wagon. There was so much rain in the fall, though, that boll weevils thrived and ate most of the cotton. One insurance policy had been dropped because the company was involved in a lawsuit, but with a little insurance from Woodmen of the World, we managed to satisfy our creditors.

"May became ill and died a few months later. Then the baby developed a serious throat trouble that lasted for several years. But through it all Mother never gave up. We continued to work hard and, although I was unable to resume my education, Mother sent most of the other children to college."

Of the other three widows, Charlie Stamps' wife returned to her people in Kentucky. Mrs. A. W. Ashby remarried and was later killed in a car wreck. Mrs.

MEN . . . WOMEN
Train at Home to be a
VETERINARY ASSISTANT . . .



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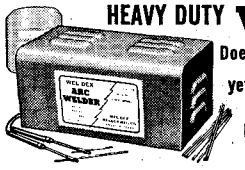

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S. J. Peterson remained on the farm for several years.

Lora—brave and lovely as ever—lives in Winters, close to the scene of the tragedy that changed the course of her life.

Attempted Break at Yuma Pen

(Continued from page 29)

bloody knife [from Gates' shoulder] and turned partially around and when Riggs again shot him he sank slowly to the ground. On being thus freed Gates staggered for a few paces and fell. He was immediately picked up by several onlooking convicts and taken to his room in a semi-conscious state.

"During the melee, one of the convicts [Ricardo Padilla], also a Mexican, armed with a pick, endeavored to escape by running down the hill toward the town. But in doing so, he met Guard Fredly, who had been in Yuma and was returning to the penitentiary. Undeterred by a blow over the head with the pick, he grappled with the escapee, and a most desperate struggle took place. The Mexican endeavored to throw him over a twenty-foot embankment, but as he could not rid himself of his captor, both went over the bluff together, and fortune favouring, they struck the bottom with Fredly on top.

"At the time of the outbreak, Johnny Behan, turnkey, was eating breakfast, and would have been unconscious of the life and death struggle that was being enacted on the outside, but for a Negro convict, who appraised him. Snatching a gun, Behan rushed to the scene, and seeing the struggle between Fredly and the Mexican, was by their side in a moment. Fredly, being covered with blood from the blow on the head, had the appearance of being seriously wounded, and Behan's first act was to kill the Mexican [Padilla].

"The whole occurrence was the work of a few minutes, and had everything been previously rehearsed greater coolness or more nerve could not have been displayed, not only by the desperadoes themselves, whose lives had been staked upon the hazard of the die, but by the officers, although taken by surprise, engaged in quelling them.

"Superintendent Gates, while suffering from the terrific thrusts of the assassin's knife, and standing within the very shadow of death, coolly ordered Guard Hartlee to fire, thus exposing himself [to danger]. But Hartlee's aim was unerring. Every bullet downed a man."

IN FACT, when the smoke had cleared away, there were two men dead and two dying as a result of Hartlee's shooting. Convict Ricardo Padilla was down the hill where Johnny Behan had shot him, and another convict—Albino Villa—was lying injured.

Librado Puebla lived for about twenty minutes and even at the last was scornful of the guards and even of life itself. "Well, what do I care?" he demanded. And as the breath left his body: "Adios."

Lopez, also dying where he had fallen, painfully pulled a scarf from around his neck and asked that it be sent to his mother.

Reporter Tenny's story continues: "Gates' wound, while not necessarily fatal, is, to say the least, extremely dangerous. The blade with which it was inflicted, is four inches long, and the assassin, so bent was he on his destruction that he used both hands, and so forced it in till a portion of the handle was buried in the flesh. And not content with this, the fellow deliberately twisted the knife around, thus making a most fearful wound.

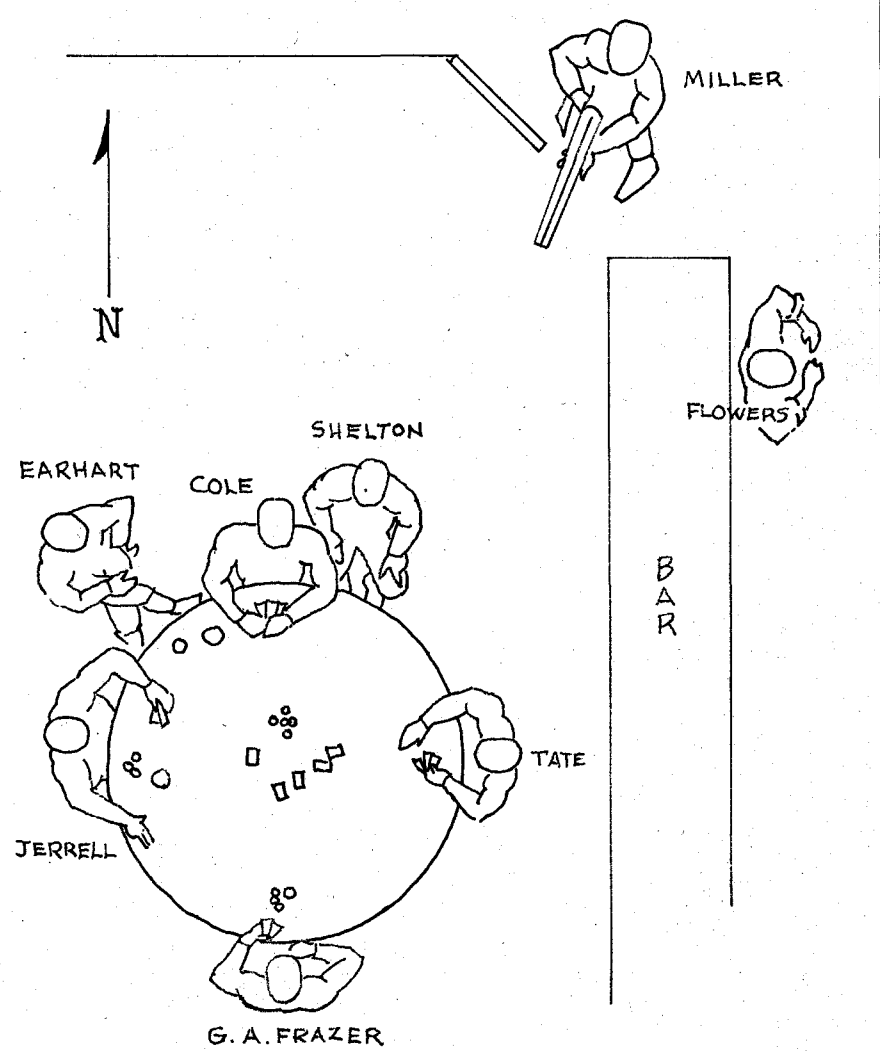
"Dick Rule, Secretary of the Prison Commissioners, displayed commendable nerve, and never for a moment hesitated putting a bullet where he thought it would do the most good.

"Guard Hartlee, with as much sangfroid as if shooting ducks on the river, downed man after man. His first shot went through Puebla's leg, and the second through Vasquez, while the lifeless forms of Bustamente and Villa attested to his skill as a marksman.

"None, however, were (sic) more brave and took more desperate chances than Barney Riggs, although as before stated, a convict with a sentence of life hanging over him, he periled his life to save Gates, and slew the assassin at the risk of his own. He was in convict garb, and twice Guard Hartlee states, he covered Riggs with his rifle, but some premonition told him not to shoot, and he refrained. For his gallantry, Riggs will probably earn his liberty, as the Prison Commissioners, immediately on arrival, instructed Secretary Rule to draw up a petition to the governor for a pardon. As this will likely be granted, he can consider himself a free man."

Newspaperman Tenny does not say exactly what part Albino Villa had played in the proceedings, other than to get shot by Guard Hartlee. He was mistaken, too, in that Villa was not killed. It seems possible that he, at least, was not a participant. Tenny refers to the crowd of "onlooking convicts," and Villa was probably among them, for with only five months more of his manslaughter

Diagram of the Toyah Saloon on September 14, 1896, the day that J. B. Miller shotgunned G. A. (Bud) Frazer. Frazer was married to Barney Riggs' sister.



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sentence to complete it seems unlikely that he would have risked both life and liberty in such a hare-brained crash-out attempt.

Superintendent Gates never fully recovered from his injuries and was a semi-invalid for the remainder of his life. Barney Riggs received a pardon and was released. He went first to New Mexico and then to West Texas. It became one of his stock phrases that he "had killed a man to get into Yuma and killed another to get out," a macabre though accurate little jest.

He became embroiled in a feud at Pecos Texas, between Jim Miller and G. A. "Bud" Frazer, who was married to Riggs' sister Mattie. This was in 1894-95, when Frazer, a former sheriff of Reeves County, had fallen out with Miller, his former deputy. They got to shooting on two occasions and both times Miller was badly injured and Frazer unscathed.

When he recoverd, Miller and some of his friends let it be known that Frazer would be killed on sight. A few months later, Jim Miller did the job himself, ambushing Frazer with a sawed-off shotgun while he was playing cards in a saloon in Toyah, Texas.

Riggs seemed to be next on his list. He was tending bar in Pecos when two of Miller's supporters turned up. In a brisk fight he killed them both.

Barney Riggs after being acquitted then settled at Fort Stockton, where he was killed by his stepson many years later.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

ware, as well as whiskey and beer. And furniture, flour, and feed. And—well, with that large sign across his building front saying, "Dealer in Everything," his sign meant just that. Robidoux ran the largest store in a strip of prairie 600 miles across. He purchased goods by the carload, making enormous profits. He sold things such as handmade boots from France for $20, or a Stetson for $10 that he had bought in Denver for $5. He traded for buffalo hides, storing the hides until he had a carload. He commented on this trading, "Sometimes a sneaking, thirsty Indian would scale the walls of the stockade from the rear, steal a hide, bring it in the front and trade it for bottled merchandise. Times were good. The soldiers at the fort spent their money freely while it lasted."

BUT times changed. The boom declined in Wallace. Robidoux lost practically all his business to his rival Madigan. Madigan cut prices while Robidoux staunchly charged "boom rates," refusing to engage in a price war.

The day finally came when Robidoux didn't sell even one single item. So early the next morning, because he was so disgusted at the loss of trade, he boarded up his windows, locked the doors, and moved with his family to a ranch twelve miles north of town.

After Robidoux closed his store he didn't set foot inside it again for twenty

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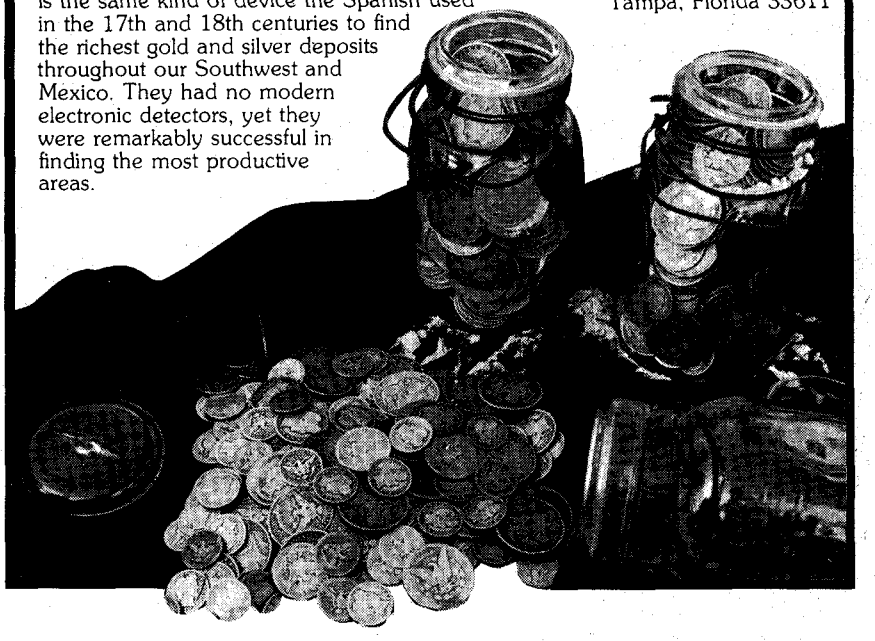

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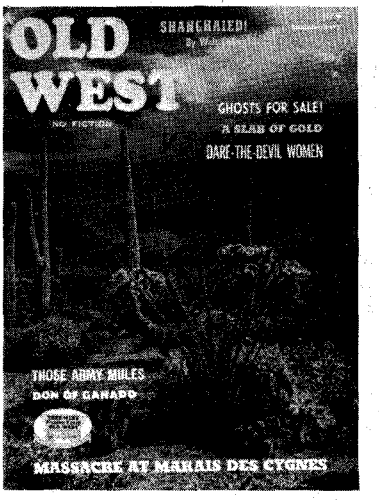

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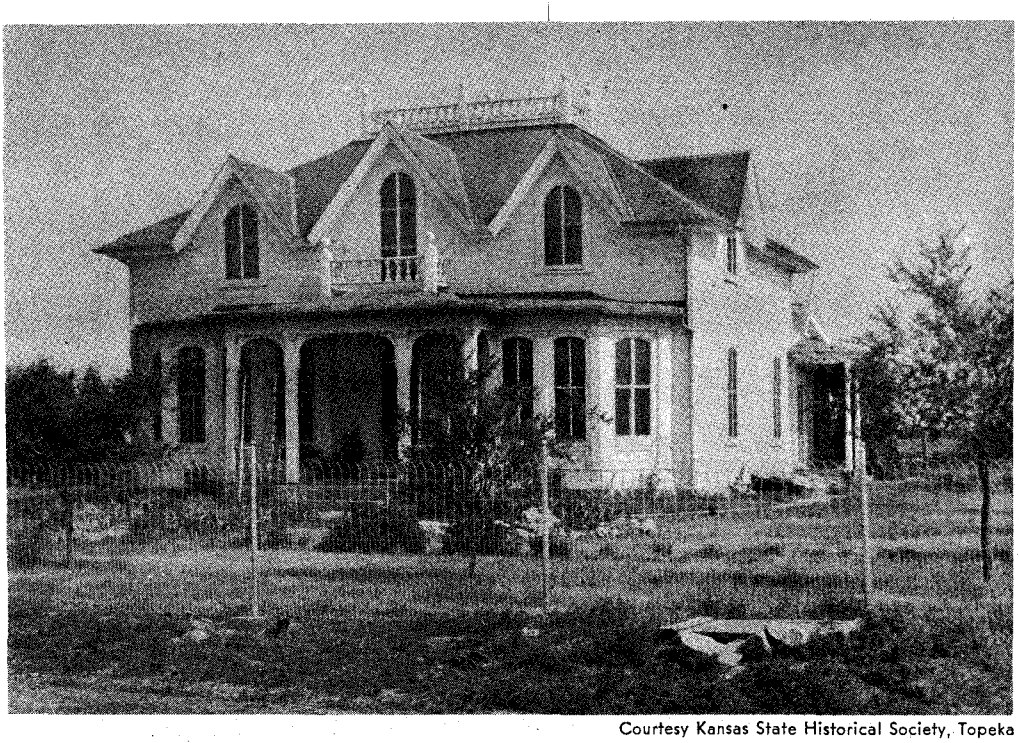

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The Robidoux home in Wallace about 1956.

years, although $20,000 in goods stocked the shelves. Nor would he permit anyone else inside. He wouldn't even talk about it! After twenty years, when at last he entered, he did so only to get a bale of hay. During all those years if he wanted anything he bought it from some other merchant.

After abandoning his store Robidoux turned his attention to cattle raising. He owned 32,000 acres—a little investment from his business profits. This new adventure, ranching, kept him as busy as anything he'd ever attempted. As evidence of his ranching efforts—in the blizzard of 1886, according to records, his losses in cattle totaled 4,000 head. Unofficially, the men who went out to skin the frozen cattle said that they could walk from Garden City to the Colorado line stepping on nothing but the cattle of Peter Robidoux. He was a big-time rancher until the day he died.

That occurred on March 13, 1928 at his ranch north of Wallace. The grandest storekeeper and the most successful rancher Kansas has ever known, in my opinion, was Peter Robidoux.

RAWHIDE AMBULANCES

By Agnes W. Spring

AFTER the great Indian battle on the Little Bighorn in June 1876, when Custer's command was wiped out, the removal of Reno's sick and wounded was a matter of great importance. No ambulances could be taken into the country and the nearest point to water transportation was twenty-two miles away. Rafts were advised, but the Little Horn was so narrow, shallow and tortuous that rafts could not be used.

It was determined to carry the wounded by hand, but the soldiers were six hours in making three miles, and it required 150 men to move the litters. Two men could carry only about ten minutes without resting. The progress through the sagebrush was tiresome in the extreme, and it soon became evident that if the wounded men were to reach the *Far West* on the Missouri River in less than three days, a better mode of conveyance than hand litters must be provided.

Lieutenant G. W. Doane, Second United States Cavalry, was the man for the emergency. He proposed to General Terry that if he would halt for half a day, he (Lieutenant Doane) would provide horse litters for the sick and wounded. The halt was ordered, and a detail of men placed at Doane's service. He had no nails, but horses were shot and skinned for rawhide, which is the Indian's substitute for nails. He had no rope, but the rawhide answered also for this.

Two poles, thirteen feet long and one inch in diameter, were laid side by side three feet apart, then two cross-pieces seven feet apart (the length of the bed) were laid across the poles and bound to them with rawhide. Next, a network of rawhide was woven from one pole to another, just as beds used to be corded with rope. Two loops at the ends, reaching like a bent bow from one pole to another, completed the litter. A mule was backed in the front and between the poles which extended along his sides like a pair of shafts, and the loop was placed over a pack saddle. Another mule was led into the rear end of the poles, with his head toward the front mule's tail and the loop of rawhide placed over the pack saddle. The litter was ready for transportation.

A soft bed of grass, blankets, and robes was then made on the rawhide cords, and the wounded man laid on it with his head toward the front mule's tail and his feet under the rear mule's nose.

It was astonishing how these litters would carry. The spring of the side poles and the give of the rawhide eliminated the jolts, and after a little practice the mules could take a uniform step and ever trot without hurting the wounded.

Forty-two of these litters were made in half a day and wounded soldiers transported in six hours over a distance it would have taken three days to carry them by hand. Even the setting down and picking up of a hand litter, the wounded said, caused them more pain than the trotting of the mules with their ingenious riggings.

RELIC OF THE PAST
OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES

THERE are still vestiges of Osage orange hedges found on farms in eastern Nebraska, and occasionally a lone tree bearing its distinctive "hedge apples" can be seen in a field or even indulgently in someone's yard.

Hedge-planting played an important part in the early days, for the predominantly agricultural residents were vitally interested in economical fences which would control livestock. Barbed wire was yet to be invented in the 1850s, and there were insufficient trees (to supply rails) or stone for fencing. Hence, farmers looked to growing plants—the "living fence"—a traditional rural penning device with its roots literally in antiquity.

As soon as newspapers were established in 1854 in the river towns of eastern Nebraska, advertisements appeared offering hedge plants and seed for sale. Controversy soon arose over the best hedge for Nebraska's soil and climate, a hedge that would thrive and effectively control the larger farm animals. Tried were buckthorn, hawthorn, cockspur, and Osage orange; the native locust and cottonwood; and even the maple. The Omaha *Daily Herald* made these comments on the relative merits of different hedges in June 1873:

"Cottonwood hedges have been attempted and failed. So have the hedges of Osage, willow, maple, and several other trees and shrubs. . . . The handsomest start for a living fence we have seen . . . is the soft maple. Osage as a general thing winter kills. The willow in not vigorous for growing a fence on the bluffs. Cattle in the winter . . . break down the cottonwood when it is young, and horses will even bark trees of 10 to 20 inches in diameter."

Winner by the end of the century was the Osage orange (*maclura pomiferma*), which had come to be called merely "hedge" because of its almost universal acceptance. The isolated Osage orange plant is a tree, often somewhat gnarled with a stunted appearance, but it may be symmetrical and gain a height of forty feet or more. It is commonly called a "hedge apple tree" because of its fruit, a hard, green-turning-yellow round ball four to six inches in diameter. Branches grow thorns up to two inches in length.

The tree—indigenous to western Missouri and Arkansas, to eastern Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas—was called *bois d'arc* by French trappers because of its use by Indians for bows. The name "Osage" derives from an Indian tribe

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inhabiting a part of the area of its growth. Early plainsmen such as the Chouteaus took plants to the East for hedge experimentation. It had other uses also, as wood for fuel and as ties for railroads building into the Midlands.

Editor of the *Western Horticultural Review*, John A. Warder, in 1858 optimistically predicted the ultimate success of the Osage orange, insisting "nothing could be better adapted to fence the West." One enthusiast said it would "make an efficient fence against horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, even chickens. We can say 'Eureka!' we have found it." But against hogs and chickens it was found to be of no value.

The Osage orange at a trimmed height of four feet or so became a short, stunted trunk with thorned, leafy spurs growing laterally. When well-rooted at eight to twelve inches apart, it presented a forbidding barrier. A deciduous plant, its stark appearance after its leaves had fallen was anything but ornamental. When open spaces appeared between plants, due to winter kill, drouth or disease, substitute plants were started, branches were piled into the gaps, or objects were laid laterally across them.

Few farmers at first thought of the onerous pruning task required yearly. Contractors charging $25 and up per mile to plant hedge did not explain the high cost of upkeep. When neglected, the fast-growing plants became bushy shrubs, the vigorous plant growth crowding out the weak, thus defeating the purpose of the hedge and confronting the farmer with a massive restoration task.

Never practical on the cattle ranges of western counties, the Osage orange nevertheless contributed durable hedge posts to its efficient use when barbed wire fences were stretched across vast pasture lands. Gradual introduction of barbed wire after 1873 reduced the necessity for hedge. Occasionally barbed wire was used in combination with hedge to cover sparse growth. Woven wires solved chicken and hog control problems.

In the twentieth century, hedges became a liability on farm land. They sapped soil of nutrients and took up valuable land areas. Most hedges were eventually cut down or pulled out with power machinery. In the 1930s, WPA or road building crews removed much of the growth when it infringed on highway rights-of-way.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

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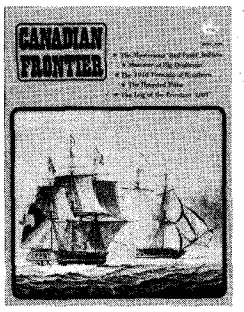

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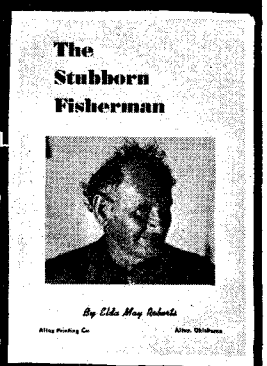

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The Lost Patrol

(Continued from page 9)

What had been the fate of the men Dempster sought? The following complete diary of Inspector Fitzgerald—never before published in the United States—graphically illustrates the terrible privations suffered by the Fitzgerald party before the men died.

1st Week/Hired Guide on Trail

Twenty-one below, Wednesday, December 21. Strong north wind, with heavy mist and light snow. Left Fort McPherson at 7:45 a.m. Nooned two spells up river and camped in Indian cabin 15 miles up river. Going very heavy in some places. 15 miles.

Seventeen below. Thursday, December 22. Strong south wind, heavy mist. Left camp at 8 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped below portage at 3 p.m. Going fair. 18 miles.

Seven below. Friday, December 23. Slight northwest wind with heavy mist. Left camp at 8:30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped below portage at south end of seven mile portage. Snowing last night making heavy going. 17 miles.

Seventeen below. Saturday, December 24. Fine, with strong southeast wind. Left camp at 8 a.m., nooned one hour above Colin's cabin and camped for the night in old Indian camp at 3:15 p.m. Heavy snow during night, making heavy going. 16 miles.

Thirty below, Sunday, December 25. Light northwest wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 8 a.m. and arrived at the mouth of Trail Creek at 10:15 a.m., and loaded up the cache of fish and left at 11:45 a.m. and camped about eight miles up Trail Creek in old camp at 2:15 p.m. Going heavy on Peel river, good going on Trail Creek. 16 miles.

Twenty-four below, Monday, December 26. Strong S.E. wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 7:30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at Indian encampment at 1:45 p.m. 20 Miles up Trail Creek Going very good. 18 miles.

Thirty-nine below. Tuesday, December 27. Fine, with strong S. E. wind. Left Indian camp at 7:30 a.m. and traveled up Trail Creek for five miles and then went up small creek, due south for seven miles and camped for night at 2 p.m. Sent Constable Kinney and Indian ahead to break trail for tomorrow. Hired Indian and dog team to help us across 80-mile portage, paying him $3 a day. Going very bad all day. Had to break through three feet of snow and only made about 12 miles. Climbed 800 feet.

Forty-three below. Wednesday, December 28. Fine. Very cold and very misty in hills. Left camp at 8 a.m. and travelled up ravine until 1 p.m. Nooned one hour and camped on the upper end of Caribou Born (sic) mountain at 2:30 p.m. Indians followed our trail and caught up with us at 10 a.m. and all camped together. Very deep snow and very steep climb, and only made about 12 miles. Climbed 1,000 feet from camp until 1 p.m. At the head of the mountain, the climb from Trail Creek is 1,800 feet. 12 miles.

2nd Week/Heavy Snow

Thirty-four below. Thursday, December 29, fine. Clear and cold in valley, very misty in hills. Left camp at 8 a.m. and traveled down 1-1½ miles to head of small creek and followed it to Caribou River, and camped at start of portage on Caribou River. Snow very deep, dogs very tired. 14 miles.

Fifty-one below. Friday, December 30. Fine with light S. wind. Left camp at 8:15 a.m. travelled until 2:30 p.m. and made only about nine miles. Snow on the portage very deep and some very steep hills; found it very cold on account of going so slow. Nine miles.

Forty below. Saturday, December 31. Fine with strong S. wind. Saw the sun today. Left camp at 7:30 a.m., nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. four miles down Mountain Creek. Going very heavy on the portage and Mountain Creek. Sixteen miles.

Thirty-seven below. Sunday, January 1, 1911. Heavy snow storm all day. Left camp at 8:45 a.m., made one drive and camped in small cabin four miles above mouth of Mountain Creek at 2 p.m. Going very heavy, over three feet of snow. Paid off Indian, five days coming and three days to return. Eleven miles.

Thirty-five below. Monday, January 2. Heavy snow storm during night and all day. Left camp at 7:30. Had to cut our way through the bush twice, owing to driftwood being piled up in the river; nooned one hour, and camped on the Peel River, five miles above Mountain Creek at 2:15 p.m. Going very heavy owing to deep snow. Ten miles.

Forty-six below. Tuesday, January 3. Light snow all day. Left camp at 7:30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at Waugh's old tent, two miles up Wind River at 3:30 p.m. Mouth of Wind River 3/4 of a mile above the lower end of Peel River Canyon. Going very heavy; dogs about played out. Twelve miles.

Forty-seven below. Wednesday, January 4. Strong S. E. wind with snow. Left camp at 8:30 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 2:30 p.m. Going very heavy; over three feet of soft snow most of the way. Ten miles.

3rd Week/First Frostbite Cases

Sixty-five below. Thursday, January 5. Fine with slight head wind. Left camp at 8 a.m., but only went about six miles, when we had to go in the bush and make camp at noon. Owing to the intense cold, some slight frostbites among the party. Going heavy, but a slight improvement on the last few days. Six miles.

Fifty-four below. Friday, January 6. Very strong head wind in p.m. with heavy mist. Left camp at 8:30 a.m. Could not noon on account of open water, as we could not get on shore; camped 3 p.m. at the lower end of Mount Deception. Going very heavy, and lots of trouble with open water. Eleven miles.

Fifty-one below. Saturday, January 7. Fine with slight fair wind. Left camp at 8 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at 2:30 p.m. six miles below Little Wind River. Going fairly good, but had to go around lots of open water. Thirteen miles.

Sixty-four below. Sunday, January 8.

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Fine with strong head wind. Left camp at 8:30 a.m. and only made one drive and camped at 1:30 p.m. three miles up Little Wind River. Going very heavy; slow going with intense cold. Nine miles.

Twenty-two below. Monday, January 9. Fine clear day; slight S. W. wind. Left camp at 8: a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. about 20 miles up Little Wind. Going very fair; a little heavy in p.m. Sixteen miles.

Thirteen below. Tuesday, January 10. Strong head wind, with very fine snow. Left camp at 8 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 3:15. Clear ice most all day; not good going as it was very slippery for the dogs; very little water to trouble us. Fifteen miles.

Twenty-two below. Wednesday, January 11. Very misty with strong head wind. Left camp at 8:15 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 3:30 p.m. All the river was overflow, and we only made about nine miles. All hands had wet feet and we had a very unpleasant day. Nine miles.

4th Week/Carter Lost

Thirty-seven below. Thursday, January 12. Fine with slight head wind. A nice day. Left camp at 8 a.m. and stopped 3 hours at noon, and sent Carter to look for portage, but he could not find it. At 3 p.m. found that the river was getting very small; camped and sent Carter on ahead, and came to the conclusion that we were too far up. Twelve miles.

Twelve below. Friday, January 13. Snowing, with light fair wind. Left camp at 7:30 a.m., came back down the river 5 miles, and went up small creek 4 miles, which Carter thought was Forrest Creek, but found out it was not, came down 2 miles farther and camped at 1:30 p.m. and sent Carter out to look for creek. Fifteen miles.

Twenty-three below. Saturday, January 14. Very strong gale all day. Could not leave camp.

Thirty-nine below. Sunday, January 15. Very misty, with slight head wind. Left camp at 7:30 a.m. and followed up east branch of Little Wind River and camped at 3:15 p.m. at what is supposed to be the mouth of Forrest Creek. Going very good; a little heavy snow at the start, the rest of the way mostly ice. Sixteen miles.

Forty-three below. Monday, January 16. Fine with very strong S. W. wind. Left camp at 7:45 a.m., and travelled up creek for six miles, and found that it was not Forrest Creek and had to return to mouth again and camp. Sent Carter out in afternoon, but he had no success. 12 miles.

Twenty-three below. Tuesday, January 17. Fine in a.m. with strong S. W. wind which turned to a gale in the evening. Did not break camp, sent Carter and Kinney off at 7:15 a.m. to follow a river going south by a little east; they returned at 3:30 p.m., and reported that it ran right up in the mountains, and Carter said it was not the right river. I left at 8 a.m. and followed a river running south, but could not see any cuttings on it. Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have now only 10 pounds of flour and 8 pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is return and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from Little Wind River.

Thirteen below. Wednesday, January 18. Very strong S. gale last night and this morning, moderated in afternoon. Left camp, on the return to Peel River, at 7:45 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. 20 miles below. Killed the first dog tonight for dog feed; hardly any of the dogs would eat him, and had to give them a little dried fish. Our food consisted of a small piece of bannock and dried fish. Good going on our back trail. 20 miles.

5th Week/"Our Food Now Dog Meat"

Thursday, January 19. Very misty, with slight S. W. wind. Left camp at 7:30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped about 29 miles above the mouth of Little Wind River. Most of the river was overflowed and we were at times ankle deep in water. Killed another dog tonight. 21 miles. Temperature 28 below.

Twenty-one below. Friday, January 20. Very strong S. W. gale all day. Could not leave camp, it was all we could do to keep the tent standing. Ate the last of the flour and bacon today. All we have now is some dried fish and tea.

Zero. Saturday, January 21. Strong gale until noon, moderated in p.m. Left camp at 7:45 a.m. and nooned one hour and camped at 12 miles above the mouth of the Little Wind River, 4 p.m. Going very heavy, our old trail filled up and had trouble with water. Carter's fingers badly frozen. 17 miles.

Sixty-four below. Monday, January 23. Misty with strong head wind. Stayed over in camp as it was too cold to travel.

Fifty-six below. Tuesday, January 24. Strong S. wind with very heavy mist. Left camp at 7:30 went six miles and found the river open right across. Con. Carter in up to his hips, and Constable Taylor got in up to his waist, and we had to go into camp at 11 a.m. Cold intense with all the open water. Killed another dog and all hands made a good meal on dog meat. 6 miles.

Fifty-three below. Wednesday, January 25. Left camp at 7:30 to look for place to cross open water and did not start with dogs until 9:15. Nooned three miles above Mount Deception and camped at 3:30 p.m., 20 miles above mouth. Going fairly good, had our old trail part of the way. Killed another dog tonight. Our food is now dog meat and tea. 18 miles.

6th Week/"Skin Peeling Off Our Faces"

Twenty-one below. Thursday, January 26. Snowing, with very heavy mist. Left camp at 7:30 a.m.; lost three hours getting around open water, and nooned one hour, and camped at Waugh's tent at 2 p.m. Searched tent for food but found none. Going very heavy. Killed another

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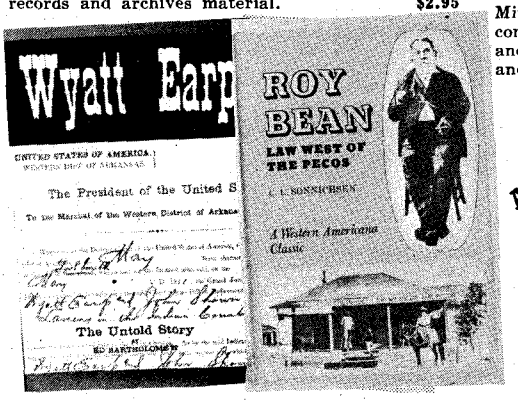

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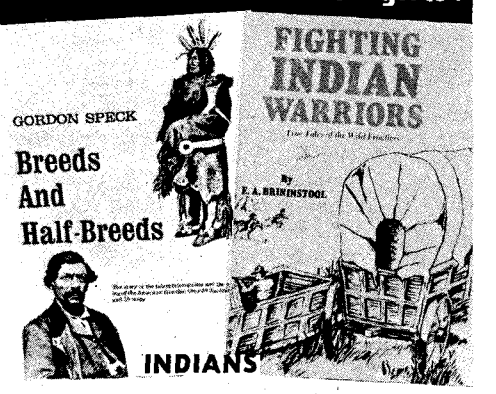

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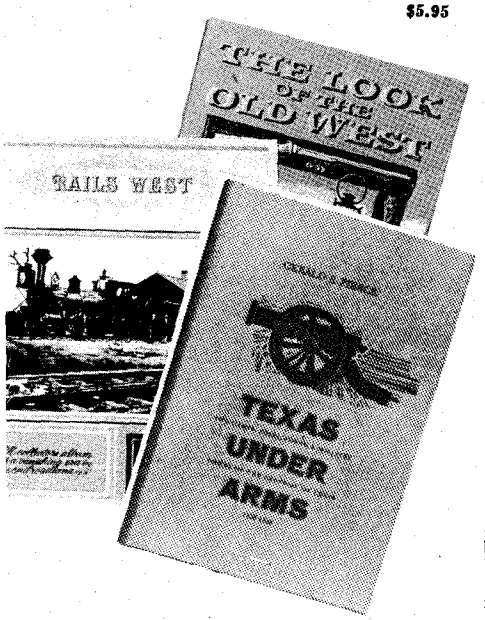

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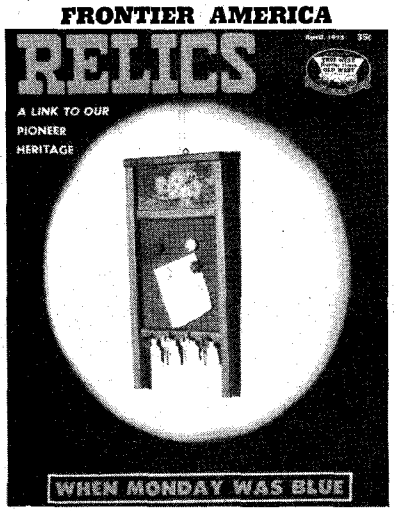

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dog. We have now only nine dogs; the rest are gone for food. 11 miles.

Forty-five below. Saturday, January 28. Strong south wind with mist. Left camp at 7:45 a.m., nooned one hour three miles below Peel River Canyon, and camped at one of our old camps at 3:15 p.m. Taylor sick last night and all day. Going very heavy; very little sign of our old trail. 12 miles.

Twenty below. Sunday, January 29. Snowing with light N. E. wind. Left camp at 7:30 a.m.; nooned one hour, and camped in cabin at 1:30 p.m. five miles up Mountain Creek. Killed another dog tonight. Men and dogs very weak. Cached one sled and wrapper and seven single dog harness here. Ten miles.

Fifty-one below. Monday, January 30. Fine with light W. wind. Left camp at 7:45 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 3:15 p.m. at foot of big hill on Mountain Creek: Going very heavy; old trail all filled in. All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from eating dog's liver. Fourteen miles.

Forty-five below, Tuesday, January 31. Sixty-two below in P.M. Fine with slight S. W. wind. Left camp at 7:15 a.m.; had to double up for the first 1-1½ miles; nooned one hour and camped at 4:15 p.m. four miles from Caribou River. Going heavy, travelled part of the time on our old trail, but it was filled in. Skin peeling off our faces and parts of the body, and lips all swollen and split. I suppose this is caused by feeding on dog meat. Everybody feeling the cold very much for want of proper food. Seventeen miles.

Fifty-one below in a.m. Wednesday, February 1. Two below in p.m. Fine with strong S. W. wind. Left camp at 7:30 a.m.; nooned one hour, and camped at 4 p.m. on the river where we started around Caribou Born (sic) mountain. Followed our old trail, but found it very heavy. Killed another dog tonight; this makes eight dogs we have killed, and we have eaten most of them, and fed what dried fish we had to the dogs. Sixteen miles.

7th Week/"Only Five Dogs Now"

Seven above in a.m. Thursday, February 2. Twenty-three below in p.m. Fine in a.m. Very misty on mountain in p.m. Left camp at 7 a.m.; nooned one hour, and had to camp on the mountain at 3:30 p.m. as we got astray in the mist. Going heavy on creek, very good in the Mountain. 10 miles.

Twenty-six below, Friday, February 3. Misty in a.m. Clear in p.m. Strong N. E. wind. Left camp at 7:45, crossed the mountain by 1:30 p.m. and camped on Trail Creek at the mouth of the small creek. Killed another dog tonight, and had to feed some of it to the dogs as we have no dried fish. Men and dogs very thin and weak, and cannot travel far. We have travelled about 200 miles on dog meat, and still have about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left. Fourteen miles.

Fifty-two below. Saturday, February 4. Fine with strong S. E. wind. Left camp at 7:45; nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. eight miles down Trail Creek. Going very heavy, and everybody suffered very much with the cold. Eight miles.

Courtesy the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Corporal Dempster rose to the rank of Inspector. He died in the Fall of 1964.

Forty-eight below. Sunday, February 5. Fine with strong S. E. wind. Left camp at 7:15 a.m.; nooned one hour, and camped 3 p.m. eight miles further down. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make a fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog tonight; have only five dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day; everybody breaking out on the body and skin peeling off. Eight miles.

FEBRUARY 5, 1911 was the last entry in Inspector Fitzgerald's diary. For the rest of the story, as pieced together by Corporal Dempster, we quote from the latter. After leaving Martin's cabin March 7, 1911, it took the Dempster party five days to pick up the trail of the Fitzgerald party on the Big Wind River, and on March 14 Dempster became aware that the Lost Patrol was definitely in trouble. Said Dempster, "We passed three of Fitzgerald's night camps; they are not more than five miles apart. The number of his night camps in so short a distance indicates I think, that he had returned north. Crusted snow very bad on dogs' feet and we are unable to make good time."

Two days later Dempster's men reached a cabin a short distance up Mountain Creek and found a toboggan, wrapper, and seven sets of dog harness cached by the Fitzgerald party. Significantly, they also found "the paws of a dog cut off at the knee joint, also a shoulder blade which had been cooked and the flesh evidently eaten."

On March 20 the searchers found Fitzgerald's dispatch bag and a mail pack in Colin Wichit's cabin on the Peel River. This would have been left there about four or five days after Fitzgerald's last entry in his diary, or about February 9. Dempster crossed another portage, or short-cut, several miles north of Colin's cabin. This took him two hours traveling time. When he emerged again on the Peel River, two miles below the end of the portage, he found a toboggan and two sets of dog harness. All ground lashings had been cut off. Said Dempster: "Trail led into bush. On following it we found bodies of two of Fitzgerald's party, one

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that of Constable Kinney whom I knew, and the other I concluded to be that of Constable Taylor. The latter had evidently commited suicide by shooting the top of his head off. Evidently, they starved to death. Found camp kettle half full of moose hide cut in small piece which had been boiled for a stew. Camped at 5:45 p.m. Covered bodies before we left them to proceed on our journey."

The Dempster patrol found the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and ex-Constable Carter on March 22. Carter had died first, his body being found laid out, hands crossed over breast and his face covered with a handkerchief. Inspector Fitzgerald was found lying on his back on the spot where formerly there had been a fire. His body was partially covered by two half blankets, and Dempster noted that there had been considerable tramping around as though to get firewood. Significantly, a blunt axe with a broken handle was found nearby. Dempster covered the bodies and then mushed on to Fort McPherson, arriving there that night.

Corporal Somers, of the R.N.W.M.P. detachment in Fort McPherson, went out to pick up the bodies of the men the next day. His report pieces together the final moments of the doomed party, and registers the degree of suffering of the men by his description of the condition of their bodies when found.

Reported Somers: "They [Inspector Fitzgerald and Carter] were lying on the top of the river bank in the right limit, and back a little in the timber; the distance being about 26 miles from Fort McPherson. I found the bodies covered with a half blanket also over each. The body of Cst. Carter was lying about 10 feet from Inspector Fitzgerald, and had evidently been dragged and laid out immediately after death, as both hands had been crossed on the breast and the face covered with a handkerchief.

"Inspector Fitzgerald was lying where a fire had been, and was stiffened to the contour of the ground, the right hand lying on the breast.

"Proceeding up the river about 10 miles, we came to the place where Constables Taylor and Kinney lay. . . . This was on the left limit of the river. We found a fairly comfortable open camp here, covered with brush, and on removing this, found the bodies of Taylor and Kenney lying side by side, Constable Kinney being on Taylor's right.

"Over the bodies were two Alaska sleeping robes and one underneath. The body of Constable Kinney was lying fairly straight with the hands crossed on the breast, the right foot was bare, showing large pieces of skin hanging from the big toe. The body of Cst. Taylor was very crooked, the left hand being slightly extended from the body and still grasping a .30-30 carbine, with which he had evidently shot himself. The features were unrecognizable . . . the right knee was very much drawn up."

Examining the condition of the men later, Somers found them to be in a "terribly emaciated condition." Hips and lower ribs showed prominently and their stomachs had fallen inward." He noted that the toes of Inspector Fitzgerald were slightly frozen and very much swollen. A thin skin was peeling off his fingers. Constable Kinney's feet had swollen to almost twice their natural size and the big toe of the right foot was badly peeled to the raw flesh. Constable Carter's condition was little better than the rest. His toes were frozen and his hands bandaged.

All outer clothing of the Lost Patrol members was very badly torn and much scorched by fire—the socks, duffles, mitts and moccasins being in the same condition. The flesh of all the men was very much discolored.

Corporal Somers and an accompanying Hudson's Bay man carried the bodies by dog sled into Fort McPherson. There they were buried in one large grave on March 28.

Corporal Dempster attributed the failure of the patrol to a number of reasons —the small quantity of provisions taken, want of an efficient guide, delay in looking for the lost trail, and so on. Reading between the lines, it would seem that the basic reason for the tragedy could be attributed to the fierce pride of Inspector Fitzgerald. Putting oneself in his place —a veteran of Arctic travel—and finding yourself stymied by not being able to find an established route of travel, it would indeed be difficult to return to your starting point offering the excuse that you were lost and could not find your way.

The same thing happened to Dan Gleason, former Sergeant Major in the British Army, between the Hess and Macmillan Rivers in the fall of 1926. Colonel Neville Armstrong, who remonstrated with Gleason when the man insisted on returning to Fraser Falls by walking cross-country, stated that Gleason's last words to him were: "I promised the boys at Fraser Falls I'd find an overland route to Russell Creek. I've got to do it." He was never seen again. Gleason's failure was his pride in not admitting defeat.

The same could be said for Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald who, despite his faults, was a heroic pioneer of the North Country.

Montana's Caveman Outlaw

(Continued from page 33)

district court, fixing his bonds at $500.00.

"While out on bond and awaiting trial, Brady was again arrested on a charge of stealing a horse belonging to David Desjardin. He again secured his liberty by furnishing bail, which in this case was $100.00. When the case was called for preliminary hearing last August, Brady failed to show up and his bond was forfeited. It was thought that Brady had left the country and gone to Idaho. When last seen he was headed in that direction. It was not long, however, until it was learned that Brady was on lower Rock Creek. He visited at the camps of different miners and prospectors, but always managed to elude the officers.

"As time went on Brady became more and more bold and he was frequently seen and heard from. On some occasions he came as near as six miles from town. He seemingly wanted to show his con-

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tempt for the officers and continually challenged arrest. Special Deputy Sheriff Cyrus K. Wyman and Harry Morgan, the well-known hunter, had been after him for some time. They finally located his camp on lower Rock Creek, some five or six miles above Quigley, and set out to capture this man. Brady, it is said, was in Bonita yesterday morning and was told the officers were after him. His reply was that they would never take him. He apparently went right up Rock Creek, as shortly after noon the officers came down to Bonita with news of his death.

"When commanded to throw up his hands, Brady pulled his gun and commenced to shoot, but both officers were ready for him. He was known to be a good shot and the officers could not afford to take any chances.

"Upon instruction of County Attorney, D. M. Durfee, the body was brought to Bonita yesterday, and Undertaker Allison went down this morning with a casket to bring the remains to Philipsburg.

"In a way, Brady was not a bad fellow. He was not without his good qualities and he had a good many friends, but he was daring and reckless and always in trouble. He was setting a bad example for younger men, some of whom looked upon him as a hero and a brave, bad man. His death, while deplorable, may have a wholesome influence over others with leanings in the direction he was going."

THE HEADLINE in the newspaper of December 2, 1904, was:

THE BRADY CASE

"The Brady inquest was concluded yesterday and the jury returned the following verdict: 'In the matter of inquiry into the cause of death of Frank Brady, before William Ray, Coroner,

" 'WE, the jury, in the above entitled proceeding, duly impaneled and sworn to inquire into the death of Frank Brady, lying dead before us find:

" 'That the said Frank Brady came to his death from two gunshot wounds inflicted by Harry Morgan and C. K. Wyman.

" 'That the said Harry Morgan and C. K. Wyman were officers having warrants in their possession for the arrest of the said Frank Brady on a charge of grand larceny.

" 'That the said officers returned the fire and killed the said Brady. We further find that the said Harry Morgan and C. K. Wyman were justified in firing on and killing the said Brady and we fully exonerate them in so doing'.

Henry Kaiser—Foreman
J. J. Carmichael
P.H. McDonald
Nels Anderson
D. A. Sission

"The facts of the killing brought out at the inquest were practically as told last week. Armed with warrants for his arrest, Morgan and Wyman started out to capture Brady. They were four or five days locating his cabin, which had been built during the past year in a secluded spot of the west side of Rock Creek, some eight miles above Quigley.

"There was a log across Rock Creek used as a foot bridge which Brady was in the habit of crossing when making visits to his traps placed at different points along the creek. The officers laid in wait near this log for over twenty-four hours, expecting to catch their man while crossing the creek, but he didn't show up.

"On Thanksgiving Day at the break of day they approached the cabin to within one-hundred feet when discovered by Brady's dog. Morgan stepped behind a rock. When Brady appeared, rifle in hand, Wyman called to him to throw up his hands, but instead of complying, he instantly brought his gun into position and all three men fired. Brady fell and died within a few minutes, having received two mortal wounds.

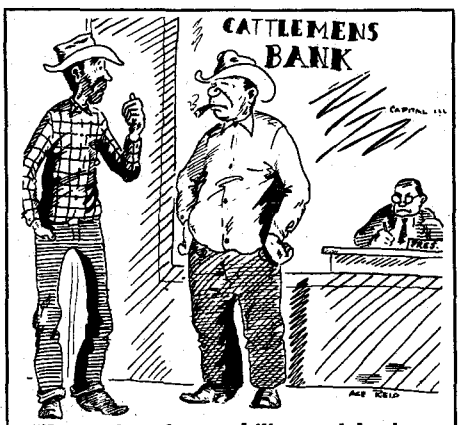
"A post mortem examination showed that either wound was fatal.

"The funeral took place Sunday and was quite well attended.

"On complaint of Thomas Brady, of Butte, a brother of the dead man, warrants were issued for Morgan and Wyman, charging them with murder. Both officers were released on their own recognizance, and in view of the verdict returned by the coroner's jury, it is not probable that any further proceedings will be had in the matter other than to dismiss the action filed against them."

JAMES PATTON, an elderly resident of Philipsburg, told me that he, Patton, had been a very young boy at the time of Brady's death. He went to view the body and remembers the bullet wound in the outlaw's chest.

Though the cabins which Brady occupied have crumbled to nothing, Brady's Cave remains much as he left it, except that wild rosebushes now screen and almost conceal the entrance. Marks on the steep canyon walls reveal that in recent years (perhaps during the '59 earthquake) huge chunks of rock have tumbled from the canyon walls and have gone crashing downward. The cave is small. A man of Brady's stature could not have stood upright in it, but he could have spread out his bedroll and slept in comfort. He could not have cooked in the cave unless he remained in a squatting position, but a man wanted by the law could have survived.



"I mentioned my ability and brains among my assets and he increased my loan by 35 cents."

The floor of the half-mile-long canyon is grassy. In my mind's eye I could see a long lariat rope stretched breast-high across each end of the canyon, thus confining his horse.

The boot-prints of the devil-may-care Brady have long vanished, but numerous legends of him remain, many of them conflicting with others. Some say he was part of a large gang of horse thieves who scuttled broncs to and from Canada. Others say he stole only from the rich. Many believe he was killed because of a personal enmity with Harry Morgan. Brady was given the blame for at least two armed hold-ups, but no proof was ever made.

The hole in the rock where he may have existed seems to be his only claim to immortality. It is known even today as Brady's Cave.

Elwha's Feuding Hermits

(Continued from page 27)

meat made from bear, and "tea and coffee" grown in his garden. He finished off with applejack from his orchard fruit, and wine made from wild blackberry, Oregon grape, and elderberries.

Squeamish guests looked away from the soiled window curtains, towels and tablecloths still bearing the name of a western flour mill. One Klahhane member asked to sleep in the shed loft after one quick glance at the condition of the guest room.

An entry in an old Klahhane journal records that a small stream ran through one of the bedrooms, with two miniature falls where the water came through. One older club member recalls sleeping on hay in the loft after spending one night on the scratchy grey linen on the bed. She said she greatly regretted her decision, though, when she discovered a beehive in a corner of the loft.

One rainy night, while sitting before a crackling alder wood fire, Doc Ludden admitted to an overnight fisherman, "Never was a real medical doctor; just took that title on myself." He said he had served for years on the Tacoma police force but had been unhappily married. "And right after the divorce I came out here with only my bees for company," he said. "And I've never regretted that move, no siree! Rather have honey from bees than from any woman on earth!"

The listener was my father, Dr. F. A. Dean, who later told Mother that he was not sure how much of Ludden's story was truth, how much applejack. Being a recounter of tall tales himself, my father hinted that he suspected it was the "spirits" talking.

ONCE, in 1915, my mother, younger sister and I were hiking up the Elwha to meet Papa who had gone the day before to pull Ludden's aching molar. On the slippery trail Mother fell and twisted her ankle. By the time she could limp along it was dusk, and a late October snow was falling. We were frantic. The trail both ahead and behind had become obliterated.

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Mother tried to console us, "Remember, girls, Papa said if we got off the trail we'd be safe if we just stayed right where we are."

"But we don't know where we are!" my little sister cried.

Finally, just as Mother was no longer able to conceal her own fear, a man came along the trail. He was Herbert Crisler, the wildlife photographer who knew the Olympics as we did our own backyard. He led us a short way up the hill to a deserted lean-to where we spent the long cold night. Crisler stayed until Papa found us there the next morning.

Papa, too, had slept little, worrying over us. He explained that the cable over the Elwha had frozen so he couldn't pull himself across until the morning sun thawed it.

In the 1920s Doc Ludden, Elwha's solitary bee-man, died. His cabin was destroyed. For many years the birds, deer and bears helped themselves to the deserted orchard fruit. Now no evidence remains of the efforts of the self-reliant man who chose to forget his past.

Recently, Tony Gorski, a Portland, Oregon boy who attends Peninsula College at Port Angeles, camped overnight between Humes' and Ludden's places. He commented on the numerous bees still found in Geyser Valley. His grandmother's theory is that Tony observed the remnants of old Doc Ludden's apiary.

Three carefully chosen senior Boy Scouts and three leaders plan to retrace the course of a Seattle *Press* Expedition made in 1889. They hope the trail may be recognized as a National Historical Trail by the National Camping Division of the Boy Scouts of America. There are about 150 such historical trails in the country, but none exists in Washington State. The purpose of establishing these trails for scouting, one leader explained, is to give the older boys an opportunity to learn and appreciate history.

The old *Press* trail is about fifty-six miles long, with sixteen miles unmarked. Surprisingly, some of the original blaze marks of the *Press* party's exploration are still visible.

The 1889 party took flour but depended on game; the Scouts will eat dehydrated and freeze-dried food. The *Press* trip started in one of the worst winters in history; the Scouts' trip will be in summer. The *Press* party began with 1,500 pounds of supplies; 270 pounds will the Scouts' limit. The original trip took six months; the Scouts will be gone eight days, if they meet their schedule.

As the boys sleep in three-pound sleeping bags instead of heavy blankets and animal hides will they think of the hardships of that early expedition? Perhaps —but in 1889 Washington's territorial governor compared the 2,500 square mile area to the darkest interior of Africa!

The Salt Hauler Murders

(Continued from page 22)

ation for some hours, because their greatest need was for horses. They found Hilton, too, but he was on a very fast animal and managed to stay ahead of them.

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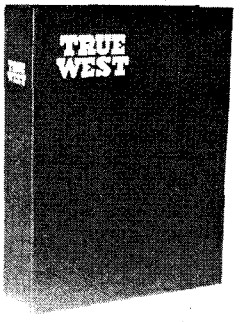

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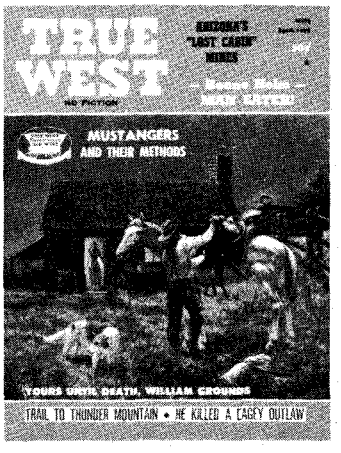

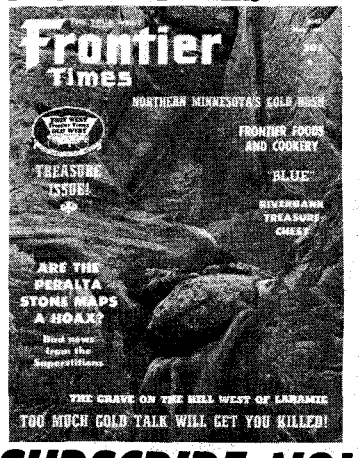

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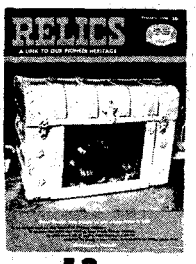

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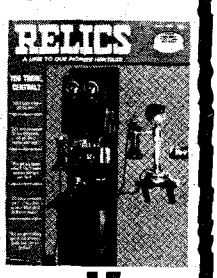

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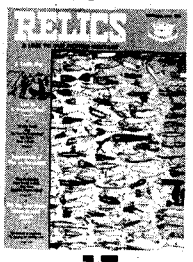

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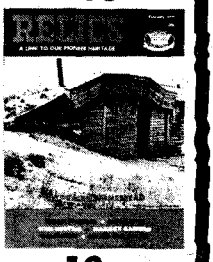

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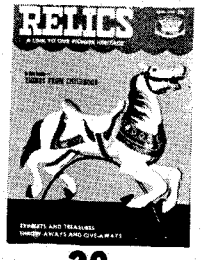

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He saw, however, that one Indian had a good horse and Hilton wanted it. He thought he could get it by cutting the one Indian off from the rest. There is no record of how he knew it was a good horse. Maybe its speed seemed unusual in the race, or maybe it was one from his own herd which the Indians had taken during the night. Anyway, he wanted it and thought he could get it. Then he saw he wasn't going to be able to cut out the rider without being in danger of being encircled by the whole war party. Changing tactics, he spotted a sink, jumped off his mount, and got down where he could shoot without himself being a target.

The country is underlaid with strata of gypsum which sometimes develops cracks that let the top soil sink in a few feet, forming a pocket in the flatness about. His horse, he knew, would eventually tire and stumble, so he was surer of life in the sink. The Indians rode away, just as he thought they would, and he survived.

DURING the night the group of ranchers who gathered at the Nelson place had ridden far and wide, trying to locate the Indian camp. They thought they had it once, because of a spot of fire glow. It seemed very odd that the Cheyenne would permit themselves such a give-away gesture unless the camp was ringed with scouts, so the ranchers spent precious hours in scouting themselves. After watching and waiting, moving cautiously and watching and waiting again, they finally determined there were no scout guards. There were, in fact, only a few Englishmen jollifying around a brisk campfire!

This occurred some years before the establishment of the Runnymede Colony in southern Kansas, but these Englishmen were as innocent about life on the plains as any who came to that luckless project. The ranchers rushed up, when they found out there were no Indians about, told the party the danger they were courting, and saw to putting out the campfire. It was a stroke of good luck for the English hunters that the Indians had spent the night around Hilton's horse camp.

The whites who followed the Indians thought the salt haulers had been killed first, then Cotton, because later examination of the trail showed that after leaving Hilton the Cheyenne pony tracks went on toward Dodge City.

When the word of the trouble around the Colcord ranch got to the military camp, a detachment of soldiers under a Captain Mauk came to help. The ranchers had located the Cheyenne trail but they stayed at a respectful distance. This was because they knew by then that the Indians had a Creedmore buffalo gun. It had a longer range than anything the ranchers carried. How the Cheyennes got a Creedmore, or where, was anybody's guess but there was no doubt about what it could do. The situation called for caution.

By dark on the second night the ranchers learned where the Indians were camped and with the soldiers as reinforcements the pursuers were numerous enough to surround the Cheyennes. Stopping them at that point would undoubtedly save lives that the Indians could take if allowed to go on freely to the Nebraska camp.

However, Captain Mauk was leading the whites now—soldiers, settlers and all—and he said no attack should be made before daylight. Good military tactics, in which he considered himself as an expert, forbade a night attack. He was going to do this thing according to the rules.

This was one of the incidents that made the Northern Cheyenne trek from Cantonment, Indian Territory to Nebraska an almost unbelievable thing. The Indians traveled through well settled areas such as the Colcord ranch vicinity, past a number of military encampments where the soldiers knew they was coming and made an effort to overtake them as they passed, and yet the Cheyennes—hungry, ill-supplied with mounts, and burdened with family duties—*did* pass, outwitting and outdistancing all their pursuers.

THE RANCHERS of Colcord's group knew Indian ways well enough to know the Cheyennes should be surrounded that night but Mauk would have none of it. It did no good to point out to him that the Indians undoubtedly knew the position of every white man, military or whatever, and might move during the night. Mauk thought not.

It was no use to tell him that a Cheyenne, born to knowledge of the country, and horse experts no white man ever matched, could ride farther in one hour than white men could in two hours. Mauk thought not.

One of the major mysteries of the whole affair was why an officer of Mauk's mental make-up came to be assigned to duty on the plains, but there he was and there was no going after the Indians until next morning.

So camp it was, but when morning came the Indians were far gone. Dull Knife and Wild Hog were unbelievably competent generals, but a great deal of their success, if their tragic end could be called success, lay in the mistakes of white military leaders such as Mauk.

His mistake in southern Kansas let the Cheyennes go on to kill a commanding officer and several soldiers at Fort Wallace. A teacher and the pupils in a Nebraska school also died as the Cheyennes passed there.

When Colcord and his rancher neighbors got back from the next day's futile chase after the Cheyennes, they found that Bristow and Clark had not returned with their load of salt as they should have done by that time.

Colcord, Martin and Burke set out on the downward Salt Trail to see what had caused the delay.

Bristow, who was Colcord's cousin, had left his home in the East to seek adventure on the plains, the adventures to be supervised by his Colcord relatives. Charles Colcord stopped only briefly at his home, just long enough to see that his mother was safe. When he topped the rise that gave a distant view of the ranch house he saw her walking about

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the yard. He said later it was the happiest moment of his life.

The route to the salt deposits wasn't traveled enough to leave a plain trail, but it was traceable. It ran, dim but straight except for some curves at arroyos, above the head of Jug Mott Creek, and along the divide between the Cimarron and Salt Fork Rivers. Colcord and the other two men followed it grimly and hastily, knowing that since the wagon wasn't at home they should have met it long before this.

Finally they came to the point where the wheel-marks among the sparse, dusty grass veered sharply down a small slope. There was the wagon, only a few yards away, wedged between some drouth-stunted, scraggly trees. It was headed south, which meant Clark and Bristow had never reached the salt deposits. Even as the three raced down the slope, they knew the two salt haulers were dead—and had been dead for two days.

The bodies lay in the bed of the wagon in the blazing hot September sun. This was the end of hope that the two might still be alive. This was the end of the Cheyenne attack.

In those days people who died even a few miles from a settlement were commonly buried within the hour. In this case Wichita or Caldwell would have been the nearest towns with undertaking facilities. The rites had to be taken care of on the spot, and at once. The horror of what had happened was clear in every animal hoofprint and wagon track, and the pain of what had to be done was a wrenching thing, all the more so because it had to be done quickly.

The arrows were removed. Boots were left on. There could be no coffins because there was no time to get lumber. The two dead cowboys were wrapped in one blanket, together.

The top of the rise above the slope seemed best for a grave, so Martin, Colcord and Burke took turns digging. Two dug while a third watched for possible Indian interference, although that seemed unlikely since the large band of Cheyennes were far gone to the north.

When the grave was ready the three removed the scrubby trees enough to get the wagon free to roll. The Indians had cut the harness leather to get the mules free, but the ranchers could pull the wagon by fastening their lariats to the end of the wagon tongue and having their ponies pull from their saddle horns. This was done, and the wagon inched up the slope to the side of the grave. Then the bodies were lifted out and buried.

It was a tragic thing, made more so for Colcord because one body was Reuben Bristow's. The site of the grave looks far to the north into Kansas, south toward the blue distance of the salt deposits, and east and west, it seems, to the ends of the earth, the country is so barren.

It didn't seem right, somehow, to leave the dead there so far from home and alone, with no preacher to say a word of goodbye. Colcord took off his hat, as did the other two, and he spoke the only words that can be quoted as authentic utterances of the whole disastrous two days. He quoted them years later, in telling the story.

"God, take care of these cowboys," he said.

THAT would have been all there was of the thing, as it was of so many deaths in rough pioneer times, but this time there was more. First there was the determination of cowboy friends to remember Clark and Bristow; then there was their particular errand and the Cheyenne difficulties that led to the tragedy. Whoever selected the wording of the rough-hewn grave marker got all three thoughts represented in a terse and unusually telling memorial.

"Cowboys and Salt Hallers killed by Indians," the stone says. The lettering is a bit uneven and the spelling of one word unconventional, but as a memorial it is perhaps more poignant because some niceties are absent. The word "haulers" is spelled "hallers" but what is a little thing like that between friends?

Dull Knife, Wild Hog and their followers made a desperate journey in their fight to go home and then they were confined for a week without food, which caused the death of many of them. Dull Knife said he would rather die at once, where he was, than to go back south—and in the end that earned him the privilege of staying in Nebraska. Most of the others were taken back to their southern cousins.

The only fortunate part of the whole thing was that the Payne family, all of whom were shot, eventually recovered.

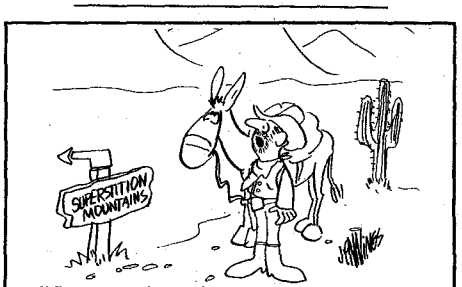
Two-Man Placering

(Continued from page 18)

and shovel work and kept that goal in mind all through the years—though I wasn't entirely successful.

During the "smallest boom," also known as "the Great Depression," I did a heck of a lot of pick-and-shovel ditch digging for pipelines at thirty-five cents an hour and was glad to get the job. However, that kind of digging had an important difference from placer mining. At least I knew where to find the bottom and it was just a straight job to a given point, with a stated purpose and stated amount of returns for my labor.

Placering shovel-work has a difference—the bottom is hard to find and sometimes (or oftener) there is no value when you get there and none on the way down, so you finish up with a lame back and discouragement. It's not one of my favorite ways to make a living, but you can't beat it for providing some pleasant times to remember.



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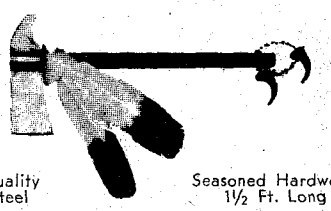

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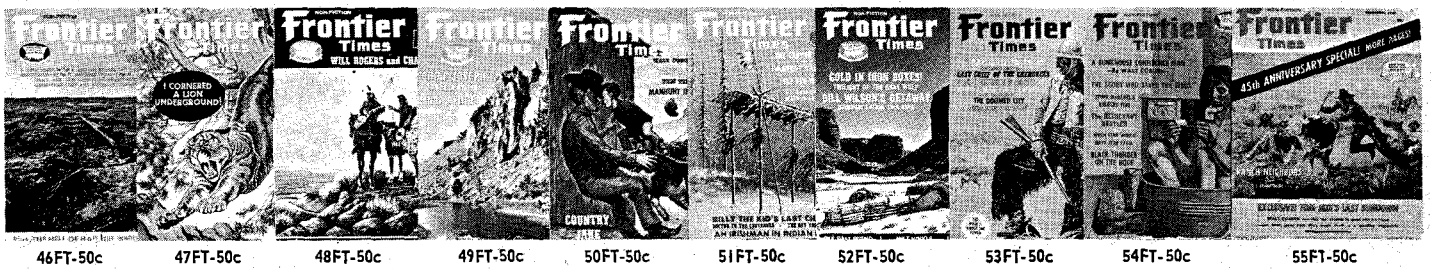

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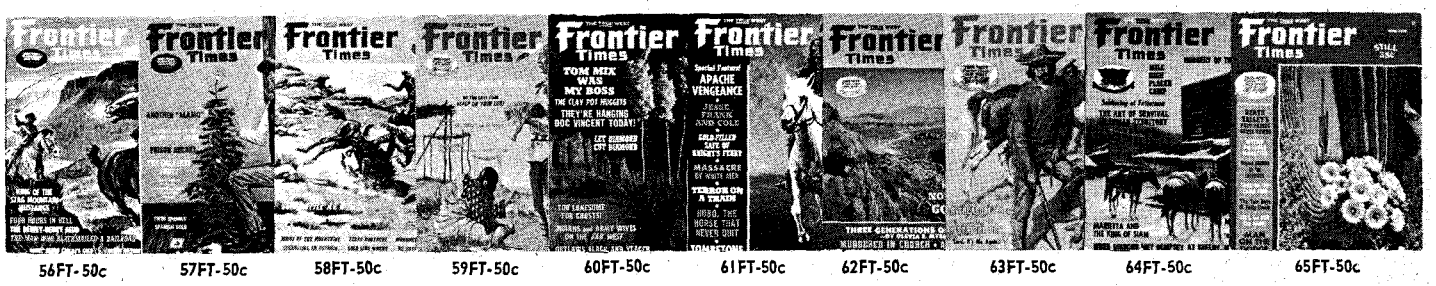

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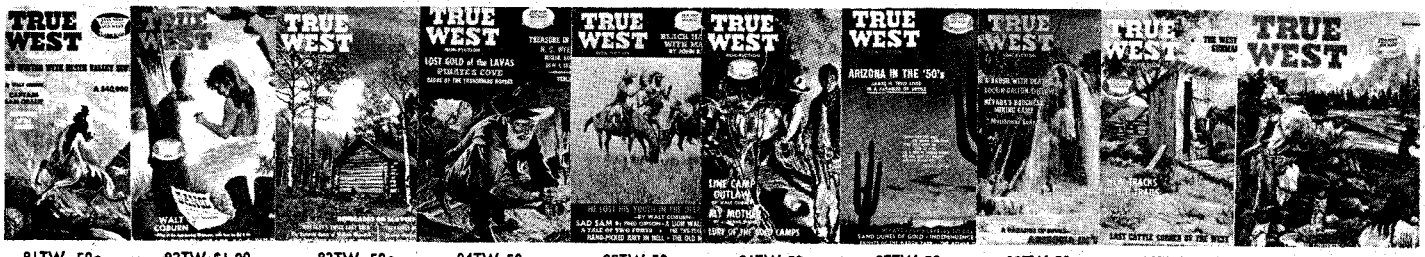

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Bringing Home the Cook

(Continued from page 13)

roundup cook's voice was getting thick "You have the honor of drinking wit none other than George L. Bickler fror Philadelphia." He reached out and shoo the sheepherder's hand like a pump han dle. Then he lifted his drink up hig and began to sing in an off key, husk voice.

"About this time tomorrow evenin', Powell said, smiling a little grimly "George L. will be warblin' the Prison ers Song in the Calaboose. John Survan left orders to keep him on ice till he get back from Chicago."

It was close to midnight by the tim Powell finished making the rounds i line of duty, and rode homeward, satis fied that all was well.

IT WAS two days later, after the Circl Diamond cowhands had left Malta that the Circle C outfit shipped thei beef steers to Chicago. Horace Brewster the Circle C ramrod and wagon bos went along with the trainload of cattl leaving Frank Howe in charge of th roundup.

When Howe and his cowpunchers ha finished loading the last cattle car an ridden back to camp that afternoon, Ba con Rind Jones, the Circle C roundu cook at that time, and his bedroll wer long gone.

Humpy Jack Davis, the nighthawk, an Cottontop, the horse wrangler, ha pitched in and cooked midday dinne Cottontop said several town rigs ha stopped by camp and Bacon Rind ha caught a ride to Malta. All he needed wa one whiff of a whiskey cork and he' yanked off his floursack apron and pu on his hat and coat, and quit.

"Bacon Rind was a sorry grub spoile to start with," Frank Howe declared i no uncertain terms, "and to hell wit him."

Howe told Wash Lampkin, a top cow hand, that it was up to him to do th cooking, and he could name his ow wages on account of the Circle C was i a tight for a cook. Howe proceeded t butter up Wash Lampkin by braggin about his cooking ability. It wasn't th first time Wash had had to put on floursack apron when some roundup coo bowed his neck and quit.

"One thing for sure," Howe spread th sorghum on thick, "a wagon boss needn hide the vanilla and lemon extract fror Wash, and he can drive a four-hors mess wagon team any damn place wagon pilot can ride a horse."

"I heard tell," Wash Lampkin re marked off-hand, "that John Survant i payin' George L. Bickler sixty-five buck a month."

"You got yourself a deal, Wash," How made it sound loose and careless. "Sixty five bucks she is." The big straw-bos was under the impression that a roundu cook got fifty a month, and he had hunch Wash had slipped one over on hin There was the off chance that thos extra fifteen bucks would come out o Howe's wages, but Frank Howe wasn'

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man to worry about picayune things
e money.
"This outfit will lay over tomorrow,"
owe told the crew. "That'll give you
ys tonight and all day tomorrow to
ow in your wages. Along about ten
morrow night I'll be roundin' up the
ehards, on account we're moving camp
daybreak.
"There's only one thing I want to say
fore you head for town. Put your horses
at the Feed and Livery barn before
u start your serious drinkin'. If I find
y Circle C horses tied to the hitch-
cks, I'll unsaddle and drop your hulls
ere in the street, and when you pick
your saddles that means you're fired.
egardless.
"Brewster made arrangements," Howe
ld Cottontop and Jack Davis, "to leave
e remuda in Dolly Pierson's horse pas-
re on Milk River. So you two boys rub
ller on your boots and put on your
inkin' clothes. No night guard to stand.
night you'll be battin' your eyes in
glare of the city lights of the cow-
wn of Malta, cuttin' fancy pigeon
ngs at Big Casino's dance hall."

OR A TIME there was orderly confusion as they loaded their bedrolls the canvas-topped bedwagon in case of in, washed the dirty dishes and skil-s and Dutch ovens, and closed the ps of the mess tent.

While the horse wrangler and night-wk took the remuda to pasture, Frank owe led the Circle C cowpunchers and lf a dozen or more reps along the dusty gon road to Malta like he was leading cle. They traveled in small groups at a g-trot road gait until they reached the tskirts of town at sundown. Then they me into town at a high lope, with Howe ling a little in the lead down the main reet.

There were twenty or more cowpunch-s, forking their town horses and buck-g them down the street. A few rode rough the swinging half-doors of the loons to have their first drink. About lf an hour later Howe and Wash mpkin rode slowly back along Main reet. Whenever they found saddle rses tied up at the hitchracks, Howe uld ride his horse across the wide ank sidewalk to bellow into the saloon.

"Them as has their horses tied to the tchrack get out here, pronto, and head r the livery barn." And they would me out, cussing Howe good-naturedly, rk their horses and head for the barn.

It was a little later, when Frank Howe untered into Powell's Saloon to cash s pay check, that he and the sheriff d their medicine talk.

"Everything's under control, Sheriff," owe smiled complacently. "I'm gettin' e works at Shorty's Barber Shop, now. ettin' dolled up and amblin' over to Big asino's. I hear she's got a new girl with tural strawberry-roan hair, with a ice like a nightingale. So in case you ed me between now and sunrise, you'll d me trippin' the light fantastic with ñorita Carmen."

"I'm going to be out of town, so it'll up to you to ride herd on your outfit, Howe, between dances." the sheriff told him.

ALL NIGHT and all the following day, and well into the next evening, the Circle C cowhands and the reps from other outfits celebrated, making the rounds of the numerous saloons.

Howe, erstwhile Circle C wagon boss in the course of his travels had picked up some gossip concerning the whereabouts of George L. Bickler. According to rumor, George L. was sobering up in jail. He had a companion to share his brief sojourn there—the deaf and dumb sheepherder, Dummy Smith—and according to all reports, the two prisoners were content and happy, sharing their bottle, eating free meals, and playing the endless card game of coon can.

Frank Howe, after gleaning all the news concerning George L., concocted a secret plan of procedure and about ten o'clock the second night in town, proceeded to put his plan in action.

Sheriff Puck Powell had taken the train to Fort Benton to testify at a trial, and wouldn't return until the next evening. Howe wandered into Powell's saloon, and bided his time at the bar until the bartender carried a tray full of drinks to the back card room where Sam Deniff was dealing poker. It was then a simple matter for Howe to amble in behind the bar, palm the jail key that hung alongside the cash register, slip out the back way, unlock the padlock on the jail door and return the key, and when the sign was right ease out quietly.

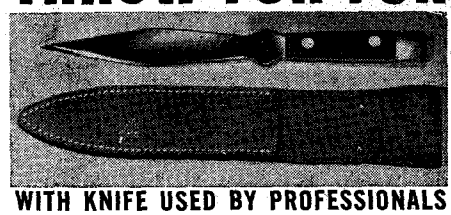
Howe headed down the street to Dolly Pierson's Feed & Livery stable. Grizzled Uncle Dan, the barn man, was sound asleep on a cot. The barn lantern was turned down on low wick, and Howe carried it to the rear of the barn where a gentle work team was bedded down in a double stall. In a matter of minutes Howe had the team harnessed and hooked to a buckboard. He picked up George L. Bickler's bedroll that he'd left in the saddle room, and spread it out on the rear deck of the buckboard. He replaced the barn lantern.

Howe kept to the dark alley and when he reached the jail he tied the team by their tie-ropes to a telephone pole. Slowly he opened the jail door wide enough to allow his six-foot frame to slip through, and closed the door behind him. He pulled the head of a match across the seat of his pants and lit the six-inch stub of candle on the table.

On opposite bunks across the one large room, George L. and the sheepherder slept the deep slumber of intoxication. Their shoes were off and their outer clothing was draped on chairs. Stale tobacco smoke, the odor of whiskey, and the strong smell of disinfectant waged a silent battle with the fresh air from the steel-barred window.

Howe carried George L.'s clothes and shoes out to the buckboard. Then he went back and gently kidnapped the sleeping cook, resplendant in his long summer-weight underwear, and carried him outside and eased him into the wagon. Moments later, Howe blew out the candle and padlocked the jail door as he went

THROW FOR FUN



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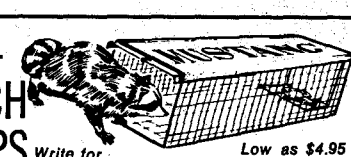

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out. A short while later Howe safely deposited George L. inside the mess tent at the still deserted roundup camp.

Howe drove back to town and unharnessed and placed the team in the double stall, taking time out to fill the feed boxes with a generous measure of oats. The barn man was still snoring.

THE FIRST pale glow of the false dawn was seeping into the sky when Frank Howe led his cowhands, including the reps, back to camp. Every man in the outfit was in some stage of intoxication, including Wash Lampkin who was somewhat bleary-eyed as he took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves after he'd lit the lantern in the mess tent. He was tying on a clean floursack apron when he noticed somebody asleep in the bed at the far end of the tent. Nobody but the cook ever spread his bedroll out in the mess tent. That was one of the unwritten laws of a roundup camp, and no man was more aware of that strict ruling than Wash Lampkin, top cowhand, who had volunteered (or been talked into the job) as roundup cook. Wash wondered what smart aleck cowpuncher had the supreme gall to bed down in his mess tent to sleep off his town drunk.

Wash picked up the filled water bucket from the rear end of the mess wagon and warily approached the snoring intruder.

Flinging back the tarp, Wash drenched the head of George L. Bickler.

"Help! help!" he yelled as he scrambled to his feet, a comical pot-bellied figure in long cotton drawers and undershirt. His eyes were wild and bloodshot as he peered at the group of curious cowhands who had crowded into the mess tent.

Wash had backed off with the empty bucket as he recognized the familiar figure of George L. who stood dazed among the strange, yet familiar, surroundings.

"What's going on around here, anyway?" Frank Howe asked as he pushed his way through the tent. He feigned surprise and the look of astonishment on his face were as good as a Broadway actor's.

"I'll swear if it ain't old George L. Bickler!" Howe stepped closer to the bewildered roundup cook, who stood shivering in his damp underwear. "George L., how did you get here?"

The cook shook his head slowly from side to side. "Last thing I recollect I was locked up in jail at Malta. Me'n that deef and dumb sheepherder."

Howe eased him down on his bed, and pawing under the pillow, found a sealed bottle of whiskey. He handed it over to the cook, who was pulling on his pants. "I don't understand any of this," Howe said, "but whoever brought you here left you a quart to sober up on." George L. drank thirstily.

When Howe reached out and took the bottle, he said, "You just sit back and take it easy, while Wash Lampkin rustles the grub. Directly we eat breakfast, this Circle C outfit is moving camp to the Larb Hills and we're taking you along. Anyway you want to look at it, you somehow managed to break jail. You're a fugitive from justice and we hidin' you out till the dust settles.

"When you're in shape to go back work, you got a job with the Circle Betwixt you and me, George L., it was dirty trick John Survant played on y when he had you throwed in jail for bei drunk and disorderly, and whoever it w got you out deserves a leather med But I'm askin' no questions, understar concernin' the jail break, and that gc double for every cowhand and rep work with the Circle C wagon." Howe George L. take another long swallow whiskey before he corked the bottle a put it away.

By sunrise the Circle C outfit was w on its way to the Larb Hills, about twe ty-five miles distant. No early morni circle to gather cattle today. No be herd to stand night guard over. T cowhands packed a town bottle in t pocket of their chaps, farewell gifts the saloonkeepers, to sober up on. Wh they made camp for the night Ho would butcher a fat yearling, and th would be a sonofabitch stew, with hea kidneys, brains and marrowguts, for su per, and black coffee spiked with wh was left in the town bottles, and ri roasted on branding irons around t campfire.

There would be a lot of loose ta concerning George L.'s mysterious j break and subsequent appearance at t Circle C roundup camp; there would veiled questions asked of Frank How the prime suspect. But leave it to Ho to be ready with evasive answers, f Howe enjoyed the doubtful reputation being a skilled and artful fabricator.

IN Malta the escape of George L. fro the padlocked jail was no Houdini tri as far as Sheriff Puck Powell was co cerned. Puck gave the bartender a mi chawing out, but blamed himself primar ly. Frow now on the jail key would kept inside the cash register.

"It was just one of those things," t sheriff explained to John Survant, t Circle Diamond ramrod, on his retu from Chicago. "When the bartender ca ried the breakfast tray and a bottle eye-opener to George L. and Dumn Smith at six o'clock in the morning, t locoed sheepherder was alone and claim he'd slept through whatever had ha pened to George L.

"If I was to have one guess and more, I'd say Frank Howe was behi the deal. But there's no way of provin' and I'm willing to take the blame, Joh nie."

"No hard feelings, Puck," John Su vant said ruefully. "George L. was ge tin' a little careless about flies in t grub anyway."

"When I found out he was gone, looked around for you," the sheriff sai "and I got Bacon Rind Jones in the cool waiting. Bacon Rind can drive a fou horse team, and he's pretty good when comes to pan-skillet cookin'."

"Bacon Rind will do to take along John Survant agreed. "I'll be around wi the buckboard by the time you loca your jail key. And much obliged."

The Circle Diamond ramrod reache

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to his pocket and took out a jackknife ıd tossed it on the bar. "One of Jack-ıife Ben's specials, Puck, with a foldin' ırkscrew. It's got your name on the lver shield. I picked it up at Jackknife en's Shop at the Union Stockyards in ıicago."

Puck Powell handed Survant a quarter exchange, to ward off the bad luck of knife gift that, according to old super-ition, cuts a friendship.

Half an hour later John Survant left wn in a yellow-wheeled buckboard, ıaded for the Circle Diamond roundup ımp. On the seat alongside him sat acon Rind Jones, his bedroll on the deck, ıck of the cushioned seat.

COME AND GET 'ER!
AFORE I THROW 'ER AWAY!

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 43)

e Rogers, and the Buck Gang. In ad-ion, the book has twenty-eight illus-ıtions and lists of murders, penalties ıd other data. The hardback collector's ition consists of 1,000 signed and ımbered copies. Copies of the first ıition are rare, and this edition has ıen rearranged for continuity. The or-ınal numbered 720 pages and sold r $2.00 but that was in 1898. Estab-ıhed in the late 19th century to bring w and order, this court from which ere was no appeal for over twenty ıars, helped tame the wild frontier of e Oklahoma Hills and surrounding ter-tory.

CRIPPLE CREEK MEMORIES

Myers Avenue—A Quick History of ripple Creek's Red-Light District (The ılden Bell Press, $1.25) by Leland ıitz is back in print (the fourth print-g in the last five years). This brief count of the madames, girls, parlor-ıuses, dance halls and saloons of Myers venue (one block south of the main ısiness street, Bennett Avenue) was veloped from interviews with old-ners and by searching the files of the ripple Creek and Colorado Springs wspapers. The text is enhanced with number of good photos.

PULPS WERE A DIME

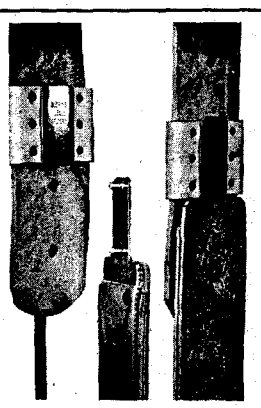
Cheap Thrills (Arlington House, $7.95) Ron Goulart has the appropriate sub-le "An Informal History of the Pulp agazine." The author, an experienced ystery and science fiction writer, inter-ewed many of the western pulp writers, itors and illustrators and correspond-with others. As a result his informal story races along and is enhanced with ıotations from the creators of the lps. Just about everybody who had a ınd in this field of cheap sub-literature, ginning with publisher Frank Munsey, mentioned. The types of pulps are con-lered in the several chapters including e titled "Cowboys." *Western Story*, a reet & Smith publication, was the most pular of the cowboy pulps—it was a ıekly for a quarter of a century. It ıd many imitators (literally dozens) ıd many of the hard cover western novelists got their starts writing for the cowboy pulps. James B. Hendryx, Harry Sinclair Drago, Henry Herbert Knibbs, Jackson Gregory, Clarence E. Mulford, W. C. Tuttle, Walt Coburn, William McLeod Raine, Ernest Haycox and Frederick Schiller Faust as "Max Brand" are among those who graduated from the pulps to the "slicks" and hard cover novels. You will like Goulart's brand of informal history plus the sixteen pages with covers and illustrations from the pulps.

GUNMEN WITH BADGES

The first comprehensive study of the peace officers who had a hand in taming the West is the work of Dr. Frank Richard Prassel, a professor of police science and a lecturer in law and political science. His *The Western Peace Officer* (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) is sub-titled "A Legacy of Law and Order." The roles of city and town marshals and police forces, the county sheriffs and their deputies, the state police forces (Rangers in Texas, Arizona and Colorado), the U.S. Marshals and their deputies, the border patrol, the Indian police forces on the reservations, federal and state military forces on occasion and the private guards, detectives and inspectors employed by banks, railroads, express and stagecoach lines and cattlemen's associations are examined with care. Cooperation between the officers of the various levels of law-enforcement agencies was generally good. However, there were instances of conflict and local peace officers are generally credited with lobbying both the Arizona and Colorado Rangers out of existence. Dr. Prassel mentions many of the peace officers and outlaws who have been glorified by the movies, TV, radio and fiction writers. The real tamers, however, were the quiet, unpublicized lawmen who did their routine jobs without fanfare. It is evident that the author did a tremendous amount of research. His book—while it is not a thriller—will have reference value for many years. There are some good photos, numerous notes, and a good bibliography plus an index. Worthwhile.

HE KNEW THE DEVIL FISH

Charles Melville Scammon, a native of Maine, got his first command at the age of twenty-three. His schooner *Phoenix* traded with the Carolinas out of Bath, Maine. He arrived in San Francisco in command of the merchant bark *Sarah Moers* in 1850, a few months before his twenty-fifth birthday. For over sixty years as master of merchant and whaling vessels and as an officer of the U.S. Revenue Marine (now the U.S. Coast Guard) he sailed, studied and recorded the Northern Pacific and its marine life. He wrote much about the California gray whale (Eschrichtius gibbosus), the most primitive of living baleen whales and often dubbed "devil fish" by the whalers. His major and monumental work, *The Marine Mammals of the North-Western Coast of North America* was published in San Francisco in 1874 and was reissued in a facsimile edition



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at Riverside in 1969. Despite his long service and contributions to scientific knowledge of marine mammals, Scammon has been all but forgotten for most of the last half century. David A. Henderson's *Men & Whales at Scammon's Lagoon* (Dawson's Book Shop, $24.00) will serve as a reminder of Scammon's work. It is volume 29 in the Baja California Travels Series and the author has thoroughly researched his subject. He includes surveys of Indian and Spanish knowledge of the lagoon (and whales) before Scammon discovered it in 1857. There is a long chapter on the pursuit of the California gray whale and a table on the catch and kill, 1846-1874, by all reporting whalers. The maps are excellent, the notes numerous, the bibliography comprehensive and there is an adequate index. Grant Dahlstrom printed 700 copies at The Castle Press, Pasadena, California. Recommended.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 19)

so likely he must have been elsewhere at the time.

My wife and I were stationed at Little Diomede but never heard the natives speak of her. They spoke of other mysterious events but not this one. At that time our natives would still venture into Siberia for an annual visit with relatives. However, it was closed to whites then. I believe I saw and photographed the last boat of Siberians that were permitted to come to our island to visit.

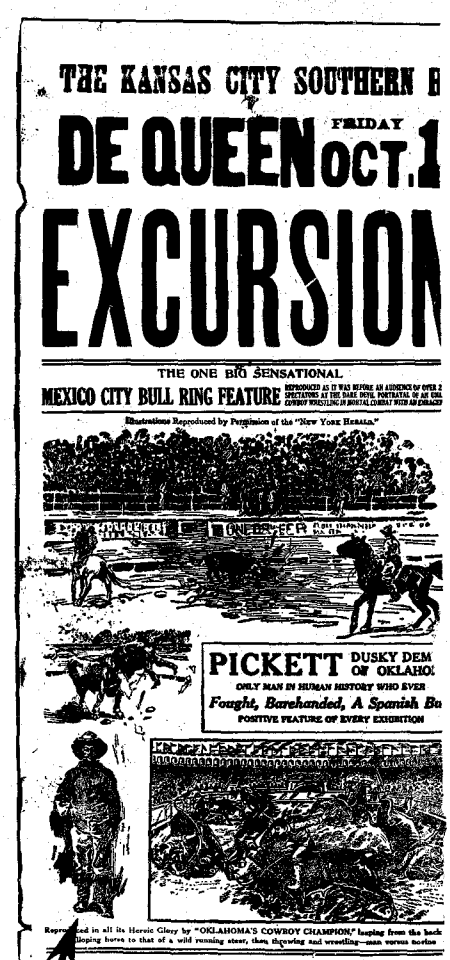
I am puzzled by Provideniya being the point of her landing if she was transported by Diomeders, as East Cape and Uelen were their more common landings. Provideniya is closer to Gambell on St. Lawrence Island. In the more distant past it was common for Diomeders to travel more extensively on the Siberian coast but not so about this time. I am inclined to take stock in this, however: One thing, her body was never located; along this coast they washed ashore rather than out to sea, as I remember.

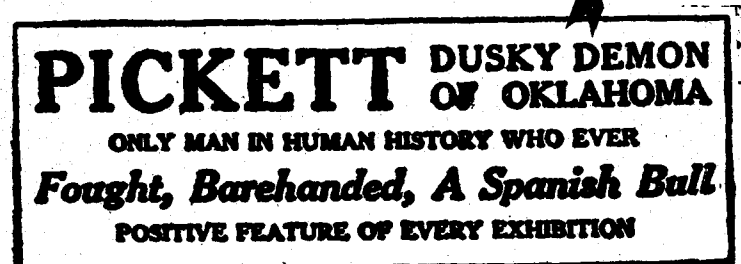
As to her not being accommodated by our people along the way, that may be —from her point of view. I gather she refused all rides and other courtesies offered, except the gift of a dog from a Canadian telegraph line watchman. Possibly around her first days of travel she was ignored, but that would not hold true farther west. I saw another mystery man go to Siberia in 1939—he fabricated some fanciful alibis, and some wild stories floated for a while.

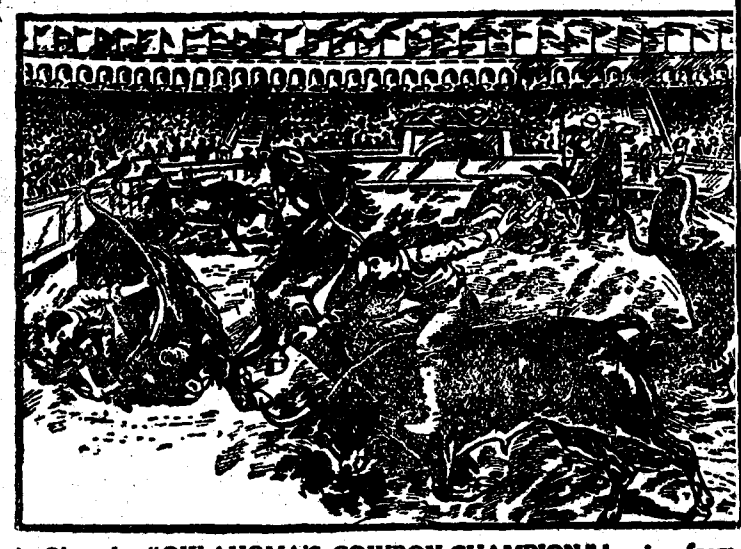
As to the dog not being seen by Mr. Elmore's Russian friend I might explain; this dog died during the winter when Lillian camped somewhere on the Yukon as she was seen rafting down the river in the spring with the dog mounted. Later she was seen wheeling her dead companion on a wheelbarrow from the river's mouth to Nome. She was reported seen last at Nome.—Rev. E. M. Ellingson, Box 9, Route 1, Fort Buford, North Dakota 58837

Bill Pickett

While working for the K. C. S. Railroad, I found a brochure advertising a western show at DeQueen, Arkansas,







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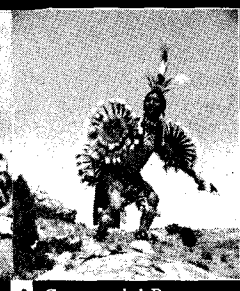
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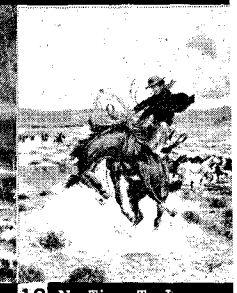
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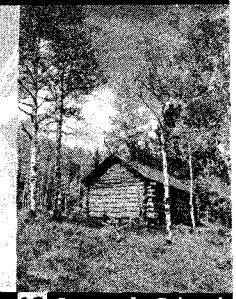
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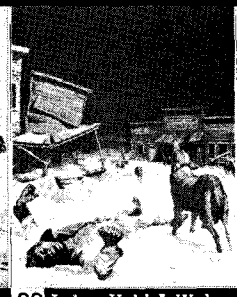
19 Buffalo Hunter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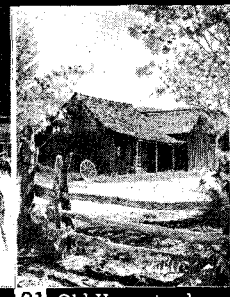
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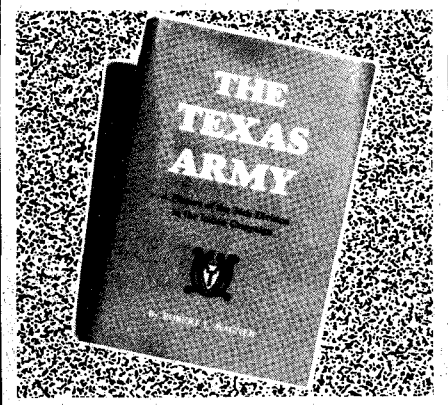

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October 11, 1888. This item was well illustrated and featured a colored cowboy (Pickett, the Dusky Demon of Oklahoma). The extravaganza was sponsored by the 101 Ranch and featured many other colorful attractions on a paper approximately eight inches by thirty inches, printed on both sides. I am enclosing it in case there is any way you can reproduce it in your magazine for the Pickett fans. —L. D. Crow, 3219 Beech, Texarkana, Arkansas 75501

Reader Worked Run-Away Train

In the June 1972 issue of TRUE WEST you had a story of a run-away train in Colorado "Tragedy on the Moffatt Road." This story immediately brought to mind my first run-away, also on the Rio Grande line, but a few years later and several miles distant.

On this particular trip both the regular conductor and engineer were off and the extra boards were exhausted, leaving the job open for a pair of "flatlanders" who were deadheaded up the mountain to fill the crew. Experienced though they were on the flatland, this mountain was no place for a green hand, especially for a hoghead.

This run was a "fast freight"—an overnight run of preferred freight merchandise—and a fast freight it was. Our timing was nearly that of passenger trains, which was really fast rolling for those days. In fact, there were trips we beat the passenger schedule.

We had a regular assigned engine and the average train was about twenty cars. This combination enabled us to make the time. This particular trip, we had twenty-two cars. I had been on the line a little over a year, and thus having the whiskers I was on the parlor end.

Dropping off the crest we had an eight-mile grade down to Stonebridge. A good mountain engineer could handle the train with no trouble, the engine being equipped with compound air pumps. But a greenhorn should never have left the summit without a stop for the brakemen to turn up the pops.

I was in the cupola and when the hoghead didn't make any effort to make a stop for us to put up the retainers I supposed he knew what he was doing. He didn't. He let the whole train get on the side of the hill before he made his first reduction and at that he made only a flatland reduction. A five-pound application will not hold a train of K-2 brakes on a mountain. He found this out rather rapidly. He drew another five and this likewise didn't hold as the train was then on the verge of stampede. The final blow came when, instead of drawing down to equalizer, he threw the brake valve to recharge—intending to make a full application from a fully charged train line. This is the wrong thing to do on a mountain. By then the train was gone.

About the time the hoghead made the second application the conductor wised up to what was going on. He grabbed a brake club and yelled for me to do the same and start clubbing down binders. I knew this would do no good, as the rate of speed would put us at the bott of the canyon in the amount of ti it would take to set not more than thi brakes. Three staff brakes of that d would not hold twenty cars.

The head-end shack was a boomer a cared nothing about decorating with monkey stick because a simple-mind hoghead lost his air. He would rath "fly" than club down a run-away tra in the middle of the night. So that l the flatland conductor's lonely coal lantern swinging along on the car tops for a short while. At a speed of a m a minute it wouldn't be long.

I watched the air gauge in the monk hut to see what the hogger's next mo would be. Either he came to his sens or the firemen brought him to his sens with a coal hammer. With the train li full charged he began slugging the a and continued to slug it all the w down to equalizer and then took the re of it. The continual friction melted t ice and dried the wheels and brake sho enough to get a good grip. Luckily stayed upright and slowed considera when the grade slackened. Sliding fro the west switch to the depot we final stopped by slamming the helper engi for a westbound freight. That final j shifted a large portion of the coal p into the engine cab and rearranged t furniture in the caboose, but nothi left the track. Aside from a few bruis no one was hurt, including the conduct who was still clinging for dear li around the brake staff of the third c from the caboose.

By the time the fireman had his co and water taken on, the engineer h regained his color and with more or le steady hands eased the train out of tov for the climb to Cottonwood.

Before we dropped down off Cotto wood Summit you can damn well b that engineer made a full stop for t brakemen to raise the pops. To be su of making this stop the conductor h his hand on the monkey tail in t caboose. It the hoghead didn't stop, t conductor would. As for me, I was on t bottom step ready to fly if neither them pulled the air!

I have had at least six other ru aways, or near run-aways, since the but none seems quite as "invigoratin as that first.

Two of these were on the N. C. & one on each side of Sage Hen Hill; thr were on the Arizona Eastern from t Dripping Mountain to the Gila River; t other was going down the west side "Gorgo" Pass on the Los Angeles Lin On two of these occasions I was runni the engine and I can well remember t feeling of that first engineer when discovered he had mishandled the air.

While I was on the Rio Grande I h two other memorable experiences. It w shortly after the aforetold run-away th I had my first round with mud slides. a place called Columbine, which I car find on the map anymore, I had t silliest wreck I was ever in. I've h many a wreck and derailment since b none so silly at that. Just plain damn silly.—L. E. Broadstreet, Box 605, Ce tral, New Mexico 88026

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Dan Patch

I was very interested in Helen But-ck's letter (August 1972); also Jack rter's letter (December 1970) about n Patch. I have one of the beautiful l pictures done in color. My father eived the picture when he ordered a cket of what was then called "stock wder" to be fed with grain to horses. This picture is 14" x 20" and a beauti-l rich color. What a wonderful painter. has Dan Patch and two of his sons his side. It gives their names and ing time as "Dan Patch 1.55; George no 2.02; Minor Heir 1.58-1/2." In the ver left hand corner of the picture it ads, "Fastest Stallions in the World. W. Savage, Owner." In the right ver corner it reads, "The M. W. Sav-e Art Dept. 197. Minneapolis, Minn." I would love to know the artist who inted the horses. It was such a beauti-l job. I have sketched and painted rses all my life and I cannot hold a ndle to this painter. Of course, that 't saying much for me either.

have always been a horse nut and e beautiful pictures of them. I have veral old pictures and postcards I have ot down through the years. The Dan tch picture I have had something like ty-five years or more. The watches Mr. ck Carter spoke of, I didn't know out. I was too small then.

How many remember the old pic-es that were given when you bought box of Cloverine Salve? I have a few at I put away many years ago and lected some antique frames to go th them. I have looked the country er and cannot find anymore. They re large beautifully colored pictures th a high gloss. I remember one that probably gone forever. It was of a autiful lady leaning on an old stone ice post gazing at an old tumbling wn home with vines growing up. She d on a large flowered hat and a full-rted riding habit. Her horse was azing close by, wearing a side saddle. don't remember the artist who did painting. Oh, for some of the beau-ul old things that have been de-oyed! Landseer did some beautiful mal pictures.

am a taxidermist. Have been for ny years. I have mounted everything m a mouse to moose head to life-sized ay. I can hardly wait from one mag-ne to the other for TRUE WEST, ONTIER TIMES, and OLD WEST. ey are my favorite magazines.

hope that I can hear from some peo-who have or remember some of the se paintings.—Mrs. Lola Adkins, nna, Missouri 65582

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 23)

s a baby and he was raised by an aunt. grandfather married a woman named wman who lived in South Dakota. He l some half-brothers and sisters but I n't know their names. I believe they ed in Montana, however. He had one er named Zohy who married a man ose last name was Amioette. I would to hear from anyone named Labuff any relatives.—Mrs. Freida Funston, 13611 Birch Street, Trona, California 93562

Tumlinson-Alsobrooks

I would appreciate any information on the following people. James T. Tumlinson was born in Caldwell County, Texas March 28, 1880; he died June 12, 1952. He was married to Alma Elizabeth Alsobrooks who was born in Lee County, Texas October 30, 1880; she died December 29, 1967. They had eleven boys and two girls.

My great-grandfather James Tumlinson was born in Caldwell County, Texas November 2, 1855 and died July 6, 1931. His first wife F. S. Wright died in 1883. I'd like to know who his second wife was.

My great-great-grandfather William M. Tumlinson was born in 1820 in Missouri. He married Mary A.———— born in Georgia and they had six children. William's mother was a Cotton. The Cotton and Tumlinson families came to Texas with Stephen F. Austin's Colony and settled in Colorado County. They later moved to Gonzales and Caldwell Counties.

Great-grandfather Joseph Durrant Alsobrooks was born in Georgia December 10, 1850; died January 31, 1938. He married Georgia Ann Malone born November 1, 1860 in De Funiak Springs, Florida; died May 17, 1943. They had twelve children.

Great-great-grandparents were William Newton Malone who married Leatha Angline Satcher and Durant Alsobrooks who married Sally Bradshaw. My great-grandmother Georgia Ann Malone came to Texas in 1875 in a wagon. Her family settled in Lee County, Texas. Her mother is buried in Lee County. I would like to know where. Also, when and where did her family die?—Elizabeth Tumlinson Ashworth, Box 884, Bay City, Texas 77414

Cokeley

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about or is related to Daniel Cokeley, who lived in Rockingham County, Virginia from 1815 to 1861. He bought and sold property there. William Cokeley also bought property in Rockingham County in 1825.

J. William Cokeley, my great-grandfather, was born in Virginia in 1800. His wife, Mrs. Nancy Beckly, was born in Virginia in 1810. There is a notation in the family Bible of Rockingham County, Virginia. They were married in 1828.

Elijah Cokeley of Virginia married Christiana Crofus in 1812 and he died in 1822 near Cumberland in Virginia. In 1840 his widow and a brother of Elijah, Daniel Cokeley, and Christina's children, Edmund, Isaac, Andrew and Ann, moved to the Harrisville, Virginia vicinity.

Edmund Cokeley, the eldest son of Elijah and Christiana married Mrs. Wagner of Cumberland and about 1860 took his widowed mother and family to Vinton, Iowa.

Edward's children were Jonathan, Edward Ashby and three daughters. J. William and Nancy Ann Cokeley went from Virginia to Ohio in 1830 where their son, John Wesley, was born in Browne

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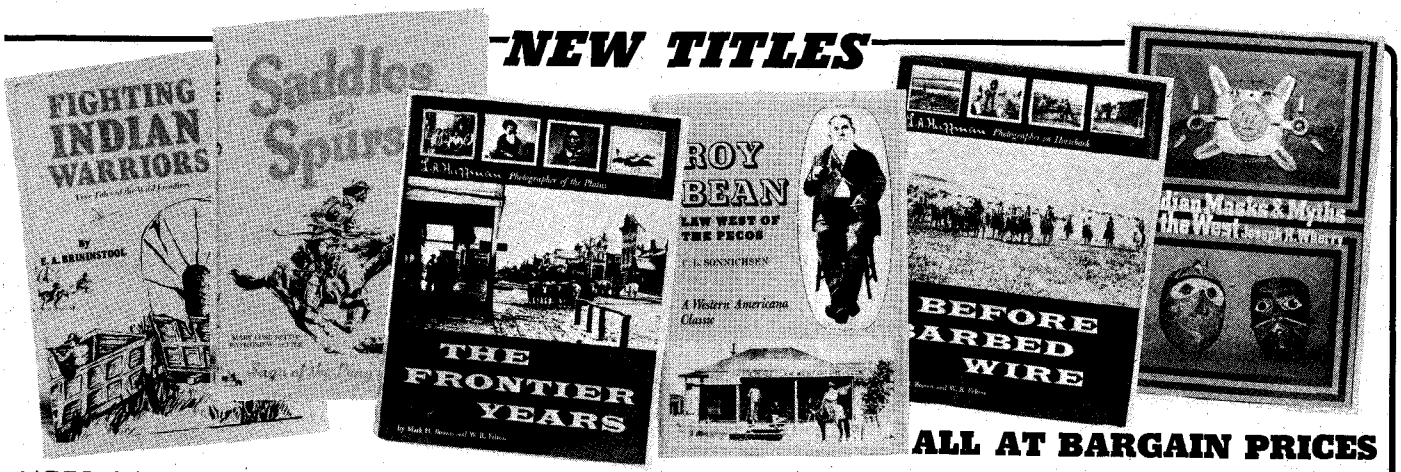

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County in May, 1833. They were in Kentucky for two years and then went to Illinois where Samuel, Joel, Nancy Ann and Sarah were born; Joel being born in Schuyler County. In 1853 they went to Iowa and from 1856 to 1878 or 1879, they lived in Harrison County, where William and Nancy died, sometime between the time the will was made in 1876 and probated October 1878. The family was primarily Methodist.—Mrs. Viva C. Crowson, Box 729, Homeland, California 92348

Green-McCown

I am trying to locate anyone who might know of the descendants of Elisabeth Green of Mississippi. She married a James McCown. They had a son named Jerome Green McCown, born November 13, 1839 in Alabama. I believe Jerome may have been my maternal grandfather. My mother's name was Emma Bettie Green McCown, born January 20, 1871 in Stephens County, Texas, I believe. She was raised by an aunt, Bettie McCown. She first married a man named Franks. After his death she married again but I do not know his name. He also died and she then married a William H. White. The only relatives of my mother's I knew were Aunt Bettie and her half sister, Mahalia (Hailie). She married a man named Will Stewart (Steward). I would like to know what year Jerome McCown died.

My father, Andrew Henderson Rhea, was born near Granbury, Texas March 6, 1861. His parents were Pleasant Vinson Rhea and Mary Fannin Rhea, both from Tennessee. I would like to know who Pleasant's father was; also whether he had a brother named William.—Mrs. Artie (Rhea) Jones, 630 East Mesquite Street, Uvalde, Texas 78801

Enlow-Getty-Lively

I am trying to write a history of the Enlow family, but I am stuck in proving the parentage of Peter Enlow. His wife was Rosannah—no last name known. Peter came from Pennsylvania, I believe from Washington County. He was born in 1812 and died in Vinton County, Ohio in 1871.

Some of the people mentioned in the petition for sale of his real estate other than Enlow are his son-in-law and daughters, Jesse Getty and Mary and Henry Lively and Sarah.

I would be glad to correspond with anyone concerning this family.—Edna Ringwald, 12006 Bingham Avenue East, Tacoma, Washington 98446

Hoover

I would like information on my great-grandfather, Simeon Hoover, born March 3, 1820, died January 31, 1871. He was married to Mary Elliot. They had at least ten children, Sara Hoover (Dillworth), Harm, Jimmy, Thomas, Doc (Dock), Simeon, Bascome, twins Sam and Martha (or Dadie), and Dick or Richard.

I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me who this Simeon Hoover's parents were. Would also like to hear from any of Simeon's grandchildren or great-grandchildren. I would guess Simeon lived around Murfreesboro, Arkansas, since he is buried there. He was also a Mason.

Any information about Mary Elliott's people would be appreciated.—Mrs. Ada (Hoover) Kegley, Box 1174, Denver City, Texas 79323

Brooks

I would appreciate any information concerning the William Calvin Brooks family. William Calvin Brooks was born about 1817 in South Carolina. His father, Evans or Ivins Brooks, moved to Alabama. He is listed in the 1830 census in Pike County, Alabama. William Calvin married Nancy King, daughter of Sarah and Ephriam King. They had fifteen or sixteen children: Evan or Evant, Lucinda or Cindy, William or Bill, Margaret, Polly, Luke, Nancy, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah or Sally, Nathaniel, Henry George William, Calvin LaFayette, David or Davis, Lazuras, Matilda, and Isaac. William married the second time to Sarah Catherine Brittingham and they had four children: Queen, Carrie, Joseph K. and Ernest T. Brooks.

My grandfather was George William Brooks. He and some of his brothers lived in Childress County, Texas. Evant Brooks settled in Coryell County, Texas. Evant Brooks gave the land for the town of Evant, Texas, and lived there the remainder of his life. Some of the fam stayed in Alabama and some of th moved to Texas.

William Calvin Brooks died Februa 4, 1881 at Pineapple, Wilcox, Alabar I am most interested in contacting a descendants of the Brooks family.—M George Elam, 3307 Flint Avenue, R well, New Mexico 88201

Cobler-Routt

We are seeking information on t Cobler and Routt families. George Cobler and family came to Texas abc 1885 from Gadsden, Alabama. The Rou came from Huntsville, Alabama abc the same time. Both families origina were from Virginia.—James P. Rou 4307 Bluffview, Dallas, Texas 75209

Lindsey

I would appreciate any help in locati Louise Lindsey. If she is still living s would be near sixty years old. She ma ried a Bill Brock in 1950 in Fresno, Ca fornia, and the last letter I had fr her was postmarked Bakersfield, Calif nia.—Sallie Pfeifer, Box 116, Hulbe Oklahoma 74441

Harrington-Goodman

David Harrington died in 1859 in Tre ton, Grundy County, Missouri. His wi was Susan Goodman from Holland a died in Hardin County, Kentucky. Ch dren were William, West, Tom, Or Emery of Colorado, Ryan Washingt whose wife was Lucetta Whitten (W ten), Bryant (Ryan's twin) born 18 in Hardin County, Kentucky. Bryan first wife was Mary Ann Waugh and l second wife was Lucetta Woods. Bo died in Texas. Other children were Pol Mary, Henry Ulessis, and David bo about 1834 in Logan County, Kentuck He died in 1898 in California. His wi was Mary Cook. Other daughters we Lizzie who married a man named Will and Paulina who married a Mr. Temp Paulina may have lived in Trenton, M souri. She died in Paris, Texas. I wou like to learn about our Harrington, Goo man and related lines from any of yo readers who might know.—Mrs. Kenne E. Cox, Route 2, Box 16, Hazelton, Ida 83335

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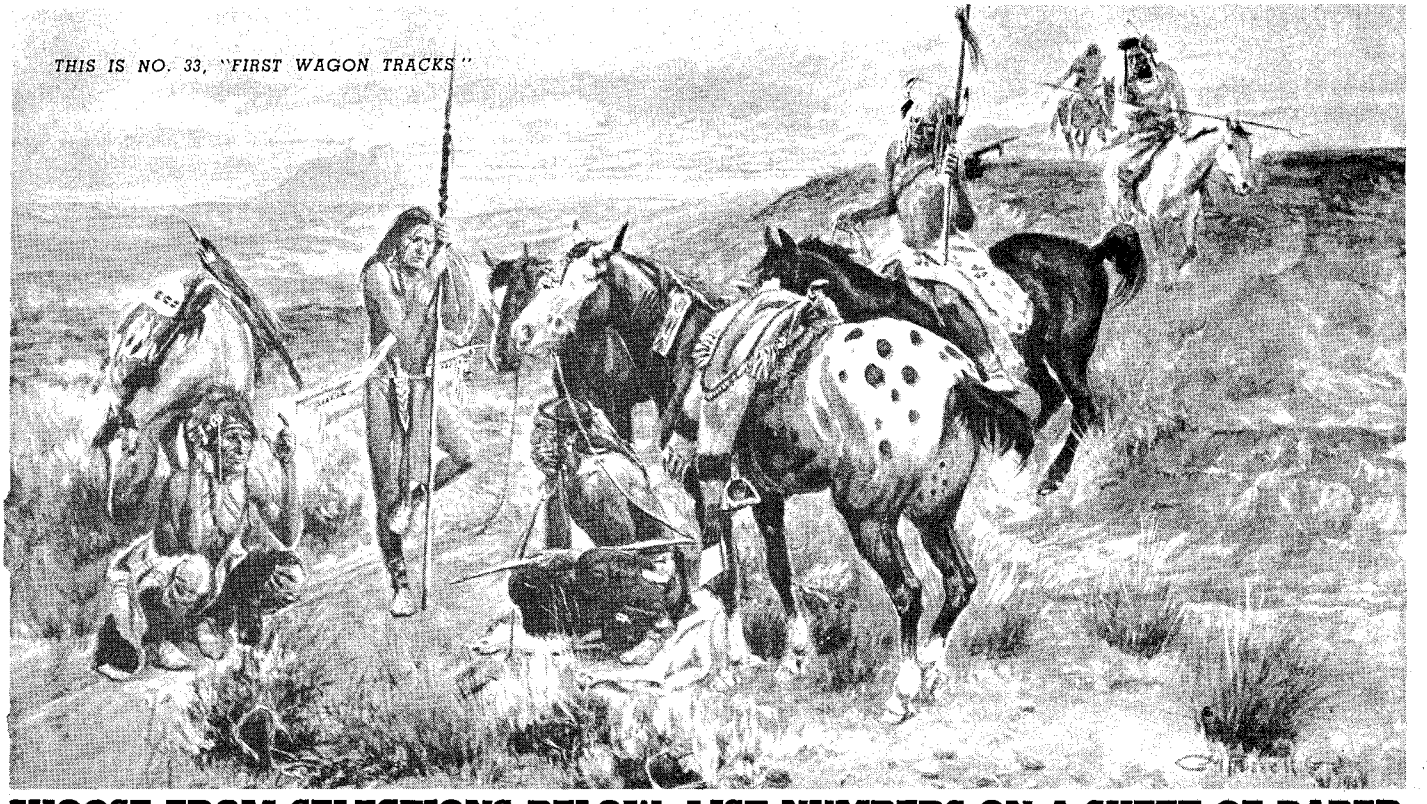

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6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 9x12
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 8½x15
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 9x12
9—Bucking Bronco, 9x12
10—Better Than Bacon, 9x12
11—On The Move, 10x14
12—Buffalo Hunt (Arrows), 8x12
13—On The Trail, 8x11
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
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16—Capturing the Grizzly, 8½x15
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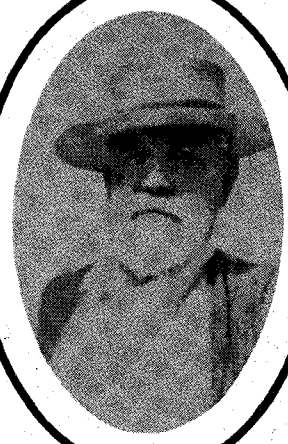

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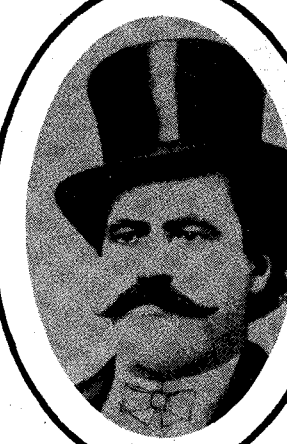

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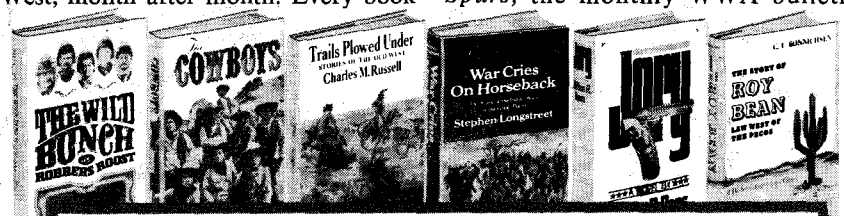

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